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THE ATTACHÉ;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER," "NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE," "SAM SLICK IN SEARCH OF A WIFE," "THE OLD JUDGE," ETC.

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THE ATTACHE;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

UNCORKING A BOTTLE.

We left New York in the afternoon of —— day of May, 184—, and embarked on board of the good packet-ship 'Tyler,' for England. Our party consisted of the Reverend Mr. Hopewell, Samuel Slick, Esq., myself, and Jube Japan, a black servant of the Attaché.

I love brevity—I am a man of few words, and, therefore, constitutionally economical of them; but brevity is apt to degenerate into obscurity. Writing a book, however, and book-making, are two very different things. "Spinning a yarn" is mechanical, and book-making savors of trade, and is the employment of a manufacturer. The author by profession, weaves his web by the piece, and as there is much competition in this branch of trade, extends it over the greatest possible surface, so as to make the most of his raw material. Hence every work of fancy is made to reach to three volumes, otherwise it will not pay, and a manufacture that does not requite the cost of production, invariably and inevitably terminates in bankruptcy. A thought, therefore, like a pound of cotton, must be well spun out to be valuable. It is very contemptuous to say of a man, that he has but one idea, but it is the highest meed of praise that can be bestowed on a book. A man, who writes thus, can write for ever.

Now, it is not only not my intention to write for ever, or as Mr. Slick would say, "for everlastinly;" but to make my bow and retire very soon from the press altogether. I might assign many reasons for this modest course, all of them plausible, and some of them, indeed, quite dignified. I like dignity: any man who has lived the

greater part of his life in a colony is so accustomed to it, that he becomes quite enamored of it, and, wrapping himself up in it as a cloak, stalks abroad the "observed of all observers." I could undervalue this species of writing if I thought proper, affect a contempt for idiomatic humor, or hint at the employment being inconsistent with the grave discharge of important official duties, which are so distressingly onerous, as not to leave me a moment for recreation; but these airs, though dignified, will unfortunately not avail me. I shall put my dignity into my pocket, therefore, and disclose the real cause of this diffidence.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, I embarked at Halifax, on board the 'Buffalo,' store-ship, for England. She was a noble teak-built ship of twelve or thirteen hundred tons burden, had excellent accommodation, and carried over to merry Old England, a very merry party of passengers, *quorum parva pars fui*, a youngster just emerged from college.

On the banks of Newfoundland, we were becalmed, and the passengers amused themselves by throwing overboard a bottle, and shooting at it with ball. The guns used for this occasion, were the King's muskets, taken from the arm-chest on the quarter-deck. The shooting was execrable. It was hard to say which were worse marksmen, the officers of the ship, or the passengers. Not a bottle was hit. Many reasons were offered for this failure, but the two principal ones were, that the muskets were bad, and that it required great skill to overcome the difficulty occasioned by both the vessel and the bottle being in motion at the same time, and that motion dissimilar.

I lost my patience. I had never practised shooting with ball; I had frightened a few snipe, and wounded a few partridges, but that was the extent of my experience. I knew, however, that I could not, by any possibility, shoot worse than everybody else had done, and might, by accident, shoot better.

"Give me a gun, Captain," said I, "and I will show you how to uncork that bottle."

I took the musket, but its weight was beyond my strength of arm. I was afraid that I could not hold it out steadily, even for a moment, it was so very heavy—I threw it up with a desperate effort, and fired. The neck of the bottle flew into the air a full yard, and then disappeared. I was amazed myself at my success. Everybody was surprised, but as everybody attributed it to long practice, they were not so much astonished as I was, who knew it was wholly owing to chance. It was a lucky hit, and I made the most of it; success made me arrogant, and, boy-like, I became a boaster.

"Ah," said I, coolly, "you must be born with a rifle in your hand, Captain, to shoot well. Everybody shoots well in America. I do not call myself a good shot. I have not had the requisite ex-

perience; but there are those who can take out the eye of a squirrel at a hundred yards."

"Can you see the eye of a squirrel at that distance?" said the Captain, with a knowing wink of his own little ferret eye.

That question, which raised a general laugh at my expense, was a puzzler. The absurdity of the story, which I had heard a thousand times, never struck me so forcibly. But I was not to be put down so easily.

"See it!" said I, "why not? Try it, and you will find your sight improve with your shooting. Now, I can't boast of being a good marksman myself: my studies" (and here I looked big, for I doubted if he could even read, much less construe a chapter in the Greek Testament) "did not leave me much time. A squirrel is too small an object for all but an experienced man, but a *large* mark like a quart bottle can easily be hit at a hundred yards—that is nothing."

"I will take you a bet," said he, "of a doubloon, you do not do it again."

"Thank you," I replied, with great indifference: "I never bet, and, besides, that gun has so injured my shoulder, that I could not, if I would."

By that accidental shot, I obtained a great name as a marksman, and, by prudence, I retained it all the voyage. This is precisely my case now, gentle reader. I made an accidental hit with the Clockmaker: when he ceases to speak, I shall cease to write. The little reputation I then acquired, I do not intend to jeopardize by trying too many experiments. I know that it was chance—many people think it was skill. If they choose to think so, they have a right to their opinion, and that opinion is fame. I value this reputation too highly not to take care of it.

As I do not intend, then, to write often, I shall not wiredraw my subjects, for the mere purpose of filling my pages. Still a book should be perfect within itself, and intelligible without reference to other books. Authors are vain people, and vanity as well as dignity is indigenous to a colony. Like a pastry-cook's apprentice, I see so much of both the sweet things around me daily, that I have no appetite for either of them.

I might, perhaps, be pardoned, if I took it for granted, that the dramatis personæ of this work were sufficiently known, not to require a particular introduction. Dickens assumed the fact that his book on America would travel wherever the English language was spoken, and, therefore, called it "Notes for General Circulation." Even Colonists say, that this was too bad, and if they say so, it must be so. I shall, therefore, briefly state, who and what the persons are that composed our travelling party, as if they were wholly unknown to fame, and then leave them to speak for themselves.

The Reverend Mr. Hopewell is a very aged clergyman of the

Church of England, and was educated at Cambridge College, in Massachusetts. Previously to the revolution, he was appointed rector of a small parish in Connecticut. When the colonies obtained their independence, he remained with his little flock in his native land, and continued to minister to their spiritual wants until within a few years, when his parishioners becoming Unitarians, gave him his dismissal. Affable in his manners, and simple in his habits, with a mind well stored with human lore, and a heart full of kindness for his fellow-creatures, he was at once an agreeable and an instructive companion. Born and educated in the United States, when they were British dependencies, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the causes which led to the rebellion, and the means used to hasten the crisis, he was at home on all colonial topics; while his great experience of both monarchical and democratical governments, derived from a long residence in both, made him a most valuable authority on politics generally.

Mr. Samuel Slick is a native of the same parish, and received his education from Mr. Hopewell. I first became acquainted with him while travelling in Nova Scotia. He was then a manufacturer and vendor of wooden clocks. My first impression of him was by no means favorable. He forced himself most unceremoniously into my company and conversation. I was disposed to shake him off, but could not. Talk he would, and as his talk was of that kind which did not require much reply on my part, he took my silence for acquiescence, and talked on. I soon found that he was a character; and, as he knew every part of the lower colonies, and everybody in them, I employed him as my guide.

I have made, at different times, three several tours with him, the results of which I have given in three several series of a work entitled the "Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Samuel Slick." Our last tour terminated at New York, where, in consequence of the celebrity he obtained from these "Sayings and Doings" he received the appointment of Attaché to the American Legation at the Court of St. James's. The object of this work is to continue the record of his observations and proceedings in England.

The third person of the party, gentle reader, is your humble servant, Thomas Poker, Esquire, a native of Nova Scotia, and a retired member of the Provincial bar. My name will seldom appear in these pages, as I am uniformly addressed by both my companions as "Squire," nor shall I have to perform the disagreeable task of "reporting my own speeches," for naturally taciturn, I delight in listening rather than talking, and modestly prefer the duties of an amanuensis, to the responsibilities of original composition.

The last personage is Jube Japan, a black servant of the Attaché.

Such are the persons who composed the little party that embarked

at New York, on board the packet-ship 'Tyler,' and sailed on the —— of May, 184—, for England.

The motto prefixed to this work,

Μισω μνημονα Συμποτην,

sufficiently explains its character. Classes and not individuals have been selected for observation. National traits are fair subjects for satire or for praise, but personal peculiarities claim the privilege of exemption in right of that hospitality, through whose medium they have been alone exhibited. Public topics are public property; everybody has a right to use them without leave and without apology. It is only when we quit the limits of this "common" and enter upon "private grounds," that we are guilty of "a trespass." This distinction is alike obvious to good sense and right feeling. I have endeavored to keep it constantly in view; and if at any time I shall be supposed to have erred (I say "supposed," for I am unconscious of having done so) I must claim the indulgence always granted to involuntary offences.

Now, the patience of my reader may fairly be considered a "private right." I shall, therefore, respect its boundaries, and proceed at once with my narrative, having been already quite long enough about "uncorking a bottle."

CHAPTER II.

A JUICY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

All our preparations for the voyage having been completed, we spent the last day at our disposal, in visiting Brooklyn. The weather was uncommonly fine, the sky being perfectly clear and unclouded; and though the sun shone out brilliantly, the heat was tempered by a cool, bracing, westwardly wind. Its influence was perceptible on the spirits of everybody on board the ferry-boat that transported us across the harbor.

"Squire," said Mr. Slick, "aint this as pretty a day as you'll see atween this and Nova Scotia?—You can't beat American weather, when it chooses, in no part of the world I've ever been in yet. This day is a tip-topper, and it's the last we'll see of the kind till we get back agin, *I* know. Take a fool's advise, for once, and stick to it, as long as there is any of it left, for you'll see the difference when you get to England. There never was so rainy a place in the

univarse, as that, I don't think, unless it's Ireland, and the only difference atween them two is that it rains every day amost in England, and in Ireland it rains every day and every night, too. It's awful, and you must keep out of a country-house in such weather, or you'll go for it; it will kill you, that's sartain. I shall never forget a juicy day I once spent in one of them dismal old places. I'll tell you how I came to be there.

"The last time I was to England, I was a dinin' with our consul to Liverpool, and a very gentleman-like old man he was, too; he was appointed to Washington, and had been there ever since our glorious revolution. Folks gave him a great name; they said he was a credit to us. Well, I met at his table, one day, an old country squire, that lived somewhere down in Shropshire, close on to Wales, and, says he to me, arter cloth was off and cigars on, 'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'I'll be very glad to see you to Norman Manor,' (that was the place where he staid, when he was to home). 'If you will return with me, I shall be glad to show you the country in my neighborhood, which is said to be considerable pretty.'

"'Well,' says I, 'as I have nothin' above particular to see to, I don't care if I do go.'

"So, off we started; and this I will say, he was as kind as he cleverly knew how to be, and that is sayin' a great deal for a man that didn't know nothin' out of sight of his own clearin' hardly.

"Now, when we got there, the house was chock full of company, and considerin' it warn't an overly large one, and that Britishers won't stay in a house, unless every feller gets a separate bed, it's a wonder to me, how he stowed away as many as he did. Says he, 'Excuse your quarters, Mr. Slick, but I find more company nor I expected here. In a day or two, some on 'em will be off, and then you shall be better provided.'

"With that I was showed up a great staircase, and out o' that by a door-way into a narrer entry, and from that into an old L like looking building, that stuck out behind the house. It warn't the common company sleepin' room, I expect, but kinder make shifts, tho' they was good enough, too, for the matter o' that; at all events, I don't want no better.

"Well, I had hardly got well housed a'most, afore it came on to rain, as if it was in rael right down airnest. It warn't just a roarin', racin', sneezin' rain like a thunder shower, but it kept a steady travellin' gait, up hill and down dale, and no breathin' time nor batin' spell. It didn't look as it would stop till it was done, that's a fact. But still, as it was too late to go out again that arternoon, I didn't think much about it then. I hadn't no notion what was in store for me next day, no more nor a child; if I had, I'd a double deal sooner hanged myself, than gone brousing in such place as that, in sticky weather.

"A wet day is considerable tiresome, any where or any way you can fix it; but it's wus at an English country-house than any where else, cause you are among strangers, formal, cold, gallus polite, and as thick in the head-piece as a puncheon. You hante nothin' to do yourself, and they never have nothin' to do; they don't know nothin' about America, and don't want to. Your talk don't interest them, and they can't talk to interest nobody but themselves; all you've got to do, is to pull out your watch and see how time goes; how much of the day is left, and, then, go to the winder and see how the sky looks, and whether there is any chance of holdin' up or no. Well, that time I went to bed a little airlier than common, for I felt considerable sleepy, and considerable strange, too; so, as soon as I cleverly could, I off and turned in.

"Well, I am an airly riser myself. I always was from a boy; so, I waked up jist about the time when day ought to break, and was a thinkin' to get up; but the shutters was too, and it was as dark as ink in the room, and I heer'd it rainin' away for dear life. 'So,' sais I to myself, 'what the dogs is the use of gittin' up so airly? I can't get out and get a smoke, and I can't do nothin' here; so, here goes for a second nap.' Well, I was soon off again in a most a beautiful of a snore, when all at once I heard thump—thump agin the shutter—and the most horrid noise I ever heerd since I was raised; it was sunthin' quite onairthly.

"'Hallo!' says I to myself, 'what in natur is all this hubbub about? Can this here confounded old house be harnted? Is them spirits that's jabbering gibberish there, or is I wide awake or no?' So, I sets right up on my hind legs in bed, rubs my eyes, opens my ears, and listens agin, when whop went every shutter agin, with a dead heavy sound, like somethin' or another thrown agin 'em, or fallin' agin 'em, and then comes the unknown tongues in discord chorus like. Sais I, 'I know now, it's them cussed navigators. They've besot the house, and are a givin' lip to frighten folks. It's regular banditti.'

"So, I jist hops out of bed, and feels for my trunk, and outs with my talkin' irons, that was all ready loaded, pokes my way to the winder—shoves the sash up and outs with the shutter, ready to let slip among 'em. And what do you think it was?—Hundreds and hundreds of them nasty, dirty, filthy, ugly, black devils of rooks, located in the trees at the back eend of the house. Old Nick couldn't have slept near 'em; caw, caw, caw, all mixt up together in one jumble of a sound, like 'jawe.'

"'You black, evil-lookin', foul-mouthed villains,' sais I, 'I'd like no better sport than jist to sit here, all this blessed day with these pistols, and drop you one arter another, *I* know.' But they was pets, was them rooks, and of course like all pets, everlastin' nuisances to everybody else.

"Well, when a man's in a feeze, there's no more sleep that hitch; so I dresses and sits up; but what was I to do? It was jist half-past four, and as it was a rainin' like everything, I knowed breakfast wouldn't be ready till eleven o'clock, for nobody wouldn't get up if they could help it—they wouldn't be such fools; so there was jail for six hours and a half.

"Well, I walked up and down the room, as easy as I could, not to waken folks; but three steps and a round turn makes you kinder dizzy, so I sits down again to chaw the cud of vexation.

"'Aint this a handsum' fix?' sais I, 'but it sarves you right, what busniss had you here at all? you always was a fool, and always will be to the eend of the chapter.—'What in natur are you a scoldin' for?' sais I: 'that won't mend the matter; how's time? They must soon be a stirrin' now, I guess.' Well, as I am a livin' sinner, it was only five o'clock; 'oh dear,' sais I, 'time is like a woman and pigs, the more you want it to go, the more it won't. What on airth shall I do?—guess, I'll strap my rasor.'

"Well, I strapped and strapped away, until it would cut a single hair pulled strait up on eend out o' your head, without bendin' it—take it off slick. 'Now,' sais I, 'I'll mend my trowsers I tore, a goin' to see the ruin on the road yesterday;" so I takes out Sister Sall's little needle-case, and sows away till I got them to look considerable jam agin; 'and then,' sais I, 'here's a gallus button off, I'll jist fix that,' and when that was done, there was a hole to my yarn sock, so I turned too and darned that.

"'Now,' sais I, 'how goes it? I'm considerable sharp set. It must be gettin' tolerable late now.' It wanted a quarter to six. 'My! sakes,' sais I, 'five hours and a quarter yet afore feedin' time; well if that don't pass. What shall I do next?' 'I'll tell you what to do,' sais I, 'smoke, that will take the edge of your appetite off, and if they don't like it, they may lump it; what business have they to keep them horrid screetchin' infernal sleepless rooks to disturb people that way?' Well, I takes a lucifer, and lights a cigar, and I puts my head up the chimbly to let the smoke off, and it felt good, I promise *you*. I don't know as I ever enjoyed one half so much afore. It had a rael first chop flavor had that cigar.

"When that was done, sais I, 'What do you say to another?' 'Well, I don't know,' sais I, 'I should like it, that's a fact; but holdin' of my head crooked up chimbly that way, has a most broke my neck; I've got the cramp in it like.'

"So I sot, and shook my head first a one side and then the other, and then turned it on its hinges as far as it would go, till it felt about right, and then I lights another, and puts my head in the flue again.

"Well, smokin' makes a feller feel kinder good-natured, and I

began to think it warn't quite so bad arter all, when whop went my cigar right out of my mouth into my bosom, atween the shirt and the skin, and burnt me like a gally nipper. Both my eyes was fill'd at the same time, and I got a crack on the pate from some critter or another that clawed and scratched my head like any thing, and then seemed to empty a bushel of sut on me, and I looked like a chimbly sweep, and felt like old Scratch himself. My smoke had brought down a chimbly swaller, or a martin, or some such varmint, for it up and off agin' afore I could catch it, to wring its infernal neck off, that's a fact.

"Well, here was somethin' to do, and no mistake: here was to clean and groom up agin' till all was in its right shape; and a pretty job it was, I tell you. I thought I never should get the sut out of my hair, and then never get it out of my brush again, and my eyes smarted so, they did nothin' but water, and wink, and make faces. But I did; I worked on and worked on, till all was sot right once more.

"'Now,' sais I, 'how's time?' 'half-past seven,' sais I, 'and three hours and a half more yet to breakfast. Well,' sais I, 'I can't stand this—and what's more I won't: I begin to get my Ebenezer up, and feel wolfish. I'll ring up the handsum chamber-maid, and just fall to, and chaw her right up—I'm savagerous.* 'That's

* The word "savagerous" is not of "Yankee" but of "Western" origin.—Its use in this place is best explained by the following extract from the Third Series of the Clockmaker. "In order that the sketch which I am now about to give may be fully understood, it may be necessary to request the reader to recollect that Mr. Slick *is a Yankee*, a designation, the origin of which is now not very obvious, but it has been assumed by, and conceded by common consent to, the inhabitants of New England. It is a name, though sometimes satirically used, of which they have great reason to be proud, as it is descriptive of a most cultivated, intelligent, enterprising, frugal, and industrious population, who may well challenge a comparison with the inhabitants of any other country in the world; but it has only a local application.

"The United States cover an immense extent of territory, and the inhabitants of different parts of the Union differ as widely in character, feelings, and even in appearance, as the people in different countries usually do. These sections differ also in dialect and in humor, as much as in other things, and to as great, if not a greater extent, than the natives of different parts of Great Britain vary from each other. It is customary in Europe to call all Americans, Yankees; but it is as much a misnomer as it would be to call all Europeans Frenchmen. Throughout these works it will be observed, that Mr. Slick's pronunciation is that of the *Yankee*, or an inhabitant of the *rural districts* of New England. His conversation is generally purely so; but in some instances he uses, as his countrymen frequently do from choice, phrases which, though Americanisms, are not of Eastern origin. Wholly to exclude these would be to violate the usages of American life; to introduce them oftener would be to confound two dissimilar dialects, and to make an equal departure from the truth. Every section has its own characteristic dialect, a very small portion of which it has imparted to its neighbors. The dry, quaint humor of New England is occasionally found in the west, and the rich gasconade and exaggerative language of the west mi-

cowardly,' sais I, 'call the footman, pick a quarrel with him, and kick him down stairs, speak but one word to him, and let that be strong enough to skin the coon arter it has killed him, the noise will wake up folks I know, and then we shall have sunthin' to eat.'

"I was ready to bile right over, when as luck would have it, the rain stopt all of a sudden, the sun broke out o' prison, and I thought I never seed any thing look so green and so beautiful as the country did. 'Come,' sais I 'now for a walk down the avenue, and a comfortable smoke, and if the man at the gate is up and stirrin', I will just pop in and breakfast with him and his wife. There is some natur there, but here it's all cussed rooks and chimbly swallers, and heavy men and fat women, and lazy helps, and Sunday every day in the week.' So I fills my cigar case and outs into the passage.

"But here was a fix! One of the doors opened into the great staircase, and which was it? 'Ay,' sais I, 'which is it, do you know?' 'Upon my soul, I don't know,' sais I; 'but try, it's no use to be caged up here like a painter, and out I will, that's a fact.'

"So I stops and studies, 'that's it,' sais I, and I opens a door: it was a bed-room—it was the likely chambermaid's.

"'Softly, Sir,' sais she, a puttin' of her finger on her lip, 'don't make no noise; Missus will hear you.'

"'Yes,' sais I, 'I won't make no noise;' and I outs and shuts the door too arter me gently.

"'What next?' sais I; 'why you fool you,' sais I, 'why didn't you ax the sarvant maid, which door it was?' 'Why I was so conflastrigated,' sais I, 'I didn't think of it. Try that door,' well I opened another, it belonged to one o' the horrid hansum stranger galls that dined at table yesterday. When she seed me, she gave a scream, popt her head onder the clothes, like a terrapin, and vanished—well I vanished too.

"'Ain't this too bad?' sais I; 'I wish I could open a man's door, I'd lick him out of spite; I hope I may be shot if I don't, and I doubled up my fist, for I didn't like it a spec, and opened another door—it was the housekeeper's. 'Come,' sais I, 'I won't be balked no more.' She sot up and fixed her cap. A woman never forgets the becomins.

"'Any thing I can do for you, Sir?' sais she, and she raelly did look pretty; all good-natured people, it appears to me, do look so.

grates not unfrequently to the east. This idiomatic exchange is perceptibly on the increase. It arises from the travelling propensities of the Americans, and the constant intercourse mutually maintained by the inhabitants of the different States. A droll or an original expression is thus imported and adopted, and, though not indigenous, soon becomes engrafted on the general stock of the language of the country."—*3d Series*, p. 142.

"'Will you be so good as to tell me, which door leads to the staircase, Marm? sais I.

"'Oh, is that all?' sais she, (I suppose, she thort I wanted her to get up and get breakfast for me), 'it's the first on the right, and she fixed her cap agin' and laid down, and I took the first on the right and off like a blowed out-candle. There was the staircase. I walked down, took my hat, onbolted the outer door, and what a beautiful day was there. I lit my cigar, I breathed freely, and I strolled down the avenue.

"The bushes glistened, and the grass glistened, and the air was sweet, and the birds sung, and there was natur' once more. I walked to the lodge; they had breakfasted had the old folks, so I chattered away with them for a considerable of a spell about matters and things in general, and then turned towards the house agin.' 'Hallo!' sais I, 'what's this? warn't that a drop of rain?' I looks up, it was another shower, by Gosh. I pulls foot for dear life: it was tall walking you may depend, but the shower wins, (comprehens*ive* as my legs be), and down it comes, as hard as all posset. 'Take it easy, Sam,' sais I, 'your flint is fixed; you are wet thro'—runnin' won't dry you,' and I settled down to a careless walk, quite desperate.

"'Nothin' in natur', unless it is an Ingin, is so treacherous as the climate here. It jist clears up on purpose, I do believe, to tempt you out without your unbreller, and jist as sure as you trust it and leave it to home, it clouds right up, and sarves you out for it—it does, indeed. What a sight of new clothes I've spilte here, for the rain has a sort of dye in it. It stains so, it alters the color of the cloth, for the smoke is filled with gas and all sorts of chemicals. Well, back I goes to my room agin' to the rooks, chimbly swallers, and all, leavin' a great endurin' streak of wet arter me all the way, like a cracked pitcher that leaks; onriggs, and puts on dry clothes from head to foot.

"By this time breakfast is ready; but the English don't do nothin' like other folks; I don't know whether it's affectation, or bein' wrong in the head—a little of both, I guess. Now, where do you suppose the solid part of breakfast is, Squire? Why, it's on the sideboard—I hope I may be shot if it ain't—well, the tea and coffee are on the table, to make it as onconvenient as possible.

"Sais I, to the lady of the house, as I got up to help myself, for I was hungry enough to make beef ache, I know. 'Aunty, sais I, 'you'll excuse me, but why don't you put the eatables on the table, or else put the tea on the sideboard? They're like man and wife, they don't ought to be separated, them two.'

"She looked at me; oh, what a look of pity it was, as much as to say, 'Where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that?—but I guess you don't know better in the States—how

could you know anything there?' But she only said it was the custom here, for she was a very purlite old woman, was Aunty.

Well, sense is sense, let it grow where it will, and I guess we raise about the best kind, which is common sense, and I warn't to be put down with short metre, arter that fashion. So, I tried the old man; sais I, 'Uncle,' sais I, 'if you will divorce the eatables from the drinkables that way, why not let the sarvants come and tend? It's monstrous onconvenient and ridikilous to be a jumpin' up for everlastinly that way; you can't sit still one blessed minit.'

"'We think it pleasant,' said he, 'sometimes, to dispense with their attendance.'

"'Exactly,' sais I, 'then dispense with sarvants at dinner, for when the wine is in, the wit is out,' (I said that to compliment him, for the critter had no wit in at no time,) 'and they hear all the talk. But at breakfast every one is only half awake, (especially when you rise so airly as you do in this country,' sais I, but the old critter couldn't see a joke, even if he felt it, and he didn't know I was a funnin'.) 'Folks are considerably sharp set at breakfast,' sais I, 'and not very talkative. That's the right time to have sarvants to tend on you.'

"'What an idea!' said he, and he puckered up his pictur, and the way he stared was a caution to an owl.

"Well, we sot and sot till I was tired; so, thinks I, 'what's next? for it's rainin' again as hard as ever.' So, I took a turn in the study to sarch for a book, but there was nothin' there, but a Guide to the Sessions, Burn's Justice, and a book of London club rules, and two or three novels. He said he got books from the sarkilatin' library.

"'Lunch is ready.'

"'What, eatin' again? My goody!' thinks I, 'if you are so fond of it, why the plague don't you begin airly? If you'd a had it at five o'clock this morning, I'd a done justice to it; now, I couldn't touch it if I was to die.'

"There it was, though. Help yourself, and no thanks, for there is no sarvants agin. The rule here is, no talk, no sarvants—and when it's all talk, it's all sarvants.

"Thinks I to myself, 'now, what shall I do till dinner-time, for it rains so there is no stirrin' out?—Waiter, where is eldest son?—he and I will have a game of billiards, I guess.'

"'He is laying down, Sir.'

"'Shows his sense,' sais I; 'I see, he is not the fool I took him to be. If I could sleep in the day, I'de turn in too. Where is second son?'

"'Left this mornin' in the close carriage, Sir.'

"'Oh, cuss him, it was him, then, was it?'

"'What, Sir?'

"'That woke them confounded rooks up, out o' their fust nap, and kick't up such a bobbery. Where is the Parson?'

"'Which one, Sir?'

"'The one that's so fond of fishing.'

"'Ain't up yet, Sir.'

"'Well, the old boy, that wore breeches?'

"'Out on a sick visit to one of the cottages, sir.'

"'When he comes in, send him to me: I'm shocking sick.'

"With that, I goes to look arter the two pretty galls in the drawing room; and there was the ladies a chatterin' away like any thing. The moment I came in it was as dumb as a quaker's meetin'. They all hauled up at once, like a stage-coach to an inn-door, from a hand-gallop to a stock still stand. I seed men warn't wanted there, it warn't the custom so airly; so, I polled out o' that creek, starn first. They don't like men in the mornin', in England, do the ladies; they think 'em in the way.

"What, on airth, shall I do?' says I, 'it's nothin' but rain, rain, rain, rain, here—in this awful dismal country. Nobody smokes, nobody talks, nobody plays cards, nobody fires at a mark, and nobody trades; only let me get thro' this juicy day, and I am done; let me get out of this scrape, and if I am caught agin, I'll give you leave to tell me of it, in meetin'. It tante pretty, I do suppose, to be a jawin' with the butler, but I'll make an excuse for a talk, for talk comes kinder nateral to me, like suction to a snipe.'

"'Waiter?'

"'Sir.'

"'Galls don't like to be tree'd here of a mornin', do they?'

"'Sir?'

"'It's usual for the ladies,' sais I, 'to be together in the airly part of the forenoon here, ain't it, afore the gentlemen jine them?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'It puts me in mind,' says I, 'of the old seals down to Sable Island—you know where Sable Isle is, don't you?'

"'Yes, Sir, it's in the cathedral down here.'

"'No, no, not that, it's an island on the coast of Nova Scotia. You know where that is, sartainly?'

"'I never heard of it, Sir.'

"'Well, Lord love you! you know what an old seal is?'

"'Oh, yes, Sir, I'll get you my master's in a moment.'

"And off he sot full chisel.

"Cus him! he is as stupid as a rook, that crittur, it's no use to tell him a story; and now I think of it, I will go and smoke them black imps of darkness—the rooks.

"So, I goes up stairs, as slowly as I cleverly could, jist liftin' one foot arter another as if it had a fifty-six tied to it, on puppus to spend time; lit a cigar, opened the window nearest the rooks, and

smoked; but, oh, the rain killed all the smoke in a minite; it didn't even make one on 'em sneeze. 'Dull musick, this, Sam,' sais I, 'ain't it? Tell you what: I'll put on my ile-skin, take an umbreller, and go and talk to the stable helps, for I feel as lonely as a catamount, and as dull as a bachelor beaver. So, I trampousses off to the stable; and, sais I to the head man, 'A smart little hoss that,' sais I, 'you are a cleaning of; he looks like a first chop article that.'

"'Y mae',' sais he.

"'Hullo,' says I, 'what in natur' is this? Is it him that can't speak English, or me that can't onderstand? for one on us is a fool, that's sartain. I'll try him agin.'

"So, I sais to him, 'He looks,' says I, 'as if he'd trot a considerable good stick, that horse,' sais I, 'I guess he is a goer.'

"'Y' mae, ye un trotter da,' sais he.

"'Creation!' sais I, 'if this don't beat gineral trainin'. I have heerd, in my time, broken French, broken Scotch, broken Irish, broken Yankee, broken Nigger, and broken Indgin; but I have hearn two pure genewine languages to-day, and no mistake, real rook, and rael Britton, and I don't exactly know which I like wus. It's no use to stand talkin' to this critter. Good-bye,' sais I.

"Now, what do you think he said? Why, you would suppose he'd say good-dye, too, wouldn't you? Well, he didn't, nor nothin' like it, but he jist ups, and sais, 'Forwelloaugh,' he did, upon my soul. I never felt so stumpt afore in all my life. Sais I, 'Friend, here is half a dollar for you; it arn't often I'm brought to a dead stare, and when I am, I am willin' to pay for it.'

"There's two languages, Squire, that's univarsal: the language of love, and the language of money; the galls onderstand the one, and the men onderstand the other, all the wide world over, from Canton to Niagara. I no sooner showed him the half-dollar, than it walked into his pocket, a plaguy sight quicker than it will walk out, I guess.

"Sais I, 'Friend, you've taken the consait out of me properly. Captain Hall said there warn't a man, woman, or child, in the whole of the thirteen united univarsal worlds of our great Republic, that could speak pure English and I was a goin' to kick him for it; but he is right, arter all. There ain't one livin' soul on us can; I don't believe they ever as much as heerd it, for I never did, till this blessed day, and there are few things I haven't either see'd, or heern tell of. Yes, we can't speak English, do you take?' 'Dim comrag,' says he, which in Yankee means, 'that's no English,' and he stood, looked puzzled, and scratched his head, rael hansum, 'Dim comrag,' sais he.

"Well, it made me larf spiteful. I felt kinder wicked, and as I had a hat on, and I couldn't scratch my head, I stood jist like him, clown fashion, with my eyes wonderin' and my mouth wide open,

and put my hand behind me, and scratched there; and I stared, and looked puzzled too, and made the same identical vacant face he did, and repeated arter him slowly, with another scratch, mocking him like, 'Dim comrag."

"Such a pair o' fools you never saw, Squire, since the last time you shaved afore a lookin' glass; and the stable boys larfed, and he larfed, and I larfed, and it was the only larf I had all that juicy day.

"Well, I turns agin to the door; but it's the old story over again —rain, rain, rain; spatter, spatter, spatter—'I can't stop here with these true Brittons,' sais I; 'guess I'll go and see the old Squire; he is in his study.'

"So I goes there: 'Squire,' sais I, 'let me offer you a rael gene*wine* Havana cigar; I can recommend it to you.' He thanks me, he don't smoke, but plague take him, he don't say, 'If you are fond of smokin', pray smoke yourself.' And he is writin', I won't interrupt him.

"Waiter, order me a post-chaise, to be here in the mornin', when the rooks wake.'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"Come, I'll try the women folk in the drawin'-room agin'. Ladies don't mind the rain here; they are used to it. It's like the musk plant, arter you put it to your nose once, you can't smell it a second time. Oh what beautiful galls they be! What a shame it is to bar a feller out on such a day as this. One on 'em blushes like a red cabbage, when she speaks to me, that's the one, I reckon, I disturbed this mornin.' Cuss the rooks! I'll pyson them, and that won't make no noise.

"She shows me the consarvitery. 'Take care Sir, your coat has caught this geranium,' and she onhitches it. 'Stop, Sir, you'll break this jilly flower,' and she lifts off the coat tail agin; in fact, it's so crowded, you can't squeeze along, scarcely, without a doin' of mischief somewhere or another.

"Next time, she goes first, and then it's my turn, 'Stop, Miss,' sais I, 'your frock has this rose tree over,' and I loosens it; once more, 'Miss, this rose has got tangled,' and I ontangles it from her furbeloes.

"I wonder what makes my hand shake so, and my heart it bumps so, it has bust a button off. If I stay in this consarvitery, I shan't consarve myself long, that's a fact, for this gall has put her whole team on, and is a runnin' me off the road. 'Hullo! what's that? Bell for dressin' for dinner.' Thank Heavens! I shall escape from myself, and from this beautiful critter, too, for I'm gettin' spoony, and shall talk silly presently.

"I don't like to be left alone with a gall, its plaguy apt to set me a soft sawderin' and a courtin'. There's a sort of nateral attraction

like in this world. Two ships in a calm, are sure to get up alongside of each other, if there is no wind, and they have nothin' to do, but look at each other; natur' does it. Well, even the tongs and the shovel won't stand alone long; they're sure to get on the same side of the fire, and be sociable; one on 'em has a loadstone and draws 'tother, that's sartin. If that's the case with hard-hearted things, like oak and iron, what is it with tender-hearted things like humans? Shut me up in a 'sarvatory with a hansum gall of a rainy day, and see if I don't think she is the sweetest flower in it. Yes, I am glad it is the dinner-bell, for I ain't ready to marry yet, and when I am, I guess I must get a gall where I got my hoss, in Old Connecticut, and that state takes the shine off all creation for geese, galls, and onions, that's a fact.

"Well, dinner won't wait, so I ups agin once more near the rooks, to brush up a bit; but there it is again, the same old tune, the whole blessed day, rain, rain, rain. It's rained all day and don't talk of stoppin' nother. How I hate the sound, and how streaked I feel. I don't mind its huskin' my voice, for there is no one to talk to; but cuss it, it has softened my bones.

"Dinner is ready; the rain has damped every body's spirits, and squenched 'em out; even champaign won't raise 'em agin; feedin' is heavy, talk is heavy, time is heavy, tea is heavy, and there ain't no musick; the only thing that's light is a bed-room candle—heavens and airth how glad I am this *juicy day* is over!"

CHAPTER III

TYING A NIGHT-CAP.

In the preceding sketch I have given Mr. Slick's account of the English climate, and his opinion of the dullness of a country-house, as nearly as possible in his own words. It struck me at the time that they were exaggerated views; but if the weather was unpropitious, and the company not well selected, I can easily conceive, that the impression on his mind would be as strong and unfavorable, as he has described it to have been.

The climate of England is healthy, and as it admits of much out-door exercise, and is not subject to any very sudden variation, or violent extremes of heat and cold, it may be said to be good, though not agreeable; but its great humidity is very sensibly felt by Americans and other foreigners accustomed to a dry atmosphere and clear sky. That Mr. Slick should find a rainy day in the

country dull, is not to be wondered at; it is probable it would be so any where, to a man who had so few resources, within himself, as the Attaché. Much of course depends on the inmates; and the company at the Shropshire house, to which he alludes, do not appear to have been the best calculated to make the state of the weather a matter of indifference to him.

I cannot say, but that I have at times suffered a depression of spirits from the frequent, and sometimes long-continued rains of this country; but I do not know that, as an ardent admirer of scenery, I would desire less humidity, if it diminished, as I fear it would, the extraordinary verdure and great beauty of the English landscape. With respect to my own visits at country-houses, I have generally been fortunate in the weather, and always in the company; but I can easily conceive, that a man situated as Mr. Slick appears to have been with respect to both, would find the combination intolerably dull. But to return to my narrative.

Early on the following day we accompanied our luggage to the wharf, where a small steamer lay to convey us to the usual anchorage ground of the packets, in the bay. We were attended by a large concourse of people. The piety, learning, unaffected simplicity, and kind disposition of my excellent friend, Mr. Hopewell, were well known and fully appreciated by the people of New York, who were anxious to testify their respect for his virtues, and their sympathy for his unmerited persecution, by a personal escort and a cordial farewell.

"Are all those people going with us, Sam?" said he. "How pleasant it will be to have so many old friends on board, won't it?"

"No, sir," said the Attaché, "they are only a goin' to see you on board—it is a mark of respect to you. They will go down to the 'Tyler,' to take their last farewell of you."

"Well, that's kind now, ain't it?" he replied. "I suppose they thought I would feel kinder dull and melancholy like, on leaving my native land this way; and I must say I don't feel jist altogether right neither. Ever so many things rise right up in my mind, not one arter another, but all together like, so that I can't take 'em one by one and reason 'em down, but they jist overpower me by numbers. You understand me, Sam, don't you?"

"Poor old critter!" said Mr. Slick to me in an under-tone, "it's no wonder he is sad, is it? I must try to cheer him up if I can. Understand you, minister!" said he, "to be sure I do. I have been that way often and often. That was the case when I was to Lowell factories, with the galls a taking of them off in the paintin' line. The dear little critters kept up such an everlastin' almighty clatter, clatter, clatter; jabber, jabber, jabber, all talkin' and chatterin' at once, you couldn't hear no blessed one of them; and they jist fairly stunned a feller. For nothin' in natur', unless it be perpetual mo-

tion, can equal a woman's tongue. It's most a pity we hadn't some of the angiliferous little dears with us too, for they do make the time pass quick, that's a fact. I want some one on 'em to tie a night-cap for me to-night; I don't commonly wear one, but I somehow kinder guess, I intend to have one this time, and no mistake."

"A night-cap, Sam!" said he. "Why, what on airth do you mean?"

"Why, I'll tell you, minister," said he. "You recollect sister Sall, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," said he; "and an excellent girl she is: a dutiful daughter, and a kind and affectionate sister. Yes, she is a good girl, is Sally, a very good girl indeed; but what of her?"

"Well, she was a most a beautiful critter, to brew a glass of whisky toddy, as ever I see'd in all my travels, was sister Sall, and I used to call that tipple, when I took it late, a night-cap; apple jack and white nose ain't the smallest part of a circumstance to it. On such an occasion as this, minister, when a body is leavin' the greatest nation atween the poles, to go among benighted, ignorant, insolent foreigners, you wouldn't object to a night-cap, now would you?"

"Well, I don't know as I would, Sam," said he; "parting from friends, whether temporarily or for ever, is a sad thing, and the former is typical of the latter. No, I do not know as I would. We may use these things, but not abuse them. Be temperate, be moderate, but it is a sorry heart that knows no pleasure. Take your night-cap, Sam, and then commend yourself to His safe keeping, who rules the wind and the waves: to Him who—"

"Well, then, minister, what a dreadful awful-looking thing a night-cap is without a tassel, ain't it? Oh! you must put a tassel on it, and that is another glass. Well, then, what is the use of a night-cap, if it has a tassel on it, but has no string? It will slip off your head the very first turn you take; and that is another glass, you know. But one string won't tie a cap; one hand can't shake hands along with itself: you must have two strings to it, and that brings one glass more. Well, then, what is the use of two strings, if they ain't fastened? If you want to keep the cap on, it must be tied, that's sartain, and that is another go; and then, minister, what an everlastin' miserable stingy, ongenteel critter a feller must be, that won't drink to the health of the Female Brewer! Well, that's another glass to sweethearts and wives, and then turn in for sleep, and that's what I intend to do to-night. I guess I'll tie the night-cap this hitch, if I never do agin, and that's a fact."

"Oh, Sam, Sam!" said Mr. Hopewell, "for a man that is wide awake and duly sober, I never saw one yet that talked such nonsense as you do. You said you understood me, but you don't, one mite or morsel; but men are made differently: some people's

narves operate on the brain sens*itively*, and give them exquisite pain or excessive pleasure; other folks seem as if they had no narves at all. You understand my words, but you don't enter into my feelings. Distressing images rise up in my mind in such rapid succession, I can't master them, but they master me. They come slower to you, and the moment you see their shadows before you, you turn round to the light, and throw these dark figures behind you. I can't do that; I could when I was younger, but I can't now. Reason is comparing two ideas, and drawing an inference. Insanity is, when you have such a rapid succession of ideas, that you can't compare them. How great, then, must be the pain when you are almost pressed into insanity, and yet retain your reason! What is a broken heart? Is it death? I think it must be very like it, if it is not a figure of speech, for I feel that my heart is broken, and yet I am as sensitive to pain as ever. Nature cannot stand this suffering long. You say these good people have come to take their last farewell of me; most likely, Sam, it *is* a last farewell. I am an old man now, I am well stricken in years; shall I ever live to see my native land again? I know not—the Lord's will be done! If I had a wish, I should desire to return to be lain with my kindred, to repose in death with those that were the companions of my earthly pilgrimage; but if it be ordered otherwise, I am ready to say with truth and meekness, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

When this excellent old man said that, Mr. Slick did not enter into his feelings—he did not do him justice. His attachment to and veneration for his aged pastor and friend were quite filial, and such as to do honor to his head and heart. Those persons who have made character a study, will all agree, that the cold exterior of the New England man arises from other causes than a coldness of feeling. Much of the rhodomontade of the Attaché, addressed to Mr. Hopewell, was uttered for the kind purpose of withdrawing his attention from those griefs which preyed so heavily upon his spirits.

"Minister," said Mr. Slick, "come, cheer up, it makes me kinder dismal to hear you talk so. When Captain McKenzie hanged up them three free and enlightened citizens of ours on board of the—Somers—he gave 'em three cheers. We are worth half a dozen dead men yet, so cheer up. Talk to these friends of ourn; they might think you considerable starch if you don't talk; and talk is cheap, it don't cost nothin' but breath, a scrape of your hind leg, and a jupe of the head, that's a fact."

Having thus engaged him in conversation with his friends, we proceeded on board the steamer, which, in a short time, was alongside of the great "Liner." The day was now spent, and Mr.

Hopewell having taken leave of his escort, retired to his cabin, very much overpowered by his feelings.

Mr. Slick insisted on his companions taking a parting glass with him, and I was much amused with the advice given him by some of his young friends and admirers. He was cautioned to sustain the high character of the nation abroad; to take care that he returned as he went—a true American; to insist upon the possession of the Oregon Territory; to demand and enforce his right position in society; to negotiate the national loan; and above all, never to accede to the right of search of slave-vessels; all which having been duly promised, they took an affectionate leave of each other, and we remained on board, intending to depart in the course of the following morning.

As soon as they had gone, Mr. Slick ordered materials for brewing, namely: whisky, hot water, sugar and lemon; and having duly prepared, in regular succession, the cap, the tassel, and the two strings, filled his tumbler again, and said:

"Come now, Squire, before we turn in, let us *tie the nightcap*."

CHAPTER IV.

HOME AND THE SEA.

At eleven o'clock the next day the "Tyler," having shaken out her pinions, and spread them to the breeze, commenced at a rapid rate her long and solitary voyage across the Atlantic. Object after object rose in rapid succession into distinct view, was approached and passed, until, leaving the calm and sheltered waters of the bay, we emerged into the ocean, and involuntarily turned to look back upon the land we had left. Long after the lesser hills and low country had disappeared, a few ambitious peaks of the highlands still met the eye, appearing as if they had advanced to the very edge of the water, to prolong the view of us till the last moment.

This coast is a portion of my native continent, for though not a subject of the Republic, I am still an American in its larger sense, having been born in a British province in this hemisphere. I therefore sympathized with the feelings of my two companions, whose straining eyes were still fixed on those dim and distant specks in the horizon.

"There," said Mr. Slick, rising from his seat, "I believe we have seen the last of home till next time; and this I will say, it is the most glorious country onder the sun; travel where you will,

you won't ditto it no where. It is the toploftiest place in all creation, ain't it, minister?"

There was no response to all this bombast. It was evident he had not been heard; and turning to Mr. Hopewell, I observed his eyes were fixed intently on the distance, and his mind pre-occupied by painful reflections, for tears were coursing after each other down his furrowed but placid cheek.

"Squire," said Mr. Slick to me, "this won't do. We must not allow him to dwell too long on the thoughts of leaving home, or he'll droop like any thing, and p'raps, hang his head and fade right away. He is aged and feeble, and everything depends on keeping up his spirits. An old plant must be shaded, well watered, and tended, or you can't transplant it no how you can fix it, that's a fact. He won't give ear to me now, for he knows I can't talk serious, if I was to try; but he will listen to *you*. Try to cheer him up, and I will go down below and give you a chance."

As soon as I addressed him, he started and said, "Oh! is it you, Squire? come and sit down by me, my friend. I can talk to *you*, and I assure you I take great pleasure in doing so. I cannot always talk to Sam: he is excited now; he is anticipating great pleasure from his visit to England, and is quite boisterous in the exuberance of his spirits. I own I am depressed at times; it is natural I should be, but I shall endeavor not to be the cause of sadness in others. I not only like cheerfulness myself, but I like to promote it; it is a sign of an innocent mind, and a heart in peace with God and in charity with man. All nature is cheerful, its voice is harmonious, and its countenance smiling; the very garb in which it is clothed is gay; why then should man be an exception to everything around him? Sour sectarians, who address our fears, rather than our affections, may say what they please, Sir, mirth is not inconsistent with religion, but rather an evidence that our religion is right. If I appear dull, therefore, do not suppose it is because I think it necessary to be so, but because certain reflections are natural to me as a clergyman, as a man far advanced in years, and as a pilgrim who leaves his home at a period of life, when the probabilities are, he may not be spared to revisit it.

"I am, like yourself, a colonist by birth. At the revolution, I took no part in the struggle; my profession and my habits both exempted me. Whether the separation was justifiable or not, either on civil or religious principles, it is not now necessary to discuss. It took place, however, and the colonies became a nation, and after due consideration, I concluded to dwell among 'mine own people.' There I have continued, with the exception of one or two short journeys for the benefit of my health, to the present period. Parting with those whom I have known so long and loved so well, is doubtless a trial to one whose heart is still warm, while

his nerves are weak, and whose affections are greater than his firmness. But I weary you with this egotism?"

"Not at all," I replied, "I am both instructed and delighted by your conversation. Pray proceed, Sir."

"Well, it is kind, very kind of you," said he, "to say so. I will explain these sensations to you, and then endeavor never to allude to them again. America is my birth-place and my home. Home has two significations, a restricted one and an enlarged one; in its restricted sense, it is the place of our abode, it includes our social circle, our parents, children, and friends, and contains the living and the dead; the past and the present generations of our race. By a very natural process, the scene of our affections soon becomes identified with them, and a portion of our regard is transferred from animate to inanimate objects. The streams on which we sported, the mountains on which we clambered, the fields in which we wandered, the school where we were instructed, the church where we worshipped, the very bell whose pensive melancholy music recalled our wandering steps in youth, awaken in after years many a tender thought, many a pleasing recollection, and appeal to the heart with the force and eloquence of love. The country again contains all these things, the sphere is widened, new objects are included, and this extension of the circle is love of country. It is thus that the nation is said in an enlarged sense, to be our home also.

"This love of country is both natural and laudable: so natural, that to exclude a man from his country, is the greatest punishment that country can inflict upon him; and so laudable, that when it becomes a principle of action, it forms the hero and the patriot. How impressive, how beautiful, how dignified was the answer of the Shunamite woman to Elisha, who, in his gratitude to her for her hospitality and kindness, made her a tender of his interest at court. 'Wouldst thou,' said he, 'be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?'—What an offer was that, to gratify her ambition or flatter her pride! 'I dwell,' she said, 'among mine own people.' What a characteristic answer! all history furnishes no parallel to it.

"I too dwell 'among my own people:' my affections are there, and there also is the sphere of my duties; and if I am depressed by the thoughts of parting from 'my people,' I will do you the justice to believe, that you would rather bear with its effects, than witness the absence of such natural affection.

"But this is not the sole cause: independently of some afflictions of a clerical nature in my late parish, to which it is not necessary to allude, the contemplation of this vast and fathomless ocean, both from its novelty and its grandeur, overwhelms me. At home I am fond of tracing the Creator in His works. From the erratic

comet in the firmament, to the flower that blossoms in the field; in all animate, and inanimate matter; in all that is animal, vegetable or mineral, I see His infinite wisdom, almighty power, and everlasting glory.

"But that home is inland; I have not beheld the sea now for many years. I never saw it without emotion; I now view it with awe. What an emblem of eternity!—Its dominion is alone reserved to Him who made it. Changing yet changeless—ever varying, yet always the same. How weak and powerless is man! how short his span of life, when he is viewed in connection with the sea! He has left no trace upon it—it will not receive the impress of his hands; it obeys no laws, but those imposed upon it by Him, who called it into existence; generation after generation has looked upon it as we now do—and where are they? Like yonder waves that press upon each other in regular succession, they have passed away for ever; and their nation, their language, their temples and their tombs have perished with them. But there is the Undying one. When man was formed, the voice of the ocean was heard, as it now is, speaking of its mysteries, and proclaiming His glory, who alone lifteth its waves, or stilleth the rage thereof.

"And yet, my dear friend, for so you must allow me to call you, awful as these considerations are, which it suggests, who are they that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters? The sordid trader, and the armed and mercenary sailor: gold or blood is their object, and the fear of God is not always in them. Yet the sea shall give up its dead, as well as the grave; and all shall——

"But it is not my intention to preach to you. To intrude serious topics upon our friends at all times, has a tendency to make both ourselves and our topics distasteful. I mention these things to you, not that they are not obvious to you and every other right-minded man, or that I think I can clothe them in more attractive language, or utter them with more effect than others; but merely to account for my absence of mind and evident air of abstraction. I know my days are numbered, and in the nature of things, that those that are left, cannot be many.

"Pardon me, therefore, I pray you, my friend; make allowances for an old man, unaccustomed to leave home, and uncertain whether he shall ever be permitted to return to it. I feel deeply and sensibly your kindness in soliciting my company on this tour, and will endeavor so to regulate my feelings as not to make you regret your invitation. I shall not again recur to these topics, or trouble you with any further reflections 'on Home and the Sea.'"

CHAPTER V.

T'OTHER END OF THE GUN.

"SQUIRE," said Mr. Hopewell, one morning when we were alone on the quarter-deck, "sit down by me, if you please. I wish to have a little private conversation with you. I am a good deal concerned about Sam. I never liked this appointment he has received: neither his education, his habits, nor his manners have qualified him for it. He is fitted for a trader, and for nothing else. He looks upon politics as he does upon his traffic in clocks, rather as profitable to himself than beneficial to others. Self is predominant with him. He overrates the importance of his office, as he will find when he arrives in London; but what is still worse, he overrates the importance of the opinions of others regarding the States.

"He has been reading that foolish book of Cooper's 'Gleanings in Europe,' and intends to show fight, he says. He called my attention, yesterday, to this absurd passage, which he maintains is the most manly and sensible thing that Cooper ever wrote: 'This indifference to the feelings of others is a dark spot on the national manners of England. The only way to put it down, is to become belligerent yourself, by introducing Pauperism, Radicalism, Ireland, the Indies, or some other sore point. Like all who make butts of others, they do not manifest the proper forbearance when the tables are turned. Of this I have had abundance of proof in my own experience. Sometimes their remarks are absolutely rude, and personally offensive, as a disregard of one's national character is a disrespect to his principles; but as personal quarrels on such grounds are to be avoided, I have uniformly retorted in kind, if there was the smallest opening for such retaliation.'

"Now, every gentleman in the States repudiates such sentiments as these. My object in mentioning the subject to you, is to request the favor of you to persuade Sam not to be too sensitive on these topics; not to take offence, where it is not intended; and, above all, rather to vindicate his nationality by his conduct, than to justify those aspersions by his intemperate behavior. But here he comes: I shall withdraw, and leave you together."

"Fortunately, Mr. Slick commenced talking upon a topic which

naturally led to that to which Mr. Hopewell had wished me to direct his attention.

"Well, Squire," said he, "I am glad, too, you are a goin' to England along with me: we will take a rise out of John Bull, won't we? We've hit Blue-nose and Brother Jonathan both pretty considerable tarnation hard, and John has split his sides with larfter. Let's tickle him now, by feelin' his own short ribs, and see how *he* will like it; we'll soon see whose hide is the thickest, hisn or ourn, won't we? Let's see whether he will say chee, chee, chee, when he gets to the t'other eend of the gun."

"What is the meaning of that saying?" I asked. "I never heard it before."

"Why," said he, "when I was a considerable of a growd up saplin of a boy to Slickville, I used to be a gunnin' for everlastinly amost in our hickory woods, a shootin' of squirrels with a rifle, and I got amazin' expart at it. I could take the head off of them chatterin' little imps, when I got a fair shot at 'em with a ball, at any reasonable distance a'most, in nine cases out of ten.

"Well, one day I was out as usual, and our Irish help, Paddy Burke, was along with me, and every time he see'd me a drawin' of the bead fine on 'em, he used to say, 'Well, you've an excellent gun entirely, Master Sam. Oh by Jakers! the squirrel has no chance with that gun—it's an excellent one entirely.'

"At last I got tired a hearin' of him a jawin' so for ever and a day about the excellent gun entirely; so, sais I, 'You fool you, do you think it's the gun that does it *entirely*, as you say; ain't there a little dust of skill in it? Do you think you could fetch one down?'

"'Oh, it's a capital gun entirely,' said he.

"'Well,' said I, 'if it 'tis, try it now, and see what sort of a fist you'll make of it.'

"So Paddy takes the rifle, lookin' as knowin' all the time as if he had ever seed one afore. Well, there was a great red squirrel on the tip-top of a limb, chatterin' away like anything, chee, chee, chee, proper frightened; he know'd it warn't me, that was a parsecutin' of him, and he expected he'd be hurt. They know'd me, did the little critters, when they seed me, and they know'd I never had hurt one on 'em, my balls never givin' 'em a chance to feel what was the matter of them; but Pat they didn't know, and they see'd he warn't the man to handle 'Old Bull-Dog.' I used to call my rifle Bull-Dog, 'cause she always bit afore she barked.

"Pat threw one foot out astarn, like a skullin' oar, and then bent forrards like a hoop, and fetched the rifle slowly up to the line, and shot to the right eye. Chee, chee, chee, went the squirrel. He see'd it was wrong. 'By the powers!' sais Pat, 'this is a left-handed boot,' and he brought the gun to the other shoulder, and then

shot to his left eye. 'Fegs!' sais Pat, 'this gun was made for a squint eye, for I can't get a right strait sight of the critter, either side.' So I fixt it for him and told him which eye to sight by. 'An excellent gun entirely,' says Pat, 'but it tante made like the rifles we have.'

"Ain't they strange critters, them Irish, Squire? That feller never handled a rifle afore in all his born days; but unless it was to a priest, he wouldn't confess that much for the world. They are as bad as the English that way; they always pretend they know everything.

"'Come, Pat,' sais I, 'blaze away now.' Back goes the hind leg agin, up bends the back, and Bull-Dog rises slowly to his shoulder; and then he stared, and stared, until his arm shook like palsy. Chee, chee, chee, went the squirrel agin, louder than ever, as much as to say, 'Why the plague don't you fire? I'm not a goin' to stand here all day for you this way;' and then throwin' his tail over his back, he jumped on to the next branch.

"'By the piper that played before Moses!' sais Pat, 'I'll stop your chee, chee, cheein' for you, you chatterin' spalpeen of a devil, you.' So he ups with the rifle agin, takes a fair aim at him, shuts both eyes, turns his head round, and fires; and Bull-Dog, findin' he didn't know how to hold her tight to the shoulder, got mad, and kicked him head over heels on the broad of his back. Pat got up, a makin' awful wry faces, and began to limp, to show how lame his shoulder was, and to rub his arm, to see if he had one left, and the squirrel ran about the tree hoppin' mad, hollerin' out as loud as it could scream, chee, chee, chee.

"'Oh bad luck to you,' sais Pat, 'if you had a been at t'other eend of the gun,' and he rubbed his shoulder agin, and cried like a baby, 'you wouldn't have said chee, chee, chee, that way, I know.'

"Now when your gun, Squire, was a knockin' over Blue-nose, and makin' a proper fool of him, and a knockin' over Jonathan, and a spilin' of his bran-new clothes, the English sung out chee, chee, chee, till all was blue agin. You had an excellent gun entirely then: let's see if they will sing out chee, chee, chee, now, when we take a shot at *them*. Do you take?" and he laid his thumb on his nose, as if perfectly satisfied with the application of his story. "Do you take, Squire? You have an excellent gun entirely, as Pat says. It's what I call puttin' the leake into 'em properly. If you had a written this book fust, the English would have said your gun was no good; it wouldn't have been like the rifles they had seen. Lord, I could tell you stories about the English, that would make even them cryin' devils the Mississippi crocodiles laugh, if they was to hear 'em."

"Pardon me, Mr. Slick," I said, "this is not the temper with which you should visit England."

"What is the temper," he replied, with much warmth, "that they visit us in? Cuss 'em! Look at Dickens; was there ever a man made so much of, except La Fayette? And who was Dickens? Not a Frenchman, that is a friend to us; not a native, that has a claim on us; not a colonist, who, though English by name, is still an American by birth, six of one and half a dozen of t'other, and therefore a kind of half-breed brother. No! he was a cussed Britisher; and what is wus, a British author; and yet, because he was a man of genius, because genius has the 'tarnal globe for its theme, and the world for its home, and mankind for its readers, and bean't a citizen of this state or that state, but a native of the univarse, why we welcomed him, and feasted him, and leveed him, and escorted him, and cheered him, and honored him; did he honor us? What did he say of us when he returned? Read his book.

"No, don't read his book, for it tante worth readin'. Has he said one word of all that reception in his book? that book that will be read, translated, and read again all over Europe—has he said one word of that reception? Answer me that, will you? Darned the word—his memory was bad; he lost it over the tafrail when he was sea-sick. But his note-book was safe under lock and key, and the pigs in New York, and the chap the rats eat in jail, and the rough man from Kentucky, and the entire raft of galls emprisoned in one night, and the spittin' boxes and all that stuff, warn't trusted to memory—it was noted down and printed.

"But it tante no matter. Let any man give me any sarce in England, about my country, or not give me the right *po*sition in society, as Attaché to our Legation, and, as Cooper says, I'll become belligerent, too, I will, I snore. I can snuff a candle with a pistol as fast as you can light it. Hang up an orange, and I'll first peel it with ball and then quarter it. Heavens! I'll let daylight down through some o' their jackets, I know.

"Jube, you infarnal black scoundrel, you odoriferous nigger you, what's that you've got there?"

"An apple, massa."

"Take off your cap and put that apple on your head, then stand sideways by that port-hole, and hold steady, or you might stand a smart chance to have your wool carded, that's all."

Then taking a pistol out of the side-pocket of his mackintosh, he deliberately walked over to the other side of the deck, and examined his priming.

"Good heavens, Mr. Slick!" said I in great alarm, "what are you about?"

"I am goin'," he said with the greatest coolness, but at the same

time with equal sternness, "to bore a hole through that apple, Sir."

"For shame, Sir!" I said. "How can you think of such a thing? Suppose you were to miss your shot, and kill that unfortunate boy?"

"I won't suppose no such thing, Sir. I can't miss it. I couldn't miss it if I was to try. Hold your head steady, Jube—and if I did, it's no great matter. The oncarcumcised Amalikite ain't worth over three hundred dollars at the fardest, that's a fact; and the way he'd pyson a shark ain't no matter. Are you ready, Jube?"

"Yes, massa."

"You shall do no such thing, Sir," I said, seizing his arm with both my hands. "If you attempt to shoot at that apple, I shall hold no further intercourse with you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir."

"Ky! massa," said Jube, "let him fire, Sar: he no hurt Jube; he no foozle de hair. I isn't one mossel afeerd. He often do it, jist to keep him hand in, Sar. Massa most a grand shot, Sar. He take off de ear ob de squirrel so slick, he neber miss it, till he go scratchin' his head. Let him appel hab it, massa."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Slick, "he is a Christian is Jube—he is as good as a white Britisher: same flesh, only a leetle, jist a leetle darker; same blood, only not quite so old, ain't quite so much tarter on the bottle as a lord's has; oh, him and a Britisher is all one brother—oh, by all means—

Him fader's hope—him mudder's joy,
Him darlin little nigger boy.

You'd better cry over him, hadn't you? Buss him, call him brother, hug him, give him the 'Abolition' kiss, write an article on slavery, like Dickens; marry him to a white gall to England, get him a saint's darter with a good fortin, and we'll soon see whether her father was a talkin' cant or no, about niggers. Cuss 'em, let any o' these Britishers give me slack, and I'll give 'em cranberry for their goose, I know. I'd jump right down their throat with spurs on, and gallop their sarce out."

"Mr. Slick, I've done; I shall say no more; we part, and part for ever. I had no idea whatever, that a man, whose whole conduct has evinced a kind heart, and cheerful disposition, could have entertained such a revengeful spirit, or given utterance to such unchristian and uncharitable language, as you have used to-day. We part—"

"No, we don't," said he; "don't kick afore you are spurred. I guess I have feelins as well as other folks have, that's a fact; one can't help being ryled to hear foreigners talk this way; and these critters are enough to make a man spotty on the back. I won't

deny I've got some grit, but I ain't ugly. Pat me on the back and I soon cool down, drop in a soft word and I won't bile over; but don't talk big, don't threaten, or I curl directly."

"Mr. Slick," said I, "neither my countrymen, the Nova Scotians, nor your friends the Americans, took anything amiss, in our previous remarks, because, though satirical, they were good-natured. There was nothing malicious in them. They were not made for the mere purpose of showing them up, but were incidental to the topic we were discussing, and their whole tenor showed that while we were alive to the ludicrous, we fully appreciated, and properly valued their many excellent and sterling qualities. My countrymen, for whose good I published them, had the most reason to complain, for I took the liberty to apply ridicule to them with no sparing hand. They understood the motive, and joined in the laugh, which was raised at their expense. Let us treat the English in the same style; let us keep our temper. John Bull is a good-natured fellow, and has no objection to a joke, provided it is not made the vehicle of conveying an insult. Don't adopt Cooper's maxims; nobody approves of them, on either side of the water; don't be too thin-skinned. If the English have been amused by the sketches their tourists have drawn of the Yankees, perhaps the Americans may laugh over our sketches of the English. Let us make both of them smile, if we can, and endeavor to offend neither. If Dickens omitted to mention the festivals that were given in honor of his arrival in the States, he was doubtless actuated by a desire to avoid the appearance of personal vanity. A man cannot well make himself the hero of his own book."

"Well, well," said he, "I believe the black ox did tread on my toe that time. I don't know but what you're right. Soft words are good enough in their way, but still they butter no parsnips, as the sayin' is. John may be a good-natured critter, tho' I never see'd any of it yet; and he may be fond of a joke, and p'rhaps is, seein' that he haw-haws considerable loud at his own. Let's try him, at all events. We'll soon see how he likes other folks' jokes; I have my scruple about him. I must say I am dubersome whether he will say 'chee, chee, chee,' when he gets 't'other eend of the gun.'"

CHAPTER VI.

SMALL POTATOES, AND FEW IN A HILL.

"PRAY, Sir," said one of my fellow-passengers, "can you tell me why the Nova Scotians are called 'Blue-noses?'"

"It is the name of a potato," said I, "which they produce in great perfection, and boast to be the best in the world. The Americans have, in consequence, given them the nick-name of 'Blue-noses.'"

"And now," said Mr. Slick, "as you have told the entire stranger, *who* the Blue-nose is, I'll jist up and tell him *what* he is.

"One day, Stranger, I was a joggin' along into Windsor on Old Clay, on a sort of butter and eggs' gait (for a fast walk on a journey tires a horse considerable), and who should I see a settin straddle legs on the fence, but Squire Gabriel Soogit, with his coat off, a holdin' of a hoe in one hand, and his hat in t'other, and a blowin' like a porpus proper tired.

"'Why, Squire Gabe,' sais I, 'what is the matter of you? You look as if you couldn't help yourself. Who is dead and what is to pay now, eh?'

"'Fairly beat out,' said he. 'I am shockin' tired. I've been hard at work all the mornin'; a body has to stir about considerable smart in this country, to make a livin', I tell you.'

"I looked over the fence, and I seed he had hoed jist ten hills of potatoes, and that's all. Fact, I assure you.

"Sais he, 'Mr. Slick, tell you what, *of all the work I ever did in my life, I like hoein' potatoes the best, and I'd rather die than do that, it makes my back ache so.*'

"'Good airth and seas,' sais I to myself, 'what a parfect pictur of a lazy man that is! How far is it to Windsor?'

"'Three miles,' sais he. I took out my pocket-book, purtendin' to write down the distance, but I booked his sayin' in my way-bill.

"Yes, *that* is a *Blue-nose;* is it any wonder, Stranger, he *is small potatoes, and few in a hill?*"

CHAPTER VII.

A GENTLEMAN AT LARGE.

It is not my intention to record any of the ordinary incidents of a sea-voyage: the subject is too hackneyed and too trite; and besides, when the topic is sea-sickness, it is infectious, and the description nauseates. *Hominem pagina nostra sapit.* The proper study of mankind is man; human nature is what I delight in contemplating! I love to trace out and delineate the springs of human action.

Mr. Slick and Mr. Hopewell are both studies. The former is a perfect master of certain chords; he has practised upon them, not for philosophical, but for mercenary purposes. He knows the depth, and strength, and tone of vanity, curiosity, pride, envy, avarice, superstition, nationality, and local and general prejudice. He has learned the effect of these, not because they contribute to make him wiser, but because they make him richer; not to enable him to regulate his conduct in life, but to promote and secure the increase of his trade.

Mr. Hopewell, on the contrary, has studied the human heart as a philanthropist, as a man whose business it was to minister to it, to cultivate and improve it. His views are more sound and more comprehensive than those of the other's, and his objects are more noble. They are both extraordinary men.

They differed, however, materially in their opinion of England and its institutions. Mr. Slick evidently viewed them with prejudice. Whether this arose from the supercilious manner of English tourists in America, or from the ridicule they have thrown upon Republican society, in the books of travels they have published, after their return to Europe, I could not discover; but it soon became manifest to me, that Great Britain did not stand so high in his estimation as the colonies did.

Mr. Hopewell, on the contrary, from early associations, cherished a feeling of regard and respect for England; and when his opinion was asked, he always gave it with great frankness and impartiality. When there was anything he could not approve of, it appeared to be a subject of regret to him; whereas, the other seized upon it at once as a matter of great exultation. The first sight we had of land naturally called out their respective opinions.

As we were pacing the deck, speculating upon the probable termination of our voyage, Cape Clear was descried by the look-out on the mast-head.

"Hallo! what's that? Why, if it ain't land ahead, as I'm alive!" said Mr. Slick. "Well, come, this is pleasant, too; we have made amost an everlastin' short voyage of it, hante we? And I must say I like land quite as well as sea, in a giniral way, arter all; but, Squire, here is the first Britisher. That critter that's a clawin' up the side of the vessel like a cat is the pilot: now do, for goodness gracious sake, jist look at him, and hear him."

"What port?"

"Liverpool."

"Keep her up a point."

"Do you hear that, Squire? That's English, or what we used to call to singing school short metre. The critter don't say a word, even as much as 'by your leave;' but jist goes and takes his post, and don't ask the name of the vessel, or pass the time o' day with the Captain. That ain't in the bill—it tante paid for, that; if it was, he'd off cap, touch the deck three times with his forehead, and '*Slam*' like a Turk to his Honor the Skipper.

"There's plenty of civility here to England if you pay for it: you can buy as much in five minits as will make you sick for a week; but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is, if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in. They are as cold as Presbyterian charity, and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They hante set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they *do* adore, and no mistake; it's all pay, pay, pay; parquisite, parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels here, for everlastinly a cringin', fawnin', and coaxin', or snarlin', grumblin', or bullyin' you out of your money. There's the boatman, and tide-waiter, and porter, and custom-er, and truck-man, as soon as you land; and the sarvant-man, and chamber-gall, and boots, and porter again, to the inn. And then on the road, there is trunk-lifter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach door, that they calls a waterman, cause he is infarnal dirty, and never sees water. They are jist like a snarl o' snakes, their name is legion, and there ain't no eend to 'em.

"The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatiz, and scorny airs. If you would buy an Englishman at what he was worth, and sell him at his own valiation, he would realize as much as a nigger, and would be worth tradin' in, that's a fact; but as it is, he ain't worth nothin'—there is no market for such critters—no one would buy him at no price. A Scotchman is wus, for he is prouder and meaner. Pat ain't no better nother; he ain't

proud, cause he has a hole in his breeches and another in his elbow, and he thinks pride won't patch 'em; and he ain't mean, cause he hante got nothin' to be mean with. Whether it takes nine tailors to make a man, I can't jist exactly say; but this I will say, and take my davy of it, too, that it would take three such goneys as these to make a pattern for one of our rael genu*wine* free and enlightened citizens, and then I wouldn't swap without large boot, I tell you. Guess I'll go, and pack up my fixins, and have 'em ready to land."

He now went below, leaving Mr. Hopewell and myself on the deck. All this tirade of Mr. Slick was uttered in the hearing of the pilot, and intended rather for his conciliation, than my instruction. The pilot was immovable; he let the cause against his country go "by default," and left us to our process of "inquiry;" but when Mr. Slick was in the act of descending to the cabin, he turned and gave him a look of admeasurement, very similar to that which a grazier gives an ox—a look which estimates the weight and value of the animal; and I am bound to admit, that the result of that "sizing or laying," as it is technically called, was by no means favorable to the Attaché.

Mr. Hopewell had evidently not attended to it; his eye was fixed on the bold and precipitous shore of Wales, and the lofty summits of the everlasting hills, that in the distance, aspired to a companionship with the clouds. I took my seat at a little distance from him, and surveyed the scene with mingled feelings of curiosity and admiration, until a thick volume of sulphureous smoke from the copper furnaces of Anglesey intercepted our view.

"Squire," said he, "it is impossible for us to contemplate this country, that now lies before us, without strong emotion. It is our fatherland. I recollect when I was a colonist, as you are, we were in the habit of applying to it, in common with Englishmen, that endearing appellation, 'Home,' and I believe you still continue to do so in the provinces. Our nursery tales taught our infant lips to lisp in English, and the ballads, that first exercised our memories, stored the mind with the traditions of our forefathers; their literature was our literature, their religion our religion, their history our history. The battle of Hastings, the murder of Becket, the signature of Runymede, the execution at Whitehall; the divines, the poets, the orators, the heroes, the martyrs, each and all were familiar to us.

"In approaching this country now, after a lapse of many, many years, and approaching it too for the last time, for mine eyes shall see it no more, I cannot describe to you the feelings that agitate my heart. I go to visit the tombs of my ancestors; I go to my home, and my home knoweth me no more. Great and good, and brave

and free are the English; and may God grant that they may ever continue so!"

"I cordially join in that prayer, Sir," said I. "You have a country of your own. The old colonies having ripened into maturity, formed a distinct and separate family, in the great community of mankind. You are now a nation of yourselves, and your attachment to England is of course subordinate to that of your own country; you view it as a place that was in days of yore the home of your forefathers; we regard it as the paternal estate, continuing to call it 'Home,' as you have just now observed. We owe it a debt of gratitude that not only cannot be repaid, but is too great for expression. Their armies protect us within, and their fleets defend us, and our commerce without. Their government is not only paternal and indulgent, but is wholly gratuitous. We neither pay these forces, nor feed them, nor clothe them. We not only raise no taxes, but are not expected to do so. The blessings of true religion are diffused among us, by the pious liberality of England, and a collegiate establishment at Windsor, supported by British funds, has for years supplied the Church, the Bar, and the Legislature with scholars and gentlemen. Where national assistance has failed, private contribution has volunteered its aid, and means are never wanting for any useful or beneficial object.

"Our condition is a most enviable one. The history of the world has no example to offer of such noble disinterestedness and such liberal rule, as that exhibited by Great Britain to her colonies. If the policy of the Colonial Office is not always good (which I fear is too much to say), it is ever liberal; and if we do not mutually derive all the benefit we might from the connection, *we*, at least, reap more solid advantages than we have a right to expect, and more, I am afraid, than our conduct always deserves. I hope the Secretary of the Colonies may have the advantage of making your acquaintance, Sir. Your experience is so great, you might give him a vast deal of useful information, which he could obtain from no one else."

"Minister," said Mr. Slick, who had just mounted the companion-ladder, "will your honor," touching his hat, "jist look at your honor's plunder, and see it's all right; remember me, Sir; thank your honor. This way, Sir; let me help your honor down. Remember me again, Sir. Thank your honor. Now you may go and break your neck, your honor, as soon as you please; for I've got all out of you I can squeeze, that's a fact. That's English, Squire—that's English servility, which they call civility, and English meanness and beggin', which they call parquisite. Who was that you wanted to see the Minister, that I heerd you a talkin' of when I come on deck?"

"The Secretary of the Colonies," I said.

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't send that crittur to him," said he, "or Minister will have to pay him for his visit, more, p'rhaps, than he can afford. John Russell, that had the ribbons afore him, appointed a settler as a member of Legislative Council to Prince Edward's Island, a berth that has no pay, that takes a feller three months a year from home, and has a horrid sight to do; and what do you think he did? Now jist guess. You give it up, do you? Well, you may as well, for if you was five Yankees biled down to one, you wouldn't guess it. 'Remember Secretary's clerk,' says he, a touchin' of his hat, 'give him a little tip of thirty pound sterling, your honor.' Well, colonist had a drop of Yankee blood in him, which was about one-third molasses, and, of course, one-third more of a man than they commonly is, and so he jist ups and says, 'I'll see you and your clerk to Jericho and beyond Jordan fust. The office ain't worth the fee. Take it and sell it to some one else that has more money nor wit.' He did, upon my soul.

"No, don't send State-Secretary to Minister, send him to me at eleven o'clock to-night, for I shall be the top-loftiest feller above that time you've seen this while past, I tell you. Stop till I touch land once more, that's all; the way I'll stretch my legs ain't no matter."

He then uttered the negro ejaculation, "Chah!—chah!" and putting his arms a-kimbo, danced in a most extraordinary style to the music of a song, which he gave with great expression:

"Oh hab you neber heerd ob de battle ob Orleans,
Where de dandy Yankee lads gave de Britishers de beans!
Oh de Louisiana boys, dey did it pretty slick,
When dey cotch ole Packenham and rode him up a creek.
Wee my zippy dooden dooden dooden, dooden dooden dey,
Wee my zippy dooden dooden dooden, dooden dooden dey.

"Oh yes, send Secretary to me at eleven or twelve to-night—I'll be in tune then, jist about up to consart pitch. I'll smoke with him, or drink with him, or swap stories with him, or wrastle with him, or make a fool of him, or lick him, or anything he likes; and when I've done, I'll rise up, tweak the fore-top-knot of my head by the nose, bow pretty, and say, 'Remember me, your honor? Don't forget the tip?' Lord, how I long to walk into some o' these chaps, and give 'em the beans! and I will afore I'm many days older, hang me if I don't. I shall bust, I do expect; and if I do, them that ain't drownded will be scalded, I know. Chah!—chah!

"Oh de British name is Bull, and de French name is Frog,
And noisy critters too, when a braggin' on a log,—
But I is an alligator, a floatin' down stream,
And I'll chaw both the bullies up, as I would an ice-cream:
Wee my zippy dooden dooden dooden, dooden dooden dey.
Wee my zippy dooden dooden dooden, dooden dooden dey.

"Yes, I've been pent up in that drawer-like lookin' berth, till I've growed like a pine-tree with its branches off—straight up and down. My legs is like a pair o' compasses that's got wet; they are rusty on the hinges, and won't work. I'll play leap-frog up the street, over every feller's head, till I get to the Liner's Hotel; I hope I may be shot if I don't. Jube, you villain, stand still there on the deck, and hold stiff, you nigger. Warny once—warny twice—warny three times; now I come."

And he ran forward, and putting a hand on each shoulder, jumped over him.

"Turn round agin, you young sucking Satan, you; and don't give one mite or morsel, or you might 'break massa's precious neck,' p'rhaps. Warny once—warny twice—warny three times."

And he repeated the feat again.

"That's the way I'll shin it up street, with a hop, skip, and a jump. Won't I make Old Bull stare, when he finds his head under my coat tails, and me jist makin' a lever of him? He'll think he has run foul of a snag, *I* know. Lord, I'll shack right over their heads, as they do over a colonist; only, when *they* do, they never say warny wunst—cuss 'em, they ain't civil enough for that. They arn't paid for it—there is no parquisite to be got by it. Won't I tuck in the Champaine to-night, that's all, till I get the steam up right, and make the paddles work? Won't I have a lark of the rael Kentuck breed? Won't I trip up a policeman's heels, thunder the knockers of the street doors, and ring the bells and leave no card? Won't I have a shy at a lamp, and then off hot foot to the hotel? Won't I say, 'Waiter, how dare you do that?'"

"What, Sir?"

"'Tread on my foot.'

"'I didn't, Sir.'

"'You did, Sir. Take that?' knock him down like wink, and help him up on his feet agin with a kick on his western eend. Kiss the bar-maid, about the quickest and wickedest she ever heerd tell of, and then off to bed as sober as a judge. 'Chamber-maid, bring a pan of coals and air my bed.' 'Yes, Sir.' Foller close at her heels, jist put a hand on each short rib, tickle her till she spills the red hot coals all over the floor, and begins to cry over 'em to put 'em out, whip the candle out of her hand, leave her to her lamentations, and then off to roost in no time. And when I get there, won't I strike out all abroad—take up the room of three men with their clothes on—lay all over and over the bed, and feel once more I am a free man and a '*Gentleman at large.*'"

CHAPTER VIII.

SEEING LIVERPOOL.

On looking back to any given period of our life, we generally find that the intervening time appears much shorter than it really is. We see at once the starting-post and the terminus, and the mind takes in at one view the entire space.

But this observation is more peculiarly applicable to a short passage across the Atlantic. Knowing how great the distance is, and accustomed to consider the voyage as the work of many weeks, we are so astonished at finding ourselves transported in a few days, from one continent to another, that we can hardly credit the evidence of our own senses.

Who is there that, on landing, has not asked himself the question, "Is it possible that I am in England? It seems but as yesterday that I was in America, to-day I am in Europe. Is it a dream, or a reality?"

The river and the docks—the country and the town—the people and their accent—the verdure and the climate are all new to me. I have not been prepared for this; I have not been led on imperceptibly, by travelling mile after mile by land from my own home, to accustom my senses to the gradual change of country. There has been no border to pass, where the language, the dress, the habits, and outward appearances assimilate. There has been no blending of colors—no dissolving views in the retrospect—no opening or expanding ones in prospect. I have no difficulty in ascertaining the point where one terminates and the other begins.

The change is sudden and startling. The last time I slept on shore, was in America—to-night I sleep in England. The effect is magical—one country is withdrawn from view, and another is suddenly presented to my astonished gaze. I am bewildered; I rouse myself, and rubbing my eyes, again ask whether I am awake? Is this England? that great country, that world of itself; Old England, that place I was taught to call home *par excellence*, the home of other homes, whose flag I called our flag? (no, I am wrong, I have been accustomed to call our flag, the flag of England; our church, not the Church of Nova Scotia, nor the Colonial, nor the Episcopal, nor the Established, but the Church of England.) Is it

then that England, whose language I speak, whose subject I am, the mistress of the world, the country of Kings and Queens, and nobles and prelates, and sages and heroes?

I have read of it, so have I read of old Rome; but the sight of Rome, Cæsar, and the Senate, would not astonish me more than that of London, the Queen and the Parliament. Both are yet ideal; the imagination has sketched them, but when were its sketches ever true to nature? I have a veneration for both, but, gentle reader, excuse the confessions of an old man, for I have a soft spot in the heart yet, *I love old England.* I love its institutions, its literature, its people. I love its law, because, while it protects property, it ensures liberty. I love its church, not only because I believe it is the true church, but because though armed with power, it is tolerant in practice. I love its constitution, because it combines the stability of a monarchy, with the most valuable peculiarities of a republic, and without violating nature by attempting to make men equal, wisely follow its dictates, by securing freedom to all.

I like the people, though not all in the same degree. They are not what they were. Dissent, reform and agitation have altered their character. It is necessary to distinguish. A *real* Englishman is generous, loyal and brave, manly in his conduct and gentlemanly in his feeling. When I meet such a man as this, I cannot but respect him; but when I find that in addition to these good qualities, he has the further recommendation of being a churchman in his religion and a Tory in his politics, I know then that his heart is in the right place, and I love him.

The drafts of these chapters were read to Mr. Slick, at his particular request, that he might be assured they contained nothing that would injure his election as President of the United States, in the event of the Slickville ticket becoming hereafter the favorite one. This, he said, was on the cards, strange as it might seem, for making a fool of John Bull and turning the laugh on him, would be sure to take and be popular. The last paragraphs he said, he affectioned and approbated with all his heart.

"It is rather tall talkin' that," said he; "I like its patronisin' tone. There is sunthin' goodish in a colonist patronisin' a Britisher. It's turnin' the tables on 'em; it's sarvin' 'em out in their own way. Lord, I think I see Old Bull put his eye-glass up and look at you, with a dead aim, and hear him say, 'Come, this is cuttin' it rather fat.' Or, as the feller said to his second wife, when she tapped him on the shoulder, 'Marm, my first wife was a *Pursy*, and she never presumed to take that liberty.' Yes, that's good, Squire. Go it, my shirt-tails! you'll win if you get in fust, see if you don't. Patronisin' a Britisher!!! A critter that has Lucifer's pride, Arkwright's wealth, and Bedlam's sense, ain't it rich? Oh, wake snakes and walk your chalks, will you! Give me your figgery-four Squire, I'll

go in up to the handle for you. Hit or miss, rough or tumble, claw or mud-scraper, any way, you damn please, I'm your man."

But to return to my narrative. I was under the necessity of devoting the day next after our landing at Liverpool, to writing letters announcing my safe arrival to my anxious friends in Nova Scotia, and in different parts of England; and also some few on matters of business. Mr. Slick was very urgent in his request, that I should defer this work till the evening, and accompany him in a stroll about the town, and at last became quite peevish at my reiterated refusal.

"You remind me, Squire," said he, "of Rufus Dodge, our great ile marchant of Boston, and as you won't walk, p'raps you'll talk, so I'll jist tell you the story."

"I was once at the Cataract House to Niagara. It is just a short distance above the Falls. Out of the winders, you have a view of the splendid white waters, or the rapids of foam, afore the river takes its everlastin' leap over the cliff.

"Well, Rufus come all the way from Boston to see the Falls: he said he did'nt care much about them hisself, seein' that he warn't in the mill business; but, as he was a goin' to England, he didn't like to say he hadn't been there, especially as all the English knowed about America was, that there was a great big waterfall called Niagara, an everlastin' almighty big river called Mississippi, and a parfect pictur' of a wappin' big man called Kentuckian there. Both t'other ones he'd seen over and over agin, but Niagara he'd never sot eyes on.

"So as soon as he arrives, he goes into the public room, and looks at the white waters, and sais he, 'Waiter,' sais he, 'is them the Falls down there?' a-pintin' by accident in the direction where the Falls actilly was.

"'Yes, Sir,' sais the waiter.

"'Hem!' sais Rufe, 'them's the Falls of Niagara, eh! So I've seen the Falls at last, eh! Well, its pretty too: they a'int bad, that's a fact. So them's the Falls of Niagara! How long is it afore the stage starts?'

"'An hour, Sir.'

"'Go and book me for Boston, and then bring me a paper.'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"Well he got his paper and sot there a readin' of it, and every now and then, he'd look out of the winder and say: 'So them's the Falls of Niagara, eh? Well, it's a pretty little mill privilege that too, ain't it; but it ain't just altogether worth comin' so far to see. So I've seen the Falls at last!'

"Arter a while in comes a Britisher.

"'Waiter,' says he, 'how far is it to the Falls?'

"'Little over half a mile, Sir.'

"'Which way do you get there?'

"'Turn to the right, and then to the left, and then go a-head.'

"Rufe heard all this, and it kinder seemed dark to him; so arter cypherin' it over in his head a bit, 'Waiter,' says he, 'aint them the Falls of Niagara, I see there?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Well, that's tarnation all over now. Not the Falls?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Why, you don't mean to say, that them are ain't the Falls?'

"'Yes, I do, Sir.'

"'Heaven and airth! I've come hundreds of miles a purpus to to see 'em, and nothin' else; not a bit of trade, or speckelation, or any airthly thing but to see them cussed Falls, and come as near as 100 cents to a dollar, startin' off without sein' 'em arter all. If it hadn't a been for that are Britisher I was sold, that's a fact. Can I run down there and back in half an hour in time for the stage?'

"'Yes, Sir, but you will have no time to see them.'

"'See 'em, cuss 'em, I don't want to see 'em, I tell you. I want to look at 'em, I want to say I was to the Falls, that's all. Give me my hat, quick! So them ain't the Falls? I ha'n't seed the Falls of Niagara after all. What a devil of a take-in that is, ain't it?' And he dove down stairs like a Newfoundland dog into a pond arter a stone, and out of sight in no time.

"Now, you are as like Rufe, as two peas, Squire. You want to say you was to Liverpool, but you don't want to see nothin.'

"Waiter."

"Sir."

"Is this Liverpool, I see out of the winder?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Guess I have seen Liverpool then. So this is the great city of Liverpool, eh? When does the train start for London?"

"In half an hour, Sir."

"Book me for London then, for I have been to Liverpool and seen the city. Oh, take your place, Squire, you have seen Liverpool; and if you see as much of all other places, as you have of this here one, afore you return home, you will know most as much of England as them do that never was there at all.

"I am sorry too, you won't go, Squire," added he, "for minister seems kinder dull."

"Don't say another word, Mr. Slick," said I; everything shall give way to him." And locking up my writing-desk I said: "I am ready."

"Stop, Squire," said he, "I've got a favor to ask of you. Don't for gracious sake, say nothin' before Mr. Hopewell about that 'ere lark I had last night arter landin', it would sorter worry him, and set him off a-preachin', and I'd rather he'd strike me any time amost than lectur', for he does it so tender and kindly, it hurts my feelins

like, a considerable sum. I've had a pretty how-do-ye-do about it this mornin', and have had to plank down handsum', and do the thing genteel; but Mister Landlord found, I reckon, he had no fool to deal with, nother. He comes to me, as soon as I was cleverly up this mornin', lookin' as full of importance, as Jube Japan did when I put the Legation button on him.

"'Bad business this, Sir,' says he; 'never had such a scene in my house before, Sir; have had great difficulty to prevent my sarvants takin' the law of you."

"'Ah,' sais I to myself, 'I see how the cat jumps; here's a little tid bit of extortion now; but you won't find that no go, I don't think.'

"'You will have to satisfy them, Sir,' says he, 'or take the consequences.'

"'Sartainly,' said I, 'any thing you please; I leave it entirely to you; just name what you think proper, and I will liquidate it.'

"I said, I knew you would behave like a gentleman, Sir,' said he, 'for, sais I, don't talk to me of law, name it to the gentleman, and he'll do what is right; he'll behave liberal, you may depend.'

"'You said right,' sais I, 'and now, Sir, what's the damage?'

"'Fifty pounds, I should think about the thing, Sir,' said he.

"'Certainly,' said I, 'you shall have the fifty pounds, but you must give me a receipt in full for it.'

"'By all means,' said he, and he was a cuttin' off full chisel to get a stamp, when I sais, 'Stop,' sais I, 'uncle, mind and put in the receipt, the bill of items. and charge 'em separate!'

"'Bill of items?' sais he.

"'Yes,' sais I, 'let me see what each is to get. Well, there's the waiter, now. Say to knockin' down the waiter and kicking him, so much; then there's the barmaid so much, and so on. I make no objection, I am willin' to pay all you ask, but I want to include all, for I intend to post a copy of it in the elegant cabins of each of our New York Liners. This house convenes the Americans—they all know *me*. I want them to know how their *Attaché* was imposed on, and if any American ever sets foot in this cussed house agin I will pay his bill, and post that up too, as a letter of credit for him.'

"'You wouldn'nt take that advantage of me, Sir?' said he.

"'I take no advantage,' sais I. 'I'll pay you what you ask, but you shall never take advantage agin of another free and enlightened American citizen, I can tell you.'

"'You must keep your money then, Sir,' said he, 'but this is not a fair deal; no gentleman would do it.'

"'What's fair, I am willin' to do,' sais I; 'what's onfair, is what you want to do. Now, look here: I knocked the waiter down; here is two sovereigns for him; I won't pay him nothin' for the kickin,' for that I give him out of contempt, for not defendin' of himself. Here's three sovereigns for the bar-maid; she don't ought to have

nothing', for she never got so innocent a kiss afore, in all her born days I know, for I did'nt mean no harm, and she never got so good a one afore nother, that's a fact; but then *I* ought to pay, I do suppose, because I hadn't ought to treat a lady that way; it was onhansum', that's fact; and besides, it tante right to give the galls a taste for such things. They come fast enough in the nateral way, do kisses, without inokilatin folks for 'em. And here's a sovereign for the scoldin' and siscerarin' you gave the maid that spilt the coals and that's an eend of the matter, and I don't wan't no receipt.'

"Well he bowed and walked off, without sayin' of a word."

Here Mr. Hopewell joined us, and we descended to the street, to commence our perambulation of the city; but it had begun to rain, and we were compelled to defer it until the next day.

"Well, it ain't much matter, Squire," said Mr. Slick: "ain't that Liverpool, I see out of the winder? Well, then I've been to Liverpool. Book me for London. So I have seen Liverpool at last, eh! or, as Rufus said, I have felt it too, for this wet day reminds me of the rest of his story.

"In about a half-hour arter Rufus raced off to the Falls, back he comes as hard as he could tear, a-puffing and a blowin' like a sizeable grampus. You never seed such a figure as he was, he was wet through and through, and the dry dust stickin' to his clothes, made him look like a dog, that had jumped into the water, and then took a roll in the road to dry hisself; he was a caution to look at, that's a fact.

"'Well,' sais I, 'Stranger, did you see the Falls?'

"'Yes,' sais he, 'I have see'd 'em and felt 'em too: them's very wet Falls, that's a fact. I hante a dry rag on me; if it hadn't a been for that ere Britisher, I wouldn't have see'd 'em at all, and yet a thought I had been there all the time. It's a pity too, that that winder don't bear on it, for then you could see it without the trouble of goin' there, or gettin' ducked, or gettin' skeered so. I got an awful fright there—I shall never forget it, if I live as long as Merusalem. You know I hadn't much time left, when I found out I hadn't been there arter all, so I ran all the way, right down as hard as I could clip; and, seen' some folks comin' out from onder the Fall, I pushed straight in, but the noise actilly stunned me, and the spray wet me through and through like a piece of sponged cloth; and the great pourin', bilin' flood, blinded me so I could'nt see a bit: and I hadn't gone far in, afore a cold, wet, clammy, dead hand, felt my face all over. I believe in my soul, it was the Indian squaw that went over the Falls in the canoe, or the crazy Englisher, that tried to jump across it.

"'Oh creation, how cold it was! The moment that spirit rose, mine fell, and I actilly thought I should have dropt lumpus, I was so skeered. Give me your hand, said Ghost, for I didn't see nothin'

but a kinder dark shader. Give me your hand. I think it must ha' been a 'squaw, for it begged for all the world, jist like an Indgian. I'd see you hanged fust, said I; I wouldn't touch that are dead tacky hand o' your'n for half a million o' hard dollars, cash down without any ragged eends; and with that, I turned to run out, but Lord love you, I couldn't run. The stones was all wet and slimy, and onnateral slippy, and I expected every minute, I should heels up and go for it: atween them two critters, the Ghost and the juicy ledge, I felt awful skeered, I tell *you*. So I begins to say my catechism. What's your name? sais I. Rufus Dodge. Who gave you that name? Godfather and godmother granny Eells. What did they promise for you? That I should renounce the devil and all his works—works—works—I couldn't get no farther, I stuck fast there, for I had forgot it.

"'The moment I stopt, Ghost kinder jumped forward, and seized me by my mustn't-mention'ems, and most pulled the seat out. Oh dear! my heart most went out along with it, for I thought my time had come. You black sea-sinner of a heathen Indgian! sais I; let me go this blessed minute, for I renounce the devil and all his works, the devil and all his works—so there now; and I let go a kick behind, the wickedest you ever see, and took it right in the bread basket. Oh, it yelled and howled and screached like a wounded hyæna, till my ears fairly cracked agin. I renounce you, Satan, sais I; I renounce you, and the world, and the flesh, and the devil. And now, sais I, a jumpin' on terry firm once more, and turnin' round and facin' the enemy, I'll promise a little dust more for myself, and that is, to renounce Niagara, and Indgian squaws, and dead Britishers, and the whole seed, breed, and generation of 'em, from this time forth, for evermore. Amen.

"'Oh blazes! how cold my face is yet! Waiter, half a pint of clear cocktail; somethin' to warm me. Oh, that cold hand! Did you ever touch a dead man's hand? it's awful cold, you may depend. Is there any marks on my face? Do you see the tracks of the fingers there?'

"'No, Sir,' sais I, 'I can't say I do.'

"'Well, then, I feel them there,' sais he, 'as plain as anything.'

"'Stranger,' sais I, 'it was nothin' but some poor no-souled critter, like yourself, that was skeered a'most to death, and wanted to be helped out, that's all.'

"'Skeered!' said he: 'sarves him right, then; he might have knowed how to feel for other folks, and not funkify them so peskily; I don't keer if he never gets out; but I have my doubts about it's bein' a livin' human, I tell *you*. If I hadn't a renounced the devil and all his works that time, I don't know what the upshot would have been, for Old Scratch was there too. I saw him as plain as I

see you; he ran out afore me, and couldn't stop or look back, as long as I said catechism. He was in his old shape of the sarpent; he was the matter of a yard long, and as thick round as my arm, and travelled belly-flounder fashion; when I touched land, he dodged into an eddy, and out of sight in no time. Oh, there is no mistake, I'll take my oath of it; I see him, I did, upon my soul. It was the old gentleman hisself; he come there to cool hisself. Oh, it was the devil, that's a fact.'

"'It was nothin' but a fresh-water eel,' sais I; 'I have seen thousands of 'em there; for the crevices of them rocks are chock full of 'em. How can you come for to go for to talk arter that fashion? You are a disgrace to our great nation, you great lummokin coward, you. An American citizen is afeerd of nothin' but a bad spekilation, or bein' found out.'

"Well, that posed him—he seemed kinder bothered, and looked down.

"'An eel, eh! Well, it mought be an eel,' sais I, 'that's a fact. I didn't think of that; but then if it was, it was godmother granny Eells, that promised I should renounce the devil and all his works, that took that shape, and come to keep me to my bargain. She died fifty years ago, poor old soul, and never kept company with Indgians, or niggers, or any such trash. Heavens and airth! I don't wonder the Falls wakes the dead, it makes such an everlastin' almighty noise, does Niagara. Waiter, more cocktail—that last was as weak as water.'

"'Yes, Sir,' and he swallered it like wink.

"'The stage is ready, Sir.'

"'Is it?' said he, and he jumped in, all wet as he was; for time is money, and he didn't want to waste neither. As it drove off, I heerd him say, 'Well, them's the Falls, eh! So I have seen the Falls of Niagara and felt 'em too, eh!'

"Now, we are better off than Rufus Dodge was, Squire; for he hante got wet, and we hante got frightened, but we can look out o' the winder and say, 'Well, that's Liverpool, eh! So I have—seen Liverpool.'"

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGING A NAME.

THE rain having confined us to the house this afternoon, we sat over our wine after dinner longer than usual. Among the different topics that were discussed, the most prominent was the state of the political parties in this country. Mr. Slick, who paid great deference to the opinions of Mr. Hopewell, was anxious to ascertain from him what he thought upon the subject, in order to regulate his conduct and conversation by it hereafter.

"Minister," said he, "what do you think of the politics of the British?"

"I don't think about them at all, Sam. I hear so much of such matters at home, that I am heartily tired of them; our political world is divided into two classes, the knaves and the dupes. Don't let us talk of such exciting things."

"But, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "holdin' the high and dignified station I do, as Attaché, they will be a-pumpin' me for everlastinly, will the great men here, and they think a plaguy sight more of our opinion than you are aware on; we have tried all them things they are a jawin' about here, and they naterally want to know the results. Cooper says not one Tory called on him when he was to England, but Walter Scott; and that, I take it, was more lest folks should think he was jealous of him, than anything else; they jist cut him as dead as a skunk; but among the Whigs he was quite an oracle on ballot, universal suffrage, and all other democratic institutions."

"Well, he was a ninny, then, was Cooper, to go and blart it all out to the world that way; for if no Tory visited him, I should like you to ask him, the next time you see him, how many gentlemen called upon him? Jist ask him that, and it will stop him from writing such stuff any more."

"But, Minister, jist tell us now, here you are, as a body might say in England, now what are you?"

"I am a man, Sam:—*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

"Well, what's all that when it's fried?"

"Why, that when away from home, I am a citizen of the world.

I belong to no party, but take an interest in the whole human family."

"Well, Minister, if you choose to sing dumb, you can; but I should like to have you answer me one question now; and if you won't, why you must jist do t'other thing, that's all. Are you a Consarvative?"

"No."

"Are you a Whig?"

"No."

"A Radical?"

"God forbid!"

"What in natur' are you, then?"

"A Tory."

"A Tory! Well, I thought that a Tory and a Consarvative were, as the Indgians say, 'all same one brudder.' Where is the difference?"

"You will soon find that out, Sam: go and talk to a Consarvative as a Tory, and you will find he is a Whig; go and talk to him again as a Whig, and you will find he is a Tory. They are, for all the world, like a sturgeon. There is very good beef-steaks in a sturgeon, and very good fish, too, and yet it tante either fish or flesh. I don't like taking a new name—it looks amazing like taking new principles, or, at all events, like loosenin' old ones, and I hante seen the creed of this new sect yet—I don't know what its tenets are, nor where to go and look for 'em. It strikes me they don't accord with the Tories, and yet arn't in tune with the Whigs, but are half a note lower than the one, and half a note higher than t'other. Now, changes in the body politic are always necessary more or less, in order to meet the changes of time, and the changes in the condition of man. When they are necessary, make 'em, and ha' done with 'em. Make 'em like men, not when you are forced to do so, and nobody thanks you, but when you see they are wanted, and are proper; but don't alter your name.

"My wardens wanted me to do that; they came to me, and said, 'Minister,' says they, 'we don't want *you* to change, we don't ask it; jist let us call you a Unitarian, and you can remain Episcopalian still. We are tired of that old-fashioned name—it's generally thought unsuited to the times, and behind the enlightenment of the age; it's only fit for benighted Europeans. Change the name, you needn't change anything else. What's in a name?"

"'Everything,' says I, 'everything, my brethren: one name belongs to a Christian, and the other don't; that's the difference. I'd die before I surrendered my name; for in surrenderin' that, I surrender my principles.'"

"Exactly," said Mr. Slick: "that's what Brother Eldad used to say. 'Sam,' said he, 'a man with an *alias* is the worst character

in the world; for takin' a new name, shows he is ashamed of his old one; and havin' an old one, shows his new one is a cheat.'"

"No," said Mr. Hopewell, "I don't like that word Consarvative. Them folks may be good kind of people, and I guess they be, seein' that the Tories support 'em, which is the best thing I see about them; but I don't like changin' a name."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Slick: "p'rhaps their old name was so infarnal dry-rotted, they wanted to change it for a sound new one. You recollect when that super-superior villain, Expected Thorne, brought an action of defamation agin' me, to Slickville, for takin' away his character, about stealing the watch to Nova Scotia: well, I jist pleaded my own case, and I ups and says, 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' sais I, 'Expected's character, every soul knows, is about the wust in all Slickville. If I have taken it away, I have done him a great sarvice, for he has a smart chance of gettin' a better one; and if he don't find a swap to his mind, why no character is better nor a bad one.'

"Well, the old judge and the whole court larfed right out like anythin'; and the jury, without stirrin' from the box, returned a vardict for the defendant. P'rhaps, now, that mought be the case with the Tories."

"The difference," said Mr. Hopewell, "is jist this:—your friend, Mr. Expected Thorne, had a name he had ought to have been ashamed of, and the Tories one that the whole nation had very great reason to be proud of. There is some little difference, you must admit. My English politics (mind you, I say English, for they have no reference to America) are Tory, and I don't want to go to Sir Robert Peel, or Lord John Russell either."

"As for Johnny Russell," said Mr. Slick, "he is a clever little chap that; he—"

"Don't call him Johnny Russell," said Mr. Hopewell, "or a little chap, or such flippant names—I don't like to hear you talk that way. It neither becomes you as a Christian nor a gentleman. St. Luke and St. Paul, when addressing people of rank, use the word 'κρατιστος,' which, as nearly as possible, answers to the title of 'Your Excellency.' Honor, we are told, should be given to those to whom honor is due; and if we had no such authority on the subject, the omission of titles, where they are usual and legal, is, to say the least of it, a vulgar familiarity, ill becoming an Attaché of our Embassy. But as I was saying, I do not require to go to either of those statesmen to be instructed in my politics. I take mine where I take my religion, from the Bible. 'Fear God, honor the King, and meddle not with those that are given to change.'"

"Oh, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "you mis't a figur at our glorious Revolution—you had ought to have held on to the British; they would have made a Bishop of you, and shoved you into the House

of Lords, black apron, lawn sleeves, shovel hat and all, as sure as rates. 'The Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Slickville:' wouldn't it look well on the back of a letter, eh? or your signature to one sent to me, signed 'Joshua Slickville.' It sounds better, that, than 'Old Minister,' don't it?"

"Oh, if you go for to talk that way, Sam, I am done; but I will show you that the Tories are the men to govern this great nation. A Tory I may say '*noscitur a sociis.*'"

"What in natur is that, when it's biled and the skin took off?" asked Mr. Slick.

"Why, is it possible you don't know that? Have you forgotten that common schoolboy phrase?"

"Guess I do know; but it don't tally jist altogether nohow, as it were. Known as a Socialist, isn't it?"

"If, Sir," said Mr. Hopewell, with much earnestness, "If, instead of ornamenting your conversation with cant terms, and miserable slang, picked up from the lowest refuse of our population, both east and west, you had cultivated your mind, and enriched it with quotations from classical writers, you would have been more like an Attaché, and less like a peddling clockmaker than you are."

"Minister," said Mr. Slick, "I was only in jeest, but you are in airnest. What you have said is too true for a joke, and I feel it. I was only a sparrin'; but you took off the gloves, and felt my short ribs in a way that has given me a stitch in the side. It tante fair to kick that way afore you are spurred. You've hurt me considerable."

"Sam, I am old, narvous, and irritable. I was wrong to speak unkindly to you, very wrong indeed, and I am sorry for it; but don't teaze me no more, that's a good lad; for I feel worse than you do about it. I beg your pardon, I——"

"Well," said Mr. Slick, "to get back to what we was a sayin', for you do talk like a book, that's a fact; '*noscitur a sociis,*' says you."

"Ay, 'Birds of a feather flock together,' as the old maxim goes. Now, Sam, who supported the Whigs?"

"Why, let me see; a few of the lords, a few of the gentry, the repealers, the manufacturin' folks, the independents, the baptists, the dissentin' Scotch, the socialists, the radicals, the discontented, and most of the lower orders, and so on."

"Well, who supported the Tories?"

"Why, the majority of the lords, the great body of landed gentry, the univarsities, the whole of the Church of England, the whole of the methodists amost, the principal part of the kirk, the great marchants, capitalists, bankers, lawyers, army and navy officers, and so on."

"Now don't take your politics from me, Sam, for I am no politician; but as an American citizen, judge for yourself, which of those two parties is most likely to be right, or which would you like to belong to?"

"Well, I must say," replied he, "I *do* think that the larnin', piety, property, and respectability, is on the Tory side; and where all them things is united, right most commonly is found a-joggin' along in company."

"Well now, Sam, you know we are a calculatin' people, a commercial people, a practical people. Europe laughs at us for it. Perhaps if they attended better to their own financial affairs, they would be in a better situation to laugh. But still we must look to facts and results. How did the Tories, when they went out of office, leave the kingdom? At peace?"

"Yes, with all the world."

"How did the Whigs leave it?"

"With three wars on hand, and one in the vat a-brewin' with America. Every great interest injured, some ruined, and all alarmed at the impendin' danger—of national bankruptcy."

"Well, now for dollars and cents. How did the Tories leave the treasury?"

"With a surplus revenue of millions."

"How did the Whigs?"

"With a deficiency that made the nation scratch their head, and stare agin."

"I could go through the details with you, as far as my imperfect information extends, or more imperfect memory would let me; but it is all the same, and always will be, here, in France, with us, in the colonies, and everywhere else. Whenever property, talent, and virtue are all on one side, and only ignorant numbers, with a mere sprinkling of property and talent to agitate 'em and make use of 'em, or misinformed or mistaken virtue to sanction 'em on the other side, no honest man can take long to deliberate which side he will choose.

"As to those Conservatives, I don't know what to say, Sam; I should like to put you right if I could. But I'll tell you what puzzles me. I ask myself, what is a Tory? I find he is a man who goes the whole figur' for the support of the monarchy, in its three orders, of king, lords, and commons, as by law established; that he is for the connection of Church and State, and so on; and that as the wealthiest man in England, he offers to prove his sincerity, by paying the greatest part of the taxes to uphold these things. Well, then I ask what is Conservatism? I am told that it means, what it imports, a conservation of things as they are. Where, then, is the difference? *If there is no difference, it is a mere juggle to change the name: if there is a difference, the word is worse than a juggle, for it don't import any.*"

"Tell you what," said Mr. Slick, "I heerd an old critter to Halifax once describe 'em beautiful. He said he could tell a man's politicks by his shirt. 'A Tory, Sir,' said he, for he was a pompious old boy was old Blue-Nose; 'a Tory, Sir,' said he, 'is a gentleman

every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel; and he puts a clean frill shirt on every day. A Whig, Sir,' says he, 'is a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts an onfrilled one on every other day. A Radical, Sir, ain't no gentleman at all, and he only puts one on of a Sunday. But a Chartist, Sir, is a loafer; he never puts one on till the old one won't hold together no longer, and drops off in pieces.'"

"Pooh!" said Mr. Hopewell, "now don't talk nonsense; but as I was a-goin' to say, I am a plain man, and a straight-forward man, Sam; what I say, I mean; and what I mean, I say. Private and public life are subject to the same rules; and truth and manliness are two qualities that will carry you through this world much better than policy, or tact, or expediency, or any other word that ever was devised to conceal, or mystify a deviation from the straight line. They have a sartificate of character, these Consarvatives, in having the support of the Tories; but that don't quite satisfy me. It may, perhaps, mean no more than this, arter all—they are the best sarvants we have; but not as good as we want. However, I shall know more about it soon; and when I do, I will give you my opinion candidly. One thing, however, is certain, a change in the institutions of a country I could accede to, approve, and support, if necessary and good; but I never can approve of either an individual or a party—'*changing a name.*'"

CHAPTER X.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

THE following day being dry, we walked out to view the wonders of this great commercial city of England, Liverpool. The side-paths were filled with an active and busy population, and the main streets thronged with heavily-laden wagons, conveying to the docks the manufactures of the country, or carrying inward the productions of foreign nations. It was an animating and busy scene.

"This," said Mr. Hopewell, "is solitude. It is in a place like this, that you feel yourself to be an isolated being, when you are surrounded by multitudes who have no sympathy with you, to whom you are not only wholly unknown, but not one of whom you have ever seen before.

"The solitude of the vast American forest is not equal to this. Encompassed by the great objects of nature, you recognize nature's God everywhere; you feel his presence, and rely on his protection. Everything in a city is artificial, the predominant idea is man; and

man, under circumstances like the present, is neither your friend nor protector. You form no part of the social system here. Gregarious by nature, you cannot associate; dependent, you cannot attach yourself; a rational being, you cannot interchange ideas. In seeking the wilderness you enter the abode of solitude, and are naturally and voluntarily alone. On visiting a city, on the contrary, you enter the residence of man, and if you are forced into isolation there, to you it is worse than a desert.

"I know of nothing so depressing as this feeling of unconnected individuality, amidst a dense population like this. But, my friend, there is One who never forsakes us either in the throng or the wilderness, whose ear is always open to our petitions, and who has invited us to rely on his goodness and mercy.

"You hadn't ought to feel lonely here, Minister," said Mr. Slick. "It's a place we have a right to boast of is Liverpool; we built it, and I'll tell you what it is, to build two such cities as New York and Liverpool in the short time we did, is sunthin' to brag of. If there had been no New York, there would have been no Liverpool; but if there had been no Liverpool, there would have been a New York though. They couldn't do nothin' without us. We had to build them elegant line-packets for 'em; they couldn't build one that could sail, and if she sail'd she couldn't steer, and if she sail'd and steer'd, she upsot; there was always a screw loose somewhere.

"It cost us a great deal, too, to build them ere great docks. They cover about seventy acres, I reckon. We have to pay heavy port dues to keep 'em up, and liquidate interest on capital. The worst of it is, too, while we pay for all this, we hante got the direction of the works."

"If you have paid for all these things," said I, "you had better lay claim to Liverpool. Like the disputed territory (to which it now appears, you knew you had no legal or equitable claim), it is probable you will have half of it ceded to you, for the purpose of conciliation. I admire this boast of yours uncommonly. It reminds me of the conversation we had some years ago, about the device on your 'naval button,' of the eagle holding an anchor in its claws—that national emblem of ill-directed ambition, and vulgar pretension."

"I thank you for that hint," said Mr. Slick, "I was in jeest like; but there is more in it, for all that, than you'd think. It ain't literal fact, but it is figurative truth. But now I'll show you sunthin' in this town, that's as false as parjury—sunthin' that's a disgrace to this country and an insult to our great nation; and there is no jeest in it nother, but a downright lie; and, since you go for to throw up to me our naval button with its 'eagle and anchor,' I'll point out to you sunthin' a hundred thousand million times wus. What was the name o' that English admiral folks made such

a touss about; that cripple-gaited, one-eyed, one-armed little naval critter?"

"Do you mean Lord Nelson?"

"I do," said he; and pointing to his monument, he continued, "There he is as big as life, five feet nothin', with his shoes on. Now, examine that monument, and tell me if the English don't know how to brag, as well as some other folks, and whether they don't brag too sumtimes, when they hante got no right to. There is four figures there a representing the four quarters of the globe in chains, and among them America, a crouchin' down, and a-beggin' for life, like a mean heathen Ingin. Well, jist do the civil now, and tell me when that little braggin' feller ever whipped us, will you? Jist tell me the day of the year he was ever able to do it, since his mammy cut the apron-string and let him run to seek his fortin'. Heavens and airth, we'd a chawed him right up!

"No, there never was an officer among you that had anything to brag of about us but one, and he wasn't a Britisher—he was a despisable Blue-nose colonist boy of Halifax. When his captain was took below wounded, he was leftenant, so he jist ups and takes command o' the 'Shannon,' and fit like a tiger and took our splendid frigate the 'Chesapeake,' and that *was* sumthing to brag on. And what did he get for it? Why, colony sarce, half-pay, and leave to make room for Englishers to go over his head; and here is a lyin' false monument, erected to this man that never see'd one of our national ships, much less smelt thunder and lightning out of one, that English like, has got this for what he didn't do.

"I am sorry Mr. Lett* is dead to Canada, or I'd give him a hint about this. I'd say, 'I hope none of our free and enlightened citizens will blow this lyin', swaggerin', bullyin' monument up? I should be sorry for 'em to take notice of such vulgar insolence as this; for bullies will brag.' He'd wink and say, 'I won't non-concur with you, Mr. Slick. I hope it won't be blowed up; but wishes, like dreams, come con*trary* ways sometimes, and I shouldn't much wonder if it bragged till it bust some night.' It would go for it, that's a fact. For Mr. Lett has a kind of nateral genius for blowin' up of monuments.

"Now you talk of our Eagle takin' an anchor in its claws as bad taste. I won't say it isn't; but it is a nation sight better nor this. See what the little admiral critter is about! Why, he is a stampin' and a jabbin' of the iron heel of his boot into the lifeless body of a fallen foe! It's horrid disgustin', and ain't overly brave nother; and to make matters wus, as if this warn't bad enough, them four emblem figures have great heavy iron chains on 'em, and a great

* This was the man that blew up the Brock monument in Canada. *He was a Patriot.*

enormous sneezer of a lion has one part o' the chain in his mouth and is a-growlin' and a-grinnin' and a-snarlin' at 'em like mad, as much as to say, 'if you dare to move the sixteen hundredth part of an inch, I will fall to and make mince-meat of you in less than half no time.' I don't think there never was nothin' so bad as this, ever seen since the days of old daddy Adam down to this present blessed day—I don't, indeed. So don't come for to go, Squire, to tarnt me with the Eagle and the anchor no more, for I don't like it a bit; you'd better look to your '*Nelson monument*,' and let us alone. So come, now!"

Amidst much that was coarse, and more that was exaggerated, there was still some foundation for the remarks of the Attaché.

"You arrogate a little too much to yourselves," I observed, "in considering the United States as all America. At the time these brilliant deeds were achieved, which this monument is intended to commemorate, the Spaniards owned a very much greater portion of the transatlantic continent than you now do, and their navy composed a part of the hostile fleets which were destroyed by Lord Nelson. At that time, also, you had no navy, or at all events, so few ships, as scarcely to deserve the name of one; nor had you won for yourselves that high character, which you now so justly enjoy, for skill and gallantry. I agree with you, however, in thinking the monument is in bad taste. The name of Lord Nelson is its own monument. It will survive when these perishable structures, which the pride or the gratitude of his countrymen have erected to perpetuate his fame, shall have mouldered into dust, and been forgotten for ever. If visible objects are thought necessary to suggest the mention of his name oftener than it would otherwise occur to the mind, they should be such as to improve the taste, as well as awaken the patriotism of the beholder. As an American, there is nothing to which you have a right to object; but as a critic, I admit that there is much that you cannot approve in the '*Nelson Monument*.'"

CHAPTER XI

COTTAGES.

On the tenth day after we landed at Liverpool, we arrived in London and settled ourselves very comfortably in lodgings at No. 202, Piccadilly, where every possible attention was paid to us by our landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks. We performed the journey in a post-chaise, fearing that the rapid motion of a rail-car might have an unpleasant effect upon the health of Mr. Hopewell.

Of the little incidents of travel that occurred to us, or of the various objects of attraction on the route, it is not my intention to give any account. Our journey was doubtless much like the journeys of other people, and everything of local interest is to be found in Guide Books, or topographical works, which are within the reach of everybody.

This book, however imperfect its execution may be, is altogether of another kind. I shall therefore pass over this and other subsequent journeys, with no other remark, than that they were performed, until something shall occur illustrative of the objects I have in view.

On this occasion I shall select from my diary a description of the laborers' cottage, and the parish church; because the one shows the habits, tastes, and condition of the poor of this country, in contrast with that of America—and the other, the relative means of religious instruction, and its effect on the lower orders.

On the Saturday morning, while preparing to resume our journey, which was now nearly half completed, Mr. Hopewell expressed a desire to remain at the inn where we were, until the following Monday. As the day was fine, he said he should like to ramble about the neighborhood, and enjoy the fresh air. His attention was soon drawn to some very beautiful new cottages.

"These," said he, "are no doubt erected at the expense, and for the gratification of some great landed proprietor. They are not the abodes of ordinary laborers, but designed for some favorite dependant or aged servant. They are expensive toys, but still they are not without their use. They diffuse a taste among the peasantry—they present them with models, which, though they cannot imitate in costliness of material or finish, they can copy in arrangement, and in that sort of decoration which flowers, and vines, and culture, and care can give. Let us seek one which is peculiarly the poor man's cottage, and let us go in and see who and what they are, how they live, and above all, how they think and talk. Here is a lane—let us follow it, till we come to a habitation."

We turned into a grass road, bounded on either side by a high straggling thorn hedge. At its termination was an irregular cottage with a thatched roof, which projected over the windows in front. The latter were latticed with diamond-shaped panes of glass, and were four in number, one on each side of the door, and two just under the roof. The door was made of two transverse parts, the upper half of which was open. On one side was a basket-like cage containing a magpie, and on the other, a cat lay extended on a bench, dozing in the warmth of the sun. The blue smoke, curling upwards from a crooked chimney, afforded proof of some one being within.

We therefore opened a little gate, and proceeded through a neat

garden, in which flowers and vegetables were intermixed. It had a gay appearance from the pear, apple, thorn and cherry being all in full bloom. We were received at the door by a middle-aged woman, with the ruddy glow of health on her cheeks, and dressed in coarse, plain, but remarkably neat and suitable, attire. As this was a cottage selected at random, and visited without previous intimation of our intention, I took particular notice of everything I saw, because I regarded its appearance as a fair specimen of its constant and daily state.

Mr. Hopewell needed no introduction. His appearance told what he was. His great stature and erect bearing, his intelligent and amiable face, his noble forehead, his beautiful snow-white locks, his precise and antique dress, his simplicity of manner, everything, in short, about him, at once attracted attention and conciliated favor.

Mrs. Hodgins, for such was her name, received us with that mixture of respect and ease, which showed she was accustomed to converse with her superiors. She was dressed in a blue homespun gown (the sleeves of which were drawn up to her elbows, and the lower part tucked through her pocket-hole), a black stuff petticoat, black stockings, and shoes with the soles more than half an inch thick. She wore also a large white apron, and a neat and by no means unbecoming cap. She informed us her husband was a gardener's laborer, that supported his family by his daily work, and by the proceeds of the little garden attached to the house, and invited us to come in and sit down.

The apartment into which the door opened was a kitchen or common room. On one side was a large fire-place, the mantelpiece or shelf of which was filled with brass candlesticks, large and small, some queer old-fashioned lamps, snuffers and trays, polished to a degree of brightness that was dazzling. A dresser was carried round the wall, filled with plates and dishes, and underneath were exhibited the ordinary culinary utensils, in excellent order. A small table stood before the fire, with a cloth of spotless whiteness spread upon it, as if in preparation for a meal. A few stools completed the furniture.

Passing through this place, we were shown into the parlor, a small room with a sanded floor. Against the sides were placed some old, dark, and highly-polished chairs, of antique form and rude workmanship. The walls were decorated with several colored prints, illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress, and hung in small red frames of about six inches square. The fire-place was filled with moss, and its mantel-shelf had its china sheep and shepherdesses, and a small looking-glass, the whole being surmounted by a gun hung transversely. The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments worked in worsted, were suspended in a wooden frame be-

tween the windows, which had white muslin blinds, and opened on hinges, like a door. A cupboard made to fit the corner, in a manner to economize room, was filled with china mugs, cups and saucers of different sizes and patterns, some old tea-spoons and a plated tea-pot.

There was a small table opposite to the window, which contained half a dozen books. One of these was large, handsomely bound, and decorated with gilt-edged paper. Mr. Hopewell opened it, and expressed great satisfaction at finding such an edition of a Bible in such a house. Mrs. Hodgins explained that this was a present from her eldest son, who had thus appropriated his first earnings to the gratification of his mother.

"Creditable to you both, dear," said Mr. Hopewell: "to you, because it is a proof how well you have instructed him; and to him, that he so well appreciated and so faithfully remembered those lessons of duty."

He then inquired into the state of her family, whether the boy who was training a peach-tree against the end of the house was her son, and many other matters not necessary to record with the same precision that I have enumerated the furniture.

"Oh, here is a pretty little child!" said he. "Come here, dear, and shake hands along with me. What beautiful hair she has! and she looks so clean and nice, too. Everything and everybody here is so neat, so tidy, and so appropriate. Kiss me, dear; and then talk to me; for I love little children. 'Suffer them to come unto me,' said our Master, 'for of such is the kingdom of Heaven:' that is, that we should resemble these little ones in our innocence."

He then took her on his knee. "Can you say the Lord's Prayer, dear?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very good. And the Ten Commandments?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who taught you?"

"My mother, Sir; and the parson taught me the Catechism."

"Why, Sam, this child can say the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Catechism. Ain't this beautiful? Tell me the fifth, dear."

And the child repeated it distinctly and accurately.

"Right. Now, dear, always bear that in mind, especially towards your mother. You have an excellent mother; her cares and her toils are many; and amidst them all, how well she has done her duty to you. The only way she can be repaid, is to find that you are what she desires you to be, a good girl. God commands this return to be made, and offers you the reward of length of days. Here is a piece of money for you. And now, dear," placing her again upon her feet,

"you never saw so old a man as me, and never will again; and one, too, that came from a far-off country, three thousand miles off; it would take you a long time to count three thousand; it is so far. Whenever you do what you ought not, think of the advice of the 'old Minister.'"

Here Mr. Slick beckoned the mother to the door, and whispered something to her, of which the only words that met my ear were "a trump," "a brick," "the other man like him ain't made yet," "do it, he'll talk, then."

To which she replied, "I have—oh yes, Sir—by all means."

She then advanced to Mr. Hopewell, and asked him if he would like to smoke.

"Indeed I would, dear, but I have no pipe here."

She said her old man smoked of an evening, after his work was done, and that she could give him a pipe and some tobacco, if he would condescend to use them; and going to the cupboard, she produced a long white clay pipe and some cut tobacco.

Having filled and lighted his pipe, Mr. Hopewell said, "What church do you go to, dear?"

"The parish church, Sir."

"Right; you will hear sound doctrine and good morals preached there. Oh, this is a fortunate country, Sam, for the state provides for the religious instruction of the poor. Where the voluntary system prevails, the poor have to give from their poverty, or go without; and their gifts are so small, that they can purchase but little. It's a beautiful system, a charitable system, a Christian system. Who is your landlord?"

"Squire Merton, Sir; and one of the kindest masters, too, that ever was. He is so good to the poor; and the ladies, Sir, they are so kind, also. When my poor daughter Mary was so ill with the fever, I do think she would have died but for the attentions of those young ladies; and when she grew better, they sent her wine and nourishing things from their own table. They will be so glad to see you, Sir, at the Priory. Oh, I wish you could see them!"

"There it is, Sam," he continued: "That illustrates what I always told you of their social system here. We may boast of our independence, but that independence produces isolation. There is an individuality about every man and every family in America, that gives no right of inquiry, and imposes no duty of relief on any one. Sickness, and sorrow, and trouble, are not divulged; joy, success, and happiness are not imparted. If we are independent in our thoughts and actions, so are we left to sustain the burden of our own ills. How applicable to our state is that passage of Scripture, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.'

"Now, look at this poor family; here is a clergyman provided

for them, whom they do not, and are not even expected to pay; their spiritual wants are ministered to, faithfully and zealously, as we see by the instruction of that little child. Here is a friend upon whom they can rely in their hour of trouble, as the bereaved mother did on Elisha. 'And she went up and laid her child that was dead on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door on him, and went out.' And when a long train of agitation, mis-government, and ill-digested changes have deranged this happy country, as has recently been the case, here is an indulgent landlord, disposed to lower his rent or give further time for payment, or if sickness invades any of these cottages, to seek out the sufferer, to afford the remedies, and by his countenance, his kindness, and advice, to alleviate their troubles. Here it is, a positive duty arising from their relative situations of landlord and tenant. The tenants support the owner, the landlord protects the tenants: the duties are reciprocal.

"With *us* the duties, as far as Christian duties can be said to be optional, are voluntary; and the voluntary discharge of duties, like the voluntary support of religion, we know, from sad experience, to be sometimes imperfectly performed, at others intermitted, and often wholly neglected. Oh! it is a happy country this, a great and a good country; and how base, how wicked, how diabolical it is to try to set such a family as this against their best friends, their pastor and their landlord; to instil dissatisfaction and distrust into their simple minds, and to teach them to loathe the hand that proffers nothing but regard or relief. It is shocking, isn't it?"

"That's what I often say, Sir," said Mrs. Hodgins, "to my old man, to keep away from them Chartists."

"Chartists! dear, who are they? I never heard of them."

"Why, Sir, they are the men that want the five pints."

"Five pints! why you don't say so; oh! they are bad men, have nothing to do with them. Five pints! why that is two quarts and a half; that is too much to drink if it was water; and if anything else, it is beastly drunkenness. Have nothing to do with them."

"Oh! no, Sir, it is five points of law."

"Tut—tut—tut! what have you got to do with law, my dear?"

"By gosh, Aunty," said Mr. Slick, "you had better not cut that pie: you will find it rather sour in the apple sarce, and tough in the paste, I tell *you*."

"Yes, Sir," she replied, "but they are a unsettling of his mind. What shall I do? for I don't like these night meetings, and he always comes home from 'em cross and sour-like."

"Well, I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. Hopewell, "I wish I could see him; but I can't, for I am bound on a journey. I am sorry to hear it, dear. Sam, this country is so beautiful, so highly cultivated, so adorned by nature and art, and contains so much comfort and happiness, that it resembles almost the garden of Eden. But,

Sam, the Serpent is here, the Serpent is here beyond a doubt. It changes its shape, and alters its name, and takes a new color, but still it is the Serpent, and it ought to be crushed. Sometimes it calls itself liberal, then radical, then chartist, then agitator, then repealer, then political dissenter, then anti-corn leaguer, and so on. Sometimes it stings the clergy, and coils round them, and almost strangles them, for it knows the Church is its greatest enemy, and it is furious against it. Then it attacks the peers, and covers them with its froth and slaver, and then it bites the landlord. Then it changes form, and shoots at the Queen, or her ministers, and sets fire to buildings, and burns up corn to increase distress; and, when hunted away, it dives down into the collieries, or visits the manufactories, and maddens the people, and urges them on to plunder and destruction. It's a melancholy thing to think of; but he is as of old, alive and active, seeing whom he can allure and deceive, and whoever listens is ruined for ever.

"Stay, dear, I'll tell you what I will do for you. I'll inquire about these Chartists; and when I go to London, I will write a little tract so plain that any child may read it and understand it; and call it *The Chartist*, and get it printed, and I will send you one for your husband, and two or three others, to give to those whom they may benefit.

"And now, dear, I must go. You and I will never meet again in this world; but I shall often think of you, and often speak of you. I shall tell my people of the comforts, of the neatness, of the beauty of an English cottage. May God bless you, and so regulate your mind as to preserve in you a reverence for his holy word, an obedience to the commands of your Spiritual Pastor, and a respect for all that are placed in authority over you!"

"Well, it is pretty, too, is this cottage," said Mr. Slick, as we strolled back to the inn, "but the handsumestest thing is to hear that good old soul talk dictionary that way, aint it? How nateral he is! Guess they don't often see such a 'postle as that in these diggins. Yes, it's pretty is this cottage; but it's small, arter all. You feel like a squirrel in a cage, in it; you have to run round and round, and don't go forward none. What would a man do with a rifle here? For my part, I have a taste for the wild woods; it comes on me regular in the fall, like the lake fever, and I up gun, and off for a week or two, and camp out, and get a snuff of the spruce-wood air, and a good appetite, and a bit of fresh ven'son to sup on at night.

"I shall be off to the highlands this fall; but, cuss 'em, they hante got no woods there; nothin' but heather, and that's only high enough to tear your clothes. That's the reason the Scotch don't wear no breeches, they don't like to get 'em ragged up that way for everlastinly, they can't afford it; so they let em scratch and tear their skin, for that will grow agin, and trowsers won't.

"Yes, it's a pretty cottage that, and a nice tidy body that too, is Mrs. Hodgins. I've seen the time when I would have given a good deal to have been so well housed as that. There is some little difference atween that cottage and a log hut of a poor back emigrant settler, you and I know where. Did ever I tell you of the night I spent at Lake Teal, with old Judge Sandford?"

"No, not that I recollect."

"Well, once upon a time I was a-goin' from Mill-bridge to Shadbrooke, on a little matter of bisness, and an awful bad and lonely road it was, too. There was scarcely no settlers in it, and the road was all made of sticks, stones, mud holes, and broken bridges. It was een amost onpassible, and who should I overtake on the way but the Judge, and his guide, on horseback, and Lawyer Traverse a-joggin' along in his gig, at the rate of two miles an hour at the fardest.

"'Mornin,' sais the Judge, for he was a sociable man, and had a kind word for everybody, had the Judge. Few men know'd human natur' better nor he did, and what he used to call the philosophy of life. 'I am glad to see you on the road, Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'for it is so bad I am afraid there are places that will require our united efforts to pass 'em.'

"Well, I felt kinder sorry for the delay too, for I know'd we should make a poor journey on't, on account of that lawyer critter's gig, that hadn't no more busness on that rough track than a steam-engine had. But I see'd the Judge wanted me to stay company, and help him along, and so I did. He was fond of a joke, was the old Judge, and sais he:

"'I'm afraid we shall illustrate that passage o' Scriptur', Mr. Slick,' said he, "And their judges shall be overthrown in stony places." 'It's jist a road for it, ain't it?'

"Well we chattered along the road this way a leetle, jist a leetle faster than we travelled, for we made a snail's gallop of it, that's a fact; and night overtook us, as I suspected it would, at Obi Rafuse's, at the Great Lake; and as it was the only public for fourteen miles, and dark was settin' in, we dismounted, but oh, what a house it was!

"Obi was an emigrant, and those emigrants are ginerally so fond of ownin' the soil, that like misers, they carry as much of it about 'em on their parsons, in a common way, as they cleverly can. Some on 'em are awful dirty folks, that's a fact, and Obi was one of them. He kept public, did Obi; the sign said it was a house of entertainment for man and beast. For critters that ain't human, I do suppose it spoke the truth, for it was enough to make a hoss larf, if he could understand it, that's a fact; but dirt, wretchedness and rags, don't have that effect on me.

"The house was built of rough spruce logs, (the only thing spruce about it) with the bark on, and the cracks and seams was stuffed

with moss. The roof was made of coarse slabs, battened and not shingled, and the chimbly peeped out like a black pot, made of sticks and mud, the way a crow's nest is. The winders were half broke out, and stopped up with shingles and old clothes, and a great bank of mud and straw all round, reached half way up to the roof, to keep the frost out of the cellar. It looked like an old hat on a dung heap. I pitied the old Judge, because he was a man that took the world as he found it, and made no complaints. He know'd if you got the best, it was no use complainin' that the best warn't good.

"Well, the house stood alone in the middle of a clearin', without an outhouse of any sort or kind about it, or any fence or enclosure, but jist rose up as a toodstool grows, all alone in the field. Close behind it was a thick short second growth of young birches, about fifteen feet high, which was the only shelter it had, and that was on the wrong side, for it was towards the south.

"Well, when we alighted, and got the baggage off, away starts the guide with the Judge's traps, and ups a path through the woods to a settler's, and leaves us. Away down by the edge of the lake was a little barn, filled up to the roof with grain and hay, and there was no standin' room or shelter in it for the hosses. So the lawyer hitches his critter to a tree, and goes and fetches up some fodder for him, and leaves him for the night, to weather it as he could. As soon as he goes in, I takes Old Clay to the barn, for it's a maxim of mine always to look out arter number one, opens the door, and pulls out sheaf arter sheaf of grain as fast as I could, and throws it out, till I got a place big enough for him to crawl in.

"'Now,' sais I, 'old boy,' as I shot to the door arter him, 'if that hole ain't big enough for you, eat away till it is, that's all.'

"I had hardly got to the house afore the rain, that had threatened all day, came down like smoke, and the wind got up, and it blew like a young hurricane, and the lake roared dismal; it was an awful night, and it was hard to say which was wus, the storm or the shelter.

"'Of two evils,' sais I to the lawyer, 'choose the least. It ain't a bad thing to be well housed in a night like this, is it?'

"The critter groaned, for both cases was so bad he did'nt know which to take up to defend, so he grinned horrid and said nothin'; and it was enough to make him grin too, that's a fact. He looked as if he had got hold on a bill o' pains and penalties instead of a bill of costs that time, you may depend.

"Inside of the house was three rooms, the keepin' room, where we was all half circled round the fire, and two sleepin' rooms off of it. One of these Obi had, who was a-bed, groanin', coughin', and turnin' over and over all the time on the creakin' bedstead with pleurisy; t'other was for the judge. The loft was for the old woman, his mother, and the hearth, or any other soft place we could find, was allocated for lawyer and me.

"What a scarecrow lookin' critter old aunty was, warn't she? She was all in rags and tatters, and though she lived 'longside of the lake the best part of her emigrant life, had never used water since she was christened. Her eyes were so sunk in her head, they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. Her hair was pushed back, and tied so tight with an eel-skin behind her head, it seemed to take the hide with it. I 'most wonder how she ever shot to her eyes to go to sleep. She had no stockins on her legs, and no heels to her shoes, so she couldn't lift her feet up, for fear of droppin off her slippers; but she just shoved and slid about as if she was on ice. She had a small pipe in her mouth, with about an inch of a stem, to keep her nose warm, and her skin was so yaller and wrinkled, and hard and oily, she looked jist like a dried smoked red herrin'—she did, upon my soul.

"The floor of the room was blacker nor ink, because that is pale sometimes; and the utensils, oh, if the fire didn't purify 'em now and ag'in, all the scrubbin' in the world wouldn't, they was past that. Whenever the door was opened, in run the pigs, and the old woman hobbled round arter them, bangin' them with a fryin' pan, till she seemed out o' breath. Every time she took less and less notice of 'em, for she was 'most beat out herself, and was busy a gettin' of the tea-kettle to bile, and it appeared to me she was a-goin' to give in and let 'em sleep with me and the lawyer, near the fire.

"So I jist puts the tongs in the sparklin' coals and heats the eends on 'em red hot, and the next time they comes in, I watches a chance, outs with the tongs, and seizes the old sow by the tail, and holds on till I singes it beautiful. The way she let go ain't no matter, but if she didn't yell it's a pity, that's all. She made right straight for the door, dashed in atween old aunty's legs, and carries her out on her back, ridin' straddle-legs like a man, and tumbles her head over heels in the duck-pond of dirty water outside, and then lays down alongside of her, to put the fire out in its tail and cool itself.

"Aunty took up the screamin' then, where the pig left off; but her voice warn't so good, poor thing! she was too old for that, it sounded like a cracked bell; it was loud enough, but it warn't jist so clear. She came in drippin' and cryin' and scoldin'; she hated water, and what was wus, this water made her dirtier. It ran off of her like a gutter. The way she let out agin pigs, travellers, and houses of entertainment, was a caution to sinners. She vowed she'd stop public next mornin' and bile her kettle with the sign; folks might entertain themselves and be hanged to 'em, for all her, that they might. Then she mounted a ladder, and goes up into the loft to change.

"'Judge,' sais I, 'I'm sorry, too, I singed that pig's tail arter

that fashion, for the smell of pork chops makes me feel kinder hungry; and if we had 'em, no soul could eat 'em here in such a stye as this. But, dear me,' says I, 'you'd better move, Sir; that old woman is juicy, and I see it a comin' through the cracks of the floor above, like a streak of molasses.'

"'Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'this is dreadful. I never saw anything so bad before in all this country; but what can't be cured must be endured, I do suppose. We must only be good-natured and do the best we can, that's all. An emigrant house is no place to stop at, is it? There is a tin case,' sais he, 'containin' a cold tongue and some biscuits, in my portmanter; please to get them out. You must act as butler to-night, if you please; for I can't eat anything that old woman touches.'

"So I spreads one of his napkins on the table, and gets out the eatables; and then he produced a pocket pistol, for he was a sensible man was the judge, and we made a small check, for there warn't enough for a feed.

"Arter that, he takes out a night-cap, and fits it on tight, and then puts on his cloak, and wraps the hood of it close over his head, and foldin' himself up in it, he went and laid down without undressin'. The lawyer took a stretch for it on the bench, with his gig cushions for a pillar, and I makes up the fire, sits down on the chair, puts my legs up on the jamb, draws my hat over my eyes, and folds my arms for sleep.

"'But fust and foremost,' sais I, 'aunty, take a drop of the strong waters: arter goin' the whole hog that way, you must need some;' and I poured her out a stiff corker into one of her mugs, put some sugar and hot water to it, and she tossed it off as if she railly did like it.

"'Darn that pig,' said she, 'it is so poor, its back is as sharp as a knife. It hurt me properly, that's a fact, and has most broke my crupper bone.' And she put her hand behind her, and moaned piteous.

"'Pig skin,' sais I, 'aunty, is well enough when made into a saddle, but it ain't over pleasant to ride on bare back that way,' sais I, 'is it? And them bristles ain't quite so soft as feathers, I do suppose.'

"I thought I should a died a holdin' in of a haw haw that way. Stifling a larf a'most stifles oneself, that's a fact. I felt sorry for her, too; but sorrow won't always keep you from larfin', unless you be sorry for yourself. So, as I didn't want to offend her, I up legs again to the jam, and shot my eyes, and tried to go to sleep.

"Well, I can snooze through most anythin', but I couldn't get much sleep that night. The pigs kept close to the door, a shovin' agin it every now and then, to see all was right for a dash in, if the

bears came; and the geese kept sentry, too, agin the foxes; and one old feller would squake out 'all's well' every five minuts, as he marched up and down and back agin on the bankin' of the house.

"But the turkeys was the wust. They was perched upon the lee side of the roof, and sometimes an eddy of wind would take a feller right slap off his legs, and send him floppin' and rollin' and sprawlin' and screamin' down to the ground, and then he'd make most as much fuss a-gettin' up into line agin. They are very fond of straight lines, is turkeys. I never see an old gobbler with his gorget, that I don't think of a kernel of a marchin' regiment, and if you'll listen to him and watch him, he'll strut jist like one, and say, 'Halt! dress!' Oh, he is a military man, is a turkey-cock: he wears long spurs, carries a stiff neck, and charges at red cloth, like a trooper.

"Well, then, a little cowardly good-natured cur, that lodged in an empty flour barrel, near the wood pile, gave out a long doleful howl, now and agin, to show these outside passengers, if he couldn't fight for 'em, he could at all events cry for 'em, and it ain't every goose has a mourner to her funeral, that's a fact, unless it be the owner.

"In the mornin' I wakes up, and looks round for lawyer, but he was gone. So I gathers up the brans, and makes up the fire, and walks out. The pigs didn't try to come in agin, you may depend, when they see'd me; they didn't like the curlin' tongs as much as some folks do, and pigs' tails kinder curl naterally. But there was lawyer a-standin' up by the grove, lookin' as peeked and as forlorn as an onmated loon.

"'What's the matter of you, Squire?' sais I. 'You look like a man that was ready to make a speech; but your witness hadn't come, or you hadn't got no jury.'

"'Somebody has stole my horse,' said he.

"Well, I know'd he was near-sighted, was lawyer, and couldn't see a pint clear of his nose, unless it was a pint o' law. So I looks all round, and there was his hoss, a-standin' on the bridge, with his long tail hanging down straight at one eend, and his long neck and head a hanging down straight at t'other eend, so that you couldn't tell one from t'other, or which eend was towards you. It was a clear cold mornin'. The storm was over and the wind down, and there was a frost on the ground. The critter was cold, I suppose, and had broke the rope and walked off to stretch his legs. It was a monstrous mean night to be out in, that's sartain.

"'There is your hoss,' sais I.

"'Where?' sais he.

"'Why, on the bridge,' sais I; 'he has got his head down, and is a-lookin' atween his fore-legs to see where his tail is, for he is so cold, I do suppose he can't feel it.'

"Well, as soon as we could, we started; but afore we left, sais the judge to me, 'Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'here is a plaister,' taking out a pound note, 'a plaister for the skin the pig rubbed off of the old woman. Give it to her—I hope it is big enough to cover it.' And he fell back on the bed, and larfed and coughed, and coughed and larfed, till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Yes," said Mr. Slick, "yes, Squire, this is a pretty cottage of Marm Hodgins; but we have cottages quite as pretty as this, our side of the water, arter all. They are not all like Obi Rafuses, the immigrant. The natives have different guess places, where you might eat off the floor a'most, all's so clean. P'raps we hante the hedges, and flowers, and vines and fixin's, and what-nots."

"Which, alone," I said, "make a most important difference. No, Mr. Slick, there is nothing to be compared to this little cottage."

"I perfectly agree with you, Squire," said Mr. Hopewell, "it is quite unique. There is not only nothing equal to it, but nothing of its kind at all like—*an English cottage*."

CHAPTER XII.

"STEALING THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE."

SHORTLY after our return to the inn, a carriage drove up to the door, and the cards of Mr. Merton, and the Rev. Mr. Homily, which were presented by the servant, were soon followed by the gentlemen themselves.

Mr. Merton said he had been informed by Mrs. Hodgins of our visit to her cottage, and from her account of our conversation and persons, he was convinced we could be no other than the party described in the "Sayings and Doings of Mr. Samuel Slick," as about to visit England with the Attaché. He expressed great pleasure in having the opportunity of making our acquaintance, and entreated us to spend a few days with him at the Priory. This invitation we were unfortunately compelled to decline, in consequence of urgent business in London, where our immediate presence was indispensable.

The rector then pressed Mr. Hopewell to preach for him, on the following day, at the parish church, which he also declined. He said that he had no sermons with him, and that he had very great objections to extemporaneous preaching, which he thought should never be resorted to except in cases of absolute necessity. He,

however, at last consented to do so, on condition that Mrs. Hodgins and her husband attended, and upon being assured that it was their invariable custom to be present, he said, he thought it not impossible, that he might make an impression upon *him*, and as it was his maxim never to omit an opportunity of doing good, he would with the blessing of God, make the attempt.

The next day was remarkably fine, and as the scene was new to me, and most probably will be so to most of my colonial readers, I shall endeavor to describe it with some minuteness.

We walked to the church by a path over the hills, and heard the bells of a number of little churches, summoning the surrounding population to the house of God. The roads and the paths were crowded with the peasantry and their children, approaching the churchyard in different directions. The church and the rectory were contiguous to each other, and situated in a deep dell.

The former was a long and rather low structure, originally built of light-colored stone, which had grown grey with time. It had a large square steeple, with pointed corners, like turrets, each of which was furnished with a vane, but some of these ornaments were loose and turned round in a circle, while others stood still and appeared to be examining with true rustic curiosity, the condition of their neighbors.

The old rectory stood close to the church and was very irregularly built; one part looking as if it had stepped forward to take a peep at us, and another as if endeavoring to conceal itself from view, behind a screen of ivy. The windows, which were constructed of diamond-shaped glass, were almost square, and opened on hinges. Nearly half of the house was covered by a rose-tree from which the lattices peeped very inquisitively upon the assembled congregation. Altogether, it looked like the residence of a vigilant man, who could both see and be unseen if he pleased.

Near the door of the church were groups of men in their clean smock-frocks and straw hats, and of women in their tidy dark dresses and white aprons. The children all looked clean, healthy, and cheerful.

The interior of the church was so unlike that of an American one, that my attention was irresistibly drawn to its peculiarities. It was low, and divided in the centre by an arch. The floor was of stone, and, from long and constant use, very uneven in places. The pews were much higher on the sides than ours, and were unpainted, and roughly put together; while the pulpit was a rude square box, and was placed in the corner. Near the door stood an ancient stone font, of rough workmanship, and much worn.

The windows were long and narrow, and placed very high in the walls. On the one over the altar was a very old painting, on stained glass, of the Virgin, with a hoop and yellow petticoat, crimson vest,

a fly cap, and very thick shoes. The light of this window was still further subdued by a fine old yew-tree, which stood in the yard close behind it.

There was another window of beautiful stained glass, the light of which fell on a large monument, many feet square, of white marble. In the centre of this ancient and beautiful work of art, were two principal figures, with smaller ones kneeling on each side, having the hands raised in the attitude of prayer. They were intended to represent some of the ancestors of the Merton family. The date was as old as 1575. On various parts of the wall were other and ruder monuments of slate-stone, the inscriptions and dates of which were nearly effaced by time.

The roof was of a construction now never seen in America; and the old oak rafters, which were more numerous than was requisite, either for strength or ornament, were massive and curiously put together, giving this part of the building a heavy and gloomy appearance.

As we entered the church, Mr. Hopewell said he had selected a text suitable to the times, and that he would endeavor to save the poor people in the neighborhood from the delusions of the chartist demagogues, who, it appeared, were endeavoring to undermine the throne and the altar, and bring universal ruin upon the country.

When he ascended the pulpit to preach, his figure, his great age, and his sensible and benevolent countenance, attracted universal attention. I had never seen him officiate till this day; but if I was struck with his venerable appearance before, I was now lost in admiration of his rich and deep-toned voice, his peculiar manner, and simple style of eloquence.

He took for his text these words: "So Absolom stole the hearts of the men of Israel." He depicted, in a very striking manner, the arts of this intriguing and ungrateful man to ingratiate himself with the people, and render the government unpopular. He traced his whole course, from his standing at the crowded thoroughfare, and lamenting that the king had deputed no one to hear and decide upon controversies of the people, to his untimely end, and the destruction of his ignorant followers. He made a powerful application of the seditious words of Absalom: 'Oh that *I* were a judge in the land, that every man which hath a suit or cause might come unto me, and *I* would do him justice.' He showed the effect of these empty and wicked promises upon his followers, who in the holy record of this unnatural rebellion as "men who went out in their simplicity, and knew not anything."

He then said that similar arts were used in all ages for similar purposes; and that these professions of disinterested patriotism were the common pretences by which wicked men availed themselves of the animal force of those "who assemble in their simplicity, and

know not anything," to achieve their own personal aggrandisement, and warned them to give no heed to such dishonest people. He then drew a picture of the real blessings they enjoyed in this happy country, which, though not without an admixture of evil, were as many and as great as the imperfect and unequal condition of man was capable either of imparting or receiving.

Among the first of these, he placed the provision made by the state for the instruction of the poor, by means of an established Church. He said they would doubtless hear this wise and pious deed of their forefathers attacked also by unprincipled men; and falsehood and ridicule would be invoked to aid in the assault; but that he was a witness on its behalf, from the distant wilderness of North America, where the voice of gratitude was raised to England, whose missionaries had planted a church there similar to their own, and had proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to those who would otherwise have still continued to live without its pale.

He then portrayed in a rapid and most masterly manner the sin and the disastrous consequences of rebellion; pointed out the necessity that existed for vigilance, and defined their respective duties to God, and to those who, by his permission, were set in authority over them; and concluded with the usual benediction, which, though I had heard it on similar occasions all my life, seemed now more efficacious, more paternal, and more touching than ever, when uttered by him, in his peculiarly patriarchal manner.

The abstract I have just given, I regret to say, cannot convey any adequate idea of this powerful, excellent and appropriate sermon. It was listened to with intense interest by the congregation, many of whom were affected to tears. In the afternoon, we attended church again, when we heard a good, plain, and practical discourse from the rector; but, unfortunately, he had neither the talent, nor the natural eloquence of our friend, and, although it satisfied the judgment, it did not affect the heart like that of the "Old Minister."

At the door we met, on our return, Mrs. Hodgins. "Ah! my dear," said Mr. Hopewell, "how do you do? I am going to your cottage; but I am an old man now; take my arm—it will support me in my walk."

It was thus that this good man, while honoring this poor woman, avoided the appearance of condescension, and received her arm as a favor to himself.

She commenced thanking him for his sermon in the morning. She said it had convinced her William of the sin of the Chartist agitation, and that he had firmly resolved never to meet them again. It had saved him from ruin, and made her a happy woman.

"Glad to hear it has done him good, my dear," said he; "it does me good, too, to hear its effect. Now, never remind him of past errors, never allude to them: make his home cheerful, make it the

pleasantest place he can find any where, and he won't want to seek amusement elsewhere, or excitement either; for these seditious meetings intoxicate by their excitement. Oh! I am very glad I have touched him; that I have prevented these seditious men from 'stealing his heart.'"

In this way they chatted, until they arrived at the cottage, which Hodgins had just reached by a shorter, but more rugged path.

"It is such a lovely afternoon," said Mr. Hopewell, "I believe I will rest in this arbor here awhile, and enjoy the fresh breeze, and the perfume of your honeysuckles and flowers."

"Wouldn't a pipe be better, Minister," said Mr. Slick. "For my part, I don't think anything equal to the flavor of rael good gene-*wine* first chop tobacco."

"Well, it is a great refreshment, is tobacco," said Mr. Hopewell. "I don't care if I do take a pipe. Bring me one, Mr. Hodgins, and one for yourself also, and I will smoke and talk with you awhile, for they seem as natural to each other as eating and drinking do."

As soon as these were produced, Mr. Slick and I retired, and requested Mrs. Hodgins to leave the Minister and her husband together for awhile, for, as Mr. Slick observed, "The old man will talk it into him like a book;" for "if he was possessed of the spirit of a devil, instead of a Chartist, he is just the boy to drive it out of him. Let him be awhile, and he'll tame old uncle there, like a cossit sheep; jest see if he don't, that's all."

We then walked up and down the shady lane, smoking our cigars, and Mr. Slick observed, "Well, there is a nation sight of difference, too, ain't there, atween this country church and a country meetin'-house our side of the water; I won't say in your country or my country; but I say *our* side of the water—and then it won't rile nobody; for your folks will say I mean the States, and our citizens will say I mean the Colonies; but you and I know who the cap fits, one or t' other, or both, don't we?

"Now here, this old-fashioned church, ain't quite up to the notch, and is a leetle behind the enlightenment of the age like, with its queer old fixin's and what not; but still it looks solemcoly, don't it, and the dim light seems as if we warn't expected to be lookin' about, and as if outer world was shot out, from sight and thort, and it warn't *man's* house nother.

"I don't know whether it was that dear old man's preachin', and he is a brick, ain't he? or, whether it's the place, or the place and him together; but somehow, or somehow else, I feel more serious to-day than common, that's a fact. The people too are so plain dressed, so decent, so devout, and no show, it looks like airnest.

"The only fashionable people here was the Squire's sarvants; and they did look genteel, and no mistake. Elegant men, and most splendid-lookin' women they was too. I thought it was some noble,

or airl's, or big bug's family; but Mrs. Hodgins says they are the people of the Squire's about here, the butlers and the ladies'-maids; and superfine uppercrust lookin' folks they be too.

"Then everybody walks here, even Squire Merton and his splendiriferous galls, walked like the poorest of the poor; there was no carriage to the door, nor no hosses hitched to the gate, or tied to the backs of waggons, or people gossipin' outside; but all come in and minded their business, as if it was worth attendin' to; and then arter church was finished off, I liked the way the big folks talked to the little folks, and inquired arter their families. It may be actin', but if it is, it's plaguy good actin', I *tell* you.

"I'm a thinkin' it tante a rael gentleman that's proud, but only a hop. You've seen a hop grow, hante you? It shoots up in a night, the matter of several inches right out of the ground, as stiff as a poker, straight up and down, with a spick and span new green coat, and a red nose, as proud as Lucifer. Well, I call all upstarts, 'hops,' and I believe it's only 'hops' arter all that's scorny.

"Yes, I kinder like an English country church, only it's a leetle, jist a leetle too old-fashioned for me. Folks look a leetle too much like grandfather Slick, and the boys used to laugh at him, and call him a benighted Britisher. Perhaps that's the cause of my prejudice, and yet I must say, British or no British, it tante bad, is it?

"The meetin' houses 'our side of the water,' no matter where, but away up in the back country, how teetotally different they be! beant they? A great big, handsome wooden house, chock full of winders, painted so white as to put your eyes out, and so full of light within, that inside seems all out-doors, and no tree nor bush, nor nothing near it, but the road fence, with a man to preach in it, that is so strict and straight-laced, that he will do *anything* of a week day, and *nothin'* of a Sunday. Congregations are rigged out in their spic and span bran new clothes, silks, satins, ribbins, leghorns, palmetters, kiss-me-quicks, and all sorts of rigs, and the men in their long-tail blues, pig-skin pads, calf-skin boots, and sheep-skin saddle-cloths. Here they publish a book of fashions, there they publish 'em in meetin'; and instead of a pictur, have the rael naked truth.

"Preacher there don't preach morals, because that's churchy, and he don't like neither the church nor its morals; but he preaches doctrine, which doctrine is, there's no Christians but themselves. Well, the fences outside of the meetin' house, for a quarter of a mile or so, each side of the house, and each side of the road, ain't to be seen for hosses and waggons, and gigs hitched there; poor devils of hosses that have ploughed, or hauled, or harrowed, or logged, or snaked, or somethin' or another all the week, and rest of a Sunday by alterin' their gait, as a man rests on a journey by a alterin' of his stirrup, a hole higher or a hole lower. Women that

has all their finery on can't walk, and some things is ondecent. It's as ondecent for a woman to be seen walkin' to meetin' as it is to be caught at—what shall I say?—why, caught at attendin' to her own business at home.

"The women are the fust and the last to meetin'; fine clothes cost sunthin', and if they ain't showed, what's the use of them? The men folk remind me of the hosses to Sable Island. It's a long low sand-bank on Nova Scotia coast, thirty miles long and better, is Sable Island, and not much higher than the water. It has awful breakers round it, and picks up a shockin' sight of vessels, does that island. Government keeps a super-intender there and twelve men to save wracked people, and there is a herd of three hundred wild hosses kept there for food for saved crews that land there, when provision is short, or for super-intender to catch and break for use, as the case may be.

"Well, if he wants a new hoss, he mounts his folks on his tame hosses, and makes a dash into the herd, and runs a wild feller down, lugs him off to the stable-yard, and breaks him in, in no time. A smart little hoss he is, too, but he always has an *eye to natur'* arterwards; *the change is too sudden*, and he'll off, if he gets a chance.

"Now that's the case with these country congregations, we know where. The women and old tame men folk are inside; the young wild boys and ontamed men folk are on the fences, outside, a settin' on the top rail, a speculatin' on times or marriages, or markets, or what not, or a walkin' round and studyin' hoss flesh, or a talkin' of a swap to be completed of a Monday, or a leadin' off of two hosses on the sly of the old deacon's, takin' a lick of a half mile on a bye road, right slap a-head, and swearin' the hosses had got loose, and they was just a fetchin' of them back.

"'Whose side-saddle is this?'

"'Slim Sal Dowdie's.'

"'Shift it on to the deacon's beast, and put his on to her'n, and tie the two critters together by the tail. This is old Mother Pitcher's waggon; her hoss kicks like a grasshopper. Lengthen the breechin', and when aunty starts, he'll make all fly agin into shavin's, like a plane. Who is that a comin' along full split there a horseback?'

"'It's old Booby's son, Tom. Well, it's the old man's shaft hoss; call out whoh! and he'll stop short, and pitch Tom right over his head on the broad of his back, whap.

"'Tim Fish, and Ned Pike, come scale up here with us boys on the fence.' The weight is too great; away goes the fence, and away goes the boys, all flyin'; legs, arms, hats, poles, stakes, withes, and all, with an awful crash and an awful shout; and away goes

two or three hosses that have broke their bridles, and off home like wink.

"Out comes Elder Sourcrout. 'Them as won't come in had better stay to home,' sais he. And when he hears that them as are in had better stay in when they be there, he takes the hint and goes back agin. 'Come, boys, let's go to Black Stump Swamp and sarch for honey. We shall be back in time to walk home with the galls from night meetin', by airly candle-light. Let's go.'

"Well, they want to recruit the stock of tame ones inside meetin', they sarcumvent some o' these wild ones outside; make a dash on 'em, catch 'em, dip 'em, and give 'em a name; for all sects don't always baptize 'em as we do, when children, but let 'em grow up wild in the herd till they are wanted. They have hard work to break 'em in, for they are smart ones, that's a fact; but, like the hosses of Sable Island, they have always *an eye to natur'* arterwards; *the change is too sudden*, you can't trust 'em—at least I never see one as *I* could, that's all.

"Well, when they come out o' meetin', look at the dignity and sanctity, and pride o' humility o' the tame old ones. Read their faces. 'How does the print go?' Why this way—'I am a sinner, at least I was once, but thank fortin' I ain't like you, you onconverted, benighted, and good-for-nothin' critter you.' Read the ontamed one's face, what's the print there? Why, it's this. As soon as he sees over-righteous stalk by arter that fashion, it says, 'How good we are, ain't we? Who wet his hay to the lake t'other day, on his way to market, and made two tons weigh two tons and a half? You'd better look as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, hadn't you, old Sugar-cane?'

"Now jist foller them two rulin' elders, Sourcrout and Coldslaugh; they are plaguy jealous of their neighbor, Elder Josh Chisel, that exhorted to-day. 'How did you like Brother Josh to-day?' says Sourcrout, a utterin' of it through his nose. Good men always speak through the nose. It's what comes out o' the mouth that defiles a man; but there is no mistake in the nose; it's the porch of the temple, that. 'How did you like Brother Josh?'

"'Well, he warn't very peeowerful!'

"'Was he ever peeowerful?'

"'Well, when a boy, they say he was considerable sum as a wrastler.'

"Sourcrout won't larf, because it's agin rules; but he gig goggles like a turkey-cock, and says he, 'It's for ever and ever the same thing with Brother Josh. He is like an overshot mill, one everlastin' wishy-washy stream.'

"'When the water ain't quite enough to turn the wheel, and only spatters, spatters, spatters,' says Coldslaugh.

"Sourcrout gig goggles agin, as if he was swallerin' shelled corn

whole. 'That trick of wettin' the hay,' says he, 'to make it weigh heavy, warn't cleverly done; it ain't pretty to be caught; it's only bunglers do that.'

"'He is so fond of temperance,' says Coldslaugh, 'he wanted to make his hay jine society, and drink cold water, too.'

"Sourcrout gig goggles agin, till he takes a fit of the asmy, sets down on a stump, claps both hands on his sides, and coughs; and coughs, till he finds coughing no joke no more. Oh dear, dear converted men, though they won't larf themselves, make others larf the worst kind, sometimes—don't they?

"I do believe, on my soul, if religion was altogether left to the voluntary in this world, it would die a nateral death; not that *men wouldn't support it*, but because it would be supported *under false pretences*. Truth can't be long upheld by falsehood. Hypocrisy would change its features, and intolerance its name; and religion would soon degenerate into a cold, intriguing, onprincipled, marciless superstition, that's a fact.

"Yes, on the whole, I rather like these plain, decent, onpretendin' country churches here, although t'other ones remind me of old times, when I was an ontamed one too. Yes, I like an English church; but as for Minister pretendin' for to come for to go for to preach agin that beautiful long-haired young rebel, Squire Absalom, for 'stealin' the hearts of the people,' why it's rather takin' the rag off the bush, ain't it?

"Tell you what, Squire; there ain't a man in their whole church here, from Lord Canter Berry that preaches afore the Queen, to Parson Homily that preached afore *us*, nor never was, nor never will be equal to Old Minister hisself for 'stealin' the hearts of the people.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

NATUR'.

In the course of the journey, the conversation turned upon the several series of the "Clockmaker" I had published, and their relative merits. Mr. Slick appeared to think they all owed their popularity mainly to the freshness and originality of character incidental to a new country.

"You are in the wrong pew here, Squire," said he; "you are, upon my soul. If you think to sketch the English in a way any one will stop to look at, you have missed a figur', that's all. You can't do it, nohow you can fix it. There is no contrasts here, no

variation of colors, no light and shade, no nothin'. What sort of a pictur' would straight lines of anything make? Take a parcel of sodjers, officers and all, and stretch 'em out in a row, and paint 'em, and then engrave 'em, and put it into one of our annuals, and see how folks would larf, and ask, 'What boardin'-school gall did that? Who pulled her up out of standin' corn, and sot her up on eend for an artist?' they'd say.

"There is nothin' here to take hold on. It's so plaguy smooth and high polished, the hands slip off; you can't get a grip of it. Now, take Lord First Chop, who is the most fashionable man in London, dress him in the best cut coat, best trowsers, French boots, Paris gloves, and grape-vine-root cane, don't forget his whiskers, or mous-stache, or breast-pins, or gold chains, or anything; and what have you got?—a tailor's print-card, and nothin' else.

"Take a lady, and dress her in a'most a beautiful long habit, man's hat, stand-up collar and stock, clap a beautiful little cow-hide whip in her hand, and mount her on a'most a splendiferous white hoss, with long tail and flowin' mane, a rairin' and a cavortin' like mad, and a champin' and a chawin' of its bit, and a makin' the froth fly from its mouth, a spatterin' and white-spottin' of her beautiful trailin' skirt, like anything. And what have you got?—why, a print like the posted hand-bills of a circus.

"Now spit on your fingers, and rub Lord First Chop out of the slate, and draw an Irish laborer, with his coat off, in his shirt-sleeves, with his breeches loose and ontied at the knees, his yarn stockings and thick shoes on; a little dudeen in his mouth, as black as ink and as short as nothin': his hat with devilish little rim and no crown to it, and a hod on his shoulders, filled with bricks, and him lookin' as if he was a singin' away as merry as a cricket:—

> 'When I was young and unmarried, my shoes they were new,
> But now I am old and am married, the water runs troo.'

Do that, and you have got sunthin' worth lookin' at, quite pictures-quee, as Sister Sall used to say. And because why? *You have got sunthin' nateral.*

"Well, take the angylyferous dear a horseback, and rub her out (well, I won't say that nother, for I'm fond of the little critturs, dressed or not dressed for company, or any way they like), yes, I like woman-natur', I tell *you*. But turn over the slate, and draw on t'other side on't an old woman, with a red cloak, and a striped petticoat, and a poor pinched-up, old, squashed-in bonnet on, bendin' forrard, with a staff in her hand, a leadin' of a donkey that has a pair of yallow willow saddle-bags on, with colored vegetables and flowers, and red beet-tops, a goin' to market. And what have you

got? Why, a pictur' worth lookin' at, too. Why?—*because it's natur'*.

"Now look here, Squire: let Copley, if he was alive, but he ain't; and it's a pity, too, for it would have kinder happified the old man, to see his son in the House of Lords, wouldn't it? Squire Copley, you know, was a Boston man; and a credit to our great nation, too. P'rhaps Europe never has never dittoed him since.

"Well, if he was above ground now, alive, and stirrin', why take and fetch him to an upper crust London party; and sais you, 'Old Tenor,' sais you, 'paint all them silver plates, and silver dishes, and silver coverlids, and what nots; and then paint them lords with their *stars*, and them ladies' (Lord, if he would paint them with their garters, folks would buy the pictur, cause that's nateral), 'them ladies with their jewels, and their sarvants with their liveries, as large as life, and twice as nateral.'

"Well, he'd paint it, if you paid him for it, that's a fact; for there is no better bait to fish for us Yankees, arter all, than a dollar. That old boy never turned up his nose at a dollar, except when he thought he ought to get two. And if he painted it, it wouldn't be bad, I tell *you*.

"'Now,' sais you, 'you have done high life, do low life for me, and I will pay you well—I'll come down hansum, and do the thing genteel, you may depend. Then,' sais you, 'put in for a back-ground that noble, old Noah-like lookin' wood, that's as dark as comingo. Have you done?' sais I.

"'I guess so," says he.

"'Then put in a brook jist in front of it, runnin' over stones, and foamin' and a bubblin' up like anything.'

"'It's in,' says he.

"'Then jab two forked sticks in the ground ten feet apart, this side of the brook,' sais you, 'and clap a pole across atween the forks. Is that down?' sais you.

"'Yes,' sais he.

"'Then,' sais you, 'hang a pot on that horizontal pole, make a clear little wood fire onderneath; paint two covered carts near it. Let an old hoss drink at the stream, and two donkeys make a feed off a patch of thistles. Have you stuck that in?'

"'Stop a bit,' says he, 'paintin' an't quite as fast done as writin'. Have a little grain of patience, will you? It's tall paintin', makin' the brush walk at that price. Now there you are,' sais he. 'What's next? But, mind I've most filled my canvas; it will cost you a pretty considerable penny, if you want all them critters in, when I come to cypher all the pictur up, and sumtotalize the whole of it.'

"'Oh! cuss the cost!' sais you. 'Do you jist obey orders, and break owners, that's all you have to do, Old Loyalist.'

"'Very well,' sais he, 'here goes.'

"'Well, then,' sais you, 'paint a party of gipsies there; mind their different colored clothes, and different attitudes, and different occupations. Here a man mendin' a harness, there a woman pickin' a stolen fowl, here a man skinnin' a rabbit, there a woman with her petticoat up, a puttin' of a patch in it. Here two boys a fishin', and there a little gall a playin' with a dog, that's a racin' and a yelpin', and a barkin' like mad.'

"'Well, when he's done,' sais you, 'which pictur do you reckon is the best now, Squire Copley? speak candid, for I want to know, and I ask you now as a countryman.'

"'Well' he'll jist up and tell you, 'Mr. Poker,' sais he, 'your fashionable party is the devil, that's a fact. Man made the town, but God made the country. Your company is as formal, and as stiff, and as oninterestin' as a row of poplars; but your gipsy scene is beautiful, because it's nateral. It was me painted old Chatham's death in the House of Lords; folks praised it a good deal; but it was no great shakes, *there was no natur' in it.* The scene was rael, the likenesses was good, and there was spirit in it, but their damned uniform toggery spoiled the whole thing—it was artificial, and wanted life and natur. Now, suppose such a thing in Congress, or suppose some fellow skiver'd the speaker with a bowie knife, as happened to Arkansaw, if I was to paint it, it would be beautiful. Our free and enlightened people is so different, so characteristic and peculiar, it would give a great field to a painter. To sketch the different style of man of each state, so that any citizen would sing right out; Heavens and earth, if that don't beat all! Why, as I am a livin' sinner, that's the Hoosier of Indiana, or the Sucker of Illinois, or the Puke of Missouri, or the Bucky of Ohio, or the Red Horse of Kentucky, or the Mudhead of Tennessee, or the Wolverine of Michigan, or the Eel of New England, or the Corn Cracker of Virginia! That's the thing that gives inspiration. That's the glass of talabogus that raises your spirits. There is much of elegance, and more of comfort in England. It is a great and a good country, Mr. Poker, but there is no natur in it.'

"It is as true as gospel," said Mr. Slick, "I'm tellin' you no lie. It's a fact. If you expect to paint them English, as you have the Blue-Noses and us, you'll pull your line up without a fish, oftener than you are a-thinkin' on; that's the reason all our folks have failed. 'Rush's book is jist molasses and water, not quite so sweet as 'lasses, and not quite so good as water, but a spilin' of both. And why? His pictur was of polished life, where there is no natur. Washington Irving's book is like a Dutch paintin', it is good, because it is faithful; the mop has the right number of yarns, and each yarn has the right number of twists (altho' he mistook the mop of the grandfather for the mop of the man of the present day) and the pewter plates are on the kitchen dresser, and the other little notions are all

there. He has done the most that could be done for them, but the painter dasarves more praise than the subject.

"Why is it every man's sketches of America takes? Do you suppose it is the sketches? No. Do you reckon it is the interest we create? No. Is it our grand experiment? No. They don't care a brass button for us, or our country, or experiments nother. What is it, then? It is because they are sketches of natur. Natur in every grade and every variety of form; from the silver plate, and silver fork, to the finger and huntin' knife. Our artificial Britishers laugh at; they are bad copies, that's a fact; I give them up. Let them laugh, and be darned; but I stick to my natur, and I stump them to produce the like.

"Oh, Squire, if you ever sketch me, for goodness gracious sake, don't sketch me as an Attaché to our embassy, with the Legation button on the coat, and black Jube Japan in livery. Don't do that; but paint me in my old waggon in Nover Scotier, with Old Clay before me, you by my side, a segar in my mouth, and natur all round me. And if that is too artificial; oh, paint me in the backwoods, with my huntin' coat on, my leggins, my cap, my belt, and my powder-horn. Paint me with my talkin' iron in my hand, wipin' her, chargin' her, selectin' the bullet, placin' it in the greased wad, and rammin' it down. Then draw a splendid oak openin' so as to give a good view, paint a squirrel on the tip top of the highest branch of the loftiest tree, place me off at a hundred yards, drawin' a bead on him fine, then show the smoke, and young squire squirrel comin' tumblin' down head over heels lumpus', to see whether the ground was as hard as dead squirrels said it was. Paint me nateral, I beseech you; for I tell you now, as I told you before, and ever shall say, there is nothin' worth havin' or knowin', or hearin', or readin', or seein', or tastin', or smellin', or feelin', and above all and more than all, nothin' worth affectionin' but *Natur*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SOCDOLAGER.

As soon as I found my friend Mr. Hopewell comfortably settled in his lodgings, I went to the office of the Belgian Consul and other persons to obtain the necessary passports for visiting Germany, where I had a son at school. Mr. Slick proceeded at the same time to the residence of his Excellency Abednego Layman, who had been sent to this country by the United States on a special mission, relative to the Tariff.

On my return from the city in the afternoon, he told me he had presented his credentials to "the Socdolager," and was most graciously and cordially received; but still I could not fail to observe that there was an evident air of disappointment about him.

"Pray, what is the meaning of the Socdolager," I asked. "I never heard of the term before."

"Possible!" said he, "never heerd tell of 'the Socdolager,' why you don't say so! The Socdolager is the President of the lakes—he is the whale of the intarnal seas—the Indgians worshipped him once on a time as the king of fishes. He lives in great state in the deep waters, does the old boy, and he don't often show himself. I never see'd him myself, nor any one that ever had sot eyes on him; but the old Indgians have see'd him and know him well. He won't take no bait, will the Socdolager; he can't be caught, no how you can fix it, he is so 'tarnal knowin', and he can't be speared nother, for the moment he sees aim taken, he ryles the water and is out of sight in no time. *He* can take in whole shoals of others hisself, tho' at a mouthful. He's a whapper, that's a fact. I call our Minister here 'the Socdolager,' for our *di*plomaters were never known to be hooked once yet, and actilly beat all natur' for knowin' the soundin's, smellin' the bait, givin' the dodge, or rylin' the water, so no soul can see thro' it but themselves. Yes, he is 'a Socdolager,' or a whale among *di*plomaters.

"Well, I rigs up this morning, full fig, calls a cab, and proceeds in state to our embassy, gives what Cooper calls a lord's beat of six thund'rin' raps of the knocker, presents the legation ticket, and was admitted to where ambassador was. He is a very pretty man all up his shirt, and he talks pretty, and smiles pretty, and bows pretty, and he has got the whitest hand you ever see, it looks as white as a new bread and milk poultice. It does indeed.

"'Sam Slick,' sais he, 'as I'm alive. Well, how do you do, Mr. Slick? I am 'nation glad to see you, I affection you as a member of our legation. I feel kinder proud to have the first literary man of our great nation as my Attaché.

"'Your knowledge of human natur, sais he, ('added to your'n of soft sawder,' sais I,) 'will raise our great nation, I guess, in the scale o' European estimation.'

"He is as sensit*ive* as a skinned eel, is Layman, and he winced at that póke at his soft sawder like anything, and puckered a little about the mouth, but he didn't say nothin', he only bowed. He was a Unitarian preacher once, was Abednego, but he swapt preachin' for politics, and a good trade he made of it too; that's a fact.

"'A great change,' sais I, 'Abednego, since you was a preachin' to Connecticut, and I was a vendin' of clocks to Nova Scotia, ain't it? Who'd a thought then, you'd a been "a Socdolager," and me your "pilot fish," eh!'

"It was a raw spot, that, and I always touched him on it for fun.

"'Sam,' said he, and his face fell like an empty puss, when it gets a few cents put into each eend on it, the weight makes it grow twice as long in a minute. 'Sam,' said he, 'don't call me that are, except when we are alone here, that's a good soul; not that I am proud, for I am a true Republican;' and he put his hand on his heart, bowed and smiled hansum, 'but these people will make a nickname of it, and we shall never hear the last of it, that's a fact. We must respect ourselves afore others will respect us. You onderstand, don't you?'

"'Oh, don't I,' sais I, 'that's all? It's only here I talks this way, because we are at home now; but I can't help a thinkin' how strange things do turn up sometimes. Do you recollect, when I heard you a-preachin' about Hope a-pitchin' of her tent on a hill? By gosh, it struck me then, you'd pitch your tent high some day; you did it beautiful.'

"He know'd I didn't like this change, that Mr. Hopewell had kinder inoculated me with other guess views on these matters, so he began to throw up bankments and to picket in the ground, all round for defence like.

"'Hope,' sais he, 'is the attribute of a Christian, Slick, for he hopes beyond this world; but I changed on principle.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I changed on interest; now if our great nation is backed by principal and interest here, I guess its credit is kinder well built. And atween you and me, Abednego, that's more than the soft-horned British will ever see from all our States. Some on 'em are intarmined to pay neither debt nor interest, and give nothin' but lip in retarn.'

"'Now,' sais he, a pretendin' to take no notice of this, 'you knew we have the Voluntary with us, Mr. Slick.' He said '*Mister*' that time, for he began to get formal on puppus to stop jokes; but, dear me, where all men are equal what's the use of one man tryin' to look big? He must take to growin' agin I guess to do that. 'You know we have the Voluntary with us, Mr. Slick,' sais he.

"'Jist so,' sais I.

"'Well, what's the meanin' of that?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'that you support religion or let it alone, as you like; that you can take it up as a pedlar does his pack, carry it till you are tired, then lay it down, set on it, and let it support you.'

"'Exactly,' sais he; 'it is voluntary on the hearer, and it's jist so with the minister, too; for his preachin' is voluntary also. He can preach or let it alone, as he likes. It's voluntary all through. It's a bad rule that won't work both ways.'

"'Well, sais I, 'there is a good deal in that, too.' I said that jist to lead him on.

"'A good deal!' sais he, 'why it's everything. But I didn't rest

on that alone; I propounded this maxim to myself. Every man, sais I, is bound to sarve his fellow citizens to his utmost. That's true; ain't it, Mr. Slick?'

"'Guess so,' sais I.

"'Well then, I asked myself this here question: Can I sarve my fellow citizens best by bein' minister to Peach settlement, 'tendin' on a little village of two thousand souls, and preachin' my throat sore, or bein' special minister to Saint Jimses, and sarvin' our great Republic and its thirteen millions? Why, no reasonable man can doubt; so I give up preachin'.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'Abednego, you are a Socdolager, that's a fact; you are a great man and a great scholard. Now a great scholard, when he can't do a sum the way its stated, jist states it so—he *can* do it. Now the right way to state that sum is arter this fashion: "Which is best, to endeavor to save the souls of two thousand people under my spiritual charge, or let them go to Old Nick and save a piece of wild land in Maine, get pay for an old steamer burnt to Canada, and uphold the slave trade for the interest of the States."

"'That's specious, but not true,' said he; 'but it's a matter rather for my consideration than your'n,' and he looked as a feller does when he buttons his trousers' pocket, as much as to say, you have no right to be a puttin' of your pickers and stealers in there, that's mine. 'We will do better to be less selfish,' said he, 'and talk of our great nation.'

"'Well,' says I, 'how do we stand here in Europe? Do we maintain the high pitch we had, or do we sing a note lower than we did?'

"Well, he walked up and down the room, with his hands onder his coat-tails, for ever so long, without a sayin' of a word. At last, sais he, with a beautiful smile that was jist skin deep, for it played on his face as a cat's-paw does on the calm waters, 'What was you a sayin' of, Mr. Slick?' sais he.

"'What's our position to Europe?' sais I, 'jist now; is it letter A, No. 1?'

"'Oh!' sais he, and he walked up and down agin, cypherin' like to himself; and then says he, 'I'll tell you; that word Socdolager, and the trade of preachin', and clockmakin', it would be as well to sink here; neither on 'em convene with dignity. Don't you think so?'

"'Sartainly,' sais I; 'it's only fit to talk over a cigar, alone. It don't always answer a good purpose to blart everything out. But our *position*,' sais I, 'among the nations of the airth, is it what our everlastin' Union is entitled to?'

"'Because,' sais he, 'some day when I am asked out to dinner, some wag or another of a lord will call me parson, and ask me to crave a blessin', jist to raise the larf agin me for havin' been a preacher.'

"'If he does,' sais I, 'jist say, my Attaché does that, and I'll jist

up first and give it to him atween the two eyes; and when that's done, sais you, my Lord, that's *your grace* afore meat; pr'aps your lordship will *return thanks* arter dinner. Let him try it, that's all. But our great nation,' sais I, 'tell me, hante that noble stand we made on the right of sarch, raised us about the toploftiest?'

"'Oh', sais he, 'right of sarch! right of sarch! I've been tryin to sarch my memory, but can't find it. I don't recollect that sarmont about Hope pitchin' her tent on the hill." When was it?'

"'It was afore the juvenile-united-democratic-republican association to Funnel Hall,' sais I.

"'Oh,' says he, 'that was an oration—it was an oration that.'

"'Oh!' sais I, 'we won't say no more about that; I only meant it as a joke, and nothin' more. But railly now, Abednego, what is the state of our legation?'

"'I don't see nothin' ridikilous,' sais he, 'in that are expression, of Hope pitchin' her tent on a hill. It's figurativ' and poetic, but it's within the line that divides taste from bombast. Hope pitchin' her tent on a hill! What is there to reprehend in that?'

"'Good airth and seas,' sais I, 'let's pitch Hope, and her tent, and the hill, all to Old Nick in a heap together, and talk of somethin' else. You needn't be so perkily ashamed of havin' preached, man. Cromwell was a great preacher all his life, but it didn't spile him as a Socdolager one bit, but rather helped him, that's a fact. How 'av we held our footin' here?'

"'Not well, I am grieved to say,' sais he; 'not well. The failure of the United States' Bank, the repudiation of debts by several of our States, the foolish opposition we made to the suppression of the slave-trade, and above all, the bad faith in the business of the boundary question has lowered us down, down, e'en a'most to the bottom of the shaft.'

"'Abednego,' sais I, 'we want sunthin' besides boastin' and talkin' big; we want a dash—a great stroke of policy. Washington hangin' André that time, gained more than a battle. Jackson by hangin' Arbuthnot and Anbristher, gained his election. M'Kennie for havin' hanged them three citizens will be made an admiral of yet, see if he don't. Now, if Captain Tyler had said, in his message to Congress, 'Any State that repudiates its foreign debts, we will first fine it in the whole amount, and then cut it off from our great, free, enlightened, moral and intellectual republic', he would have gained by the dash his next election, and run up our flag to the mast-head in Europe. He would have been popular to home, and respected abroad, that's as clear as mud.'

"'He would have done right, Sir, if he had done that,' said Abednego, 'and the right thing is always approved of in the eend, and always esteemed all through the piece. A dash, as a stroke of policy,' said he, 'has sometimes a good effect. General Jackson

threatenin France with a war, if they didn't pay the indemnity, when he knew the King would make 'em pay it whether or no, was a masterpiece; and General Cass tellin' France if she signed the right of sarch treaty, we would fight both her and England together single-handed, was the best move on the political chess-board this century. All these, Sir, are very well in their way, to produce an effect; but there's a better policy nor all that, a far better policy, and one, too, that some of our States and legislators, and presidents, and Socdolagers, as you call 'em, in my mind have got to larn yet, Sam.'

"'What's that?' sais I. 'For I don't believe in my soul there is nothin' a'most our diplomaters don't know. They are a body o' men that does honor to our great nation. What policy are you a indicatin' of?'

"'Why,' sais he, '*that honesty is the best policy.*'

"When I heerd him say that, I springs right up one end like a rope dancer. 'Give me your hand, Abednego,' sais I; 'you are a man, every inch of you,' and I squeezed it so hard, it made his eyes water. 'I always knowed you had an excellent head-piece,' sais I, 'and now I see the heart is in the right place too. If you have thrown preachin' overboard, you have kept your morals for ballast, any how. I feel kinder proud of you; you are jist a fit representat*ive* for our great nation. You are a Socdolager, that's a fact. I approbate your notion; it's as correct as a bootjack. For nations or individuals, it's all the same, honesty *is* the best policy, and no mistake. That,' sais I, 'is the hill, Abednego, for Hope to pitch her tent on, and no mistake,' and I put my finger to my nose, and winked.

"'Well,' sais he, 'it is; but you are a droll feller, Slick—there is no standin' your jokes. I'll give you leave to larf if you like, but you must give me leave to win if I can. Good bye. But mind, Sam, our dignity is at stake. Let's have no more of Socdolagers, or Preachin', or Clockmakin', or Hope pitchin' her tent. A word to the wise. Good bye.'

"Yes," said Mr. Slick, "I rather like Abednego's talk, myself. I kinder think that it will be respectable to be Attaché to such a man as that. But he is goin' out of town for some time, is the Socdolager. There is an agricultural dinner, where he has to make a conciliation speech; and a scientific association, where there is a piece of delicate brag and a bit of soft sawder to do, and then there are visits to the nobility, peep at manufactures, and all that sort of work, so he won't be in town for a good spell, and until then, I can't go to Court, for he is to introduce me himself. Pity that, but then it'll give me lots o' time to study human natur', that is, if there is any of it left here, for I have some doubts about that. Yes, he is an able lead horse, is Abednego; he is a'most a grand preacher, a good poet, a first chop orator, a great diplomater, and a top sawyer of a man; in short—he *is* a *Socdolager*."

CHAPTER XV.

DINING OUT.

My visit to Germany was protracted beyond the period I had originally designed; and, during my absence, Mr. Slick had been constantly in company, either "dining out" daily, when in town, or visiting from one house to another in the country.

I found him in great spirits. He assured me he had many capital stories to tell me, and that he rather guessed he knew as much of the English, and a leetle, jist a leetle, grain more, p'raps, than they knew of the Yankees.

"They are considerable large print, are the Bull family," said he; "you can read them by moonlight. Indeed, their faces ain't onlike the moon in a gineral way; only one has got a man in it, and the other hain't always. It tante a bright face; you can look into it without winkin'. It's a cloudy one here, too, especially in November; and most all the time makes you rather sad and solemcholy. Yes, John is a moony man, that's a fact, and at the full a little queer sometimes.

"England is a stupid country compared to our'n. *There is no variety where there is no natur'*. You have class variety here, but no individuality. They are insipid, and call it perlite. The men dress alike, talk alike, and look as much alike as Providence will let 'em. The club-houses and the tailors have done a good deal towards this, and so has whiggism and dissent; for they have destroyed distinctions.

"But this is too deep for me. Ask Minister, he will tell you the cause; I only tell you the fact.

"Dinin' out here, is both heavy work, and light feedin'. It's monstrous stupid. One dinner, like one rainy day (it's rained ever since I been here, a'most), is like another; one drawin'-room like another drawin'-room; one peer's entertainment, in a gineral way, is like another peer's. The same powdered, liveried, lazy, idle, good-for-nothin', do-little, stand-in-the-way-of-each-other, useless sarvants. Same picturs, same plate, same fixin's, same don't-know-what-to-do-with-yourself-kinder-o'-lookin'-master. Great folks are like great folks, marchants like marchants, and so on. It's a pictur, it looks like life, b ,t it tante. The animal is tamed here; he is fatter than the wild one, but he hante the spirit.

"You've seen Old Clay in a pastur' a racin' about, free from harness, head and tail up, snortin', cavortin', attitudinizin' of himself. Mane flowin' in the wind, eye-ball startin' out, nostrils inside out a'most, ears pricked up. *A nateral hoss;* put him in a waggon, with a rael spic and span harness, all covered over with brass buckles and brass knobs, and ribbons in his bridle, rael jam. Curb him up, talk Yankee to him, and get his ginger up. Well, he looks well; but he is '*a broke hoss.*' He reminds you of Sam Slick; cause when you see a hoss, you think of his master; but he don't remind you of the rael '*Old Clay,*' that's a fact.

"Take a day here, now, in town; and they are so identical the same, that one day sartificates for another. You can't get out a bed afore twelve, in winter, the days is so short, and the fires ain't made, or the room dusted, or the breakfast can't be got, or sunthin' or another. And if you did, what's the use? There is no one to talk to, and books only weaken your understandin', as water does brandy. They make you let others guess for you, instead of guessin' for yourself. Sarvants spile your habits here, and books spile your mind. I wouldn't swap ideas with any man. I make my own opinions, as I used to do my own clocks; and I find they are truer than other men's. The Turks are so cussed heavy, they have people to dance for 'em; the English are wus, for they hire people to think for 'em. Never read a book, Squire—always think for yourself.

"Well, arter breakfast, it's on hat and coat, ombrella in hand (don't never forget that, for the rumatiz, like the perlice, is always on the look out here, to grab hold of a feller), and go somewhere where there is somebody or another, and smoke, and then wash it down with a sherry-cobbler; (the drinks ain't good here; they hante no variety in them nother: no white-nose, apple-jack, stone wall, chain-lightning, rail-road, hail-storm ginsling-talabogus, switchel flip, gum-ticklers, phlegm-cutters, juleps, skate-iron, cast-steel, cock-tail, or nothin', but that heavy, stupid, black fat porter;) then down to the coffee-house, see what vessels have arrived, how markets is, whether there is a chance of doin' anythin' in cotton and tobacco, whose broke to home, and so on. Then go to the park, and see what's a goin' on there: whether those pretty critturs, the rads, are a holdin' a prime minister 'parsonally responsible,' by shootin' at him; or whether there is a levee, or the Queen is ridin' out, or what not; take a look at the world, make a visit or two to kill time, when all at once it's dark. Home then, smoke a cigar, dress for dinner, and arrive at a quarter past seven.

"Folks are up to the notch here when dinner is in question, that's a fact, fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap, rap, rap, for twenty minutes at the door, and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the sarvants can carry up their names.

Cuss them sarvants! it takes seven or eight of 'em to carry a man's name up stairs, they are so awful lazy, and so shockin' full of porter. If a feller was so lame he had to be carried up himself, I don't believe, on my soul, the whole gang of them, from the Butler that dresses in the same clothes as his master, to Boots that ain't dressed at all, could make out to bowse him up stairs, upon my soul I don't.

"Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape, and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn, as if a feller's name was called out to take his place at a funeral; that and the mistakes is the fun of it. There is a sarvant at a house I visit at, that I suspicion is a bit of a bam, and the crittur shows both his wit and sense. He never does it to a 'somebody,' cause that would cost him his place; but when a 'nobody' has a droll name, he jist gives an accent, or a sly twist to it, that folks can't help a larfin', no more than Mr. Nobody can feelin' like a fool. He's a droll boy, that; I should like to know him.

"Well, arter 'nouncin' is done, then comes two questions—do I know anybody here? and if I do, does he look like talk or not? Well, seein' that you have no handle to your name, and a stranger, it's most likely you can't answer these questions right; so you stand and use your eyes, and put your tongue up in its case till it's wanted. Company are all come, and now they have to be marshalled two and two, lock and lock, and go into the dinin'-room to feed.

"When I first came, I was nation proud of that title, 'the Attaché;' now I am happified it's nothin' but 'only an Attache,' and I'll tell you why. The great guns, and big bags, have to take in each other's ladies, so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together, and I've observed these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other, and are jist like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go anywhere, and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Somebodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies needn't, and never are, unless they are spicy sort o' folks; so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their eend, and no mistake.

"I wouldn't take a title if they would give it to me; for if I had one, I should have a fat old parblind dowager detailed on to me to take in to dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and sattins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gall to take in that's a jewel herself—one that don't want no settin' off, and carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on. I've

told our Minister not to introduce me as an Attaché no more, but as Mr. Nobody, from the State of Nothin', in America—*that's natur' agin.*

"But to get back to the dinner. Arter you are in marchin' order, you move in through two rows of sarvants in uniform. I used to think they was placed there for show; but it's to keep the air off of folks a goin' through the entry, and it ain't a bad thought, nother.

"Lord, the first time I went to one o' these grand let offs, I felt kinder skeery, and as nobody was allocated to me to take in, I goes in alone, not knowin' where I was to settle down as a squatter, and kinder lagged behind; when the butler comes and rams a napkin in my hand, and gives me a shove, and sais he, 'Go and stand behind your master, Sir,' sais he. Oh, Solomon! how that waked me up! How I curled inwardly when he did that! 'You've mistaken the child,' says I mildly, and I held out the napkin, and jist as he went to take it, I gave him a sly poke in the bread basket, that made him bend forward and say 'eugh.' 'Wake Snakes, and walk your chalks,' sais I, 'will you?' and down I pops on the fust empty chair. Lord, how white he looked about the gills arterwards! I thought I should a split when I looked at him. Guess he'll know an Attaché when he sees him next time.

"Well, there is dinner. One sarvice of plate is like another sarvice of plate, any one dozen of sarvants are like another dozen of sarvants, hock is hock, and champaigne is champaigne—and one dinner is like another dinner. The only difference is in the thing itself that's cooked. Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you mustn't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be incog. too; beef must have a mask on; anythin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; anythin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems rael flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish: nothin' must be nateral—natur' is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country—everything is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say, the dinner machinery is parfect.

"Sarvants keep going round and round in a ring, slow, but sartin, and for ever, like the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dum show, afore your nose, for you to see how you like the flavor; when your glass is empty, it's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it's off too, afore you can say Nick Biddle.

"Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a '*subdued tone.*' Poor tame things, they are subdued, that's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary, tyrannical fashion, that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't often speak across a table any more nor you do across a street, but p'raps Mr. Somebody, of West End

of town, will say to a Mr. Nobody, from West Eend of America: 'Niagara is noble.' Mr. Nobody will say, 'Guess it is—it got its patent afore the "Norman *Conquest*," I reckon, and afore the "*subdued* tone" come in fashion.' Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle, and say, 'Great rivers and great trees in America. You speak good English.' And then he will seem surprised, but not say it—only you can read the words on his face, 'Upon my soul, you are a'most as white as us.'

"Dinner is over. It's time for ladies to cut stick. Aunt Goosey looks at the next oldest goosey, and ducks her head, as if she was a goin' through a gate, and then they all come to their feet, and the goslins come to their feet, and they all toddle off to the drawin'-room together.

"The decanters now take the 'grand tour' of the table, and, like most travellers, go out with full pockets, and return with empty ones. Talk has a pair of stays here, and is laced up tight and stiff. Larnin' is pedantic; politics is onsafe; religion ain't fashionable. You must tread on neutral ground. Well, neutral ground gets so trampled down by both sides, and so plundered by all, there ain't anything fresh or good grows on it, and it has no cover for game nother.

"Housundever, the ground is tried, it's well beat, but nothin' is put up, and you get back to where you started. Uncle Gander looks at next oldest gander hard, bobs his head, and lifts one leg already for a go, and says, 'Will you take any more wine?' 'No,' sais he, 'but I take the hint, let's jine the ladies.'

"Well, when the whole flock is gathered in the goose pastur, the drawin'-room, other little flocks come troopin' in, and stand, or walk, or down on chairs; and them that know each other, talk, and them that don't, twirl their thumbs over their fingers; and when they are tired of that, twirl their fingers over their thumbs. I'm nobody, and so I goes and sets side-ways on an ottarman, like a gall on a side-saddle, and look at what's afore me. And fust I always look at the galls.

"Now, this I will say, they are amazin' fine critters are the women kind here, when they are taken proper care of. The English may stump the univarse a'most for trainin' hosses and galls. They give 'em both plenty of walkin' exercise, feed 'em regular, shoe 'em well, trim 'em neat, and keep a beautiful skin on 'em. They keep 'em in good health, and don't house 'em too much. They are clippers, that's a fact. There is few things in natur, equal to a hoss and a gall, that's well-trained and in good condition. I could stand all day and look at 'em, and I call myself a considerable of a judge. It's singular how much they are alike, too, the moment the trainin' is over or neglected, neither of 'em is fit to be seen; they grow out of shape, and look coarse.

"They are considerable knowin' in this kind o' ware too, are the English; they vamp 'em up so well, it's hard to tell their age, and I ain't sure they don't make 'em live longer, than where the art ain't so well practised. The mark o' mouth is kept up in a hoss here by the file, and a hay-cutter saves his teeth, and helps his digestion. Well, a dentist does the same good turn for a woman; it makes her pass for several years younger, and helps her looks, mends her voice, and makes her as smart as a three year old.

"What's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too, it's scientific they say, it's done by rule. Jist look at that gall to the piany; first comes a little Garman thunder. Good earth and seas, what a crash! it seems as if she'd bang the instrument to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at somebody and is a peggin' it into the piany out of spite. Now comes the singin': see what faces she makes, how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn door, and turns up the white of her eyes, like a duck in thunder. She is in a musical ecstacy is that gall, she feels good all over, her soul is a goin' out along with that ere music. Oh it's divine, and she is an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is, and when I am an angel, I will fall in love with her; but as I am a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle, jist a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle, jist a leetle less of an angel. But hullo! what onder the sun is she about, why her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out agin as deep toned as a man's; while that dandy feller along side of her, is singin' what they call falsetter. They've actilly changed voices. The gall sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman. This is science: this is taste: this is fashion: but hang me if it's natur. I'm tired to death of it, but one good thing is, you needn't listen without you like, for every body is talking as loud as ever.

"Lord, how extremes meet, sometimes, as Minister says. *Here*, now, fashion is the top of the pot, and that pot hangs on the highest hook on the crane. In *America*, natur can't go on no farther; it's the raal thing. Look at the women kind, now. An Indgian gall, down South, goes most naked. Well, a splendiferous company gall, here, when she is *full dressed* is only *half covered*, and neither of 'em attract you one mite or morsel. *We* dine at two, and sup at seven; *here* they lunch at two, and dine at seven. The words are different, but they are identical the same. Well, the singin' is amazin' like, too. Who ever heerd them Italian singers recitin' their jabber, showin' their teeth, and cuttin' didoes at a great private consart, that wouldn't take his oath he had heerd niggers at a dignity ball, down South, sing jist the same, and jist as well. And then do, for goodness' gracious' sake, hear that great absent man, belongin' to the House o' Commons, when the chaplain says, 'Let us pray!' sing right out at once, as if he was to home, 'Oh, by all means,' as

much as to say, 'me and the powers above are ready to hear you; but don't be long about it.'

"Ain't that for all the world like a camp-meetin', when a reformed ring-tail roarer calls out to the minister, 'That's a fact, Welly Fobus, by Gosh; amen!' or when preacher says, 'Who will be saved?' answers, 'Me and the boys, throw us a hencoop; the galls will drift down stream on a bale o' cotton.' Well, then, *our* very lowest, and *their* very highest, don't always act pretty, that's a fact. Sometimes 'they *repudiate*.' You take, don't you?

"There is another party to-night; the flock is a thinnin' off again; and as I want a cigar most amazin'ly, let's go to a divan, and some other time, I'll tell you what a swoi*ree* is. But answer me this here question now, Squire: when this same thing is acted over and over, day after day, and no variation, from July to eternity, don't you think you'd get a leetle—jist a leetle more tired of it every day, and wish for natur once more. If you wouldn't I would, that's all."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NOSE OF A SPY.

"SQUIRE," said Mr. Hopewell, "you know Sam well enough, I hope, to make all due allowances for the exuberance of his fancy. The sketch he has just given you of London society, like the novels of the present day, though founded on fact, is very unlike the reality. There may be assemblages of persons in this great city, and no doubt there are, quite as insipid and absurd as the one he has just portrayed; but you must not suppose it is at all a fair specimen of the society of this place. My own experience is quite the reverse. I think it the most refined, the most agreeable, and the most instructive in the world. Whatever your favorite study or pursuit may be, here you are sure to find well-informed and enthusiastic associates. If you have merit, it is appreciated; and for an aristocratic country, that merit places you on a level with your superiors in rank in a manner that is quite incomprehensible to a republican. Money is the great leveller of distinctions with us: here it is talent. Fashion spreads many tables here; but talent is always found seated at the best, if it thinks proper to comply with certain usages, without which even genius ceases to be attractive.

"On some future occasion I will enter more at large on this subject; but now it is too late; I have already exceeded my usual hour for retiring. Excuse me, Sam," said he, "I know you will

not be offended with me; but, Squire, there are some subjects on which Sam may amuse, but cannot instruct you; and one is, fashionable life in London. You must judge for yourself, Sir. Good night, my children."

Mr. Slick rose, and opened the door for him, and as he passed, bowed, and held out his hand, "Remember me, your honor;" no man opens the door in this country without being paid for it, "Remember me, Sir."

"True, Sam," said the Minister; "and it is unlucky that it does not extend to opening the mouth; if it did, you would soon make your fortune, for you can't keep yours shut. Good night."

The society to which I have subsequently had the good fortune to be admitted, fully justifies the eulogium of Mr. Hopewell. Though many persons can write well, few can talk well; but the number of those who excel in conversation is much greater in certain circles in London than in any other place. By talking well, I do not mean talking wisely or learnedly, but agreeably; for relaxation and pleasure are the principal objects of social assemblies. This can only be illustrated by instancing some very remarkable persons, who are the pride and pleasure of every table they honor and delight with their presence. But this may not be. For obvious reasons, I could not do it if I would; and most assuredly, I would not do it if I could. No more certain mode could be devised of destroying conversation, than by showing, that when the citadel is unguarded, the approach of a friend is as unsafe as that of an enemy.

Alas! poor Hook! who can read the unkind notice of thee in a late periodical, and not feel that on some occasions you must have admitted to your confidence men who were as unworthy of that distinction as they were incapable of appreciating it; and that they who will disregard the privileges of a table, will not hesitate to violate even the sanctity of the tomb. Cant may talk of your "*inter pocula*" errors with pious horror; and pretension, now that its indulgence is safe, may affect to disclaim your acquaintance; but kinder, and better, and truer men than those who furnished your biographer with his facts will not fail to recollect your talents with pride, and your wit and your humor with wonder and delight.

We do not require such flagrant examples as these to teach us our duty, but they are not without their use in increasing our caution.

When Mr. Hopewell withdrew, Mr. Slick observed:

"Ain't that ere old man a trump? He is always in the right place. Whenever you want to find him, jist go and look for him where he ought to be, and there you will find him as sure as there is snakes in Varginy. He is a brick, that's a fact. Still, for all that, he ain't jist altogether a citizen of this world, nother. He fishes in deep water, with a sinker to his hook. He can't throw a

fly as I can, reel out his line, run down stream, and then wind up, wind up, wind up, and let out, and wind up again, till he lands his fish, as I do. He looks deep into things, is a better religionist, polititioner, and bookster than I be: but then that's all he does know. If you want to find your way about, or read a man, come to me, that's all; for I'm the boy that jist can do it. If I can't walk into a man, I can dodge round him; and if he is too nimble for that, I can jump over him; and if he is too tall for that, although I don't like the play, yet I can whip him.

"Now, Squire, I have been a good deal to England, and crossed this big pond here the matter of seven times, and know a good deal about it, more than a great many folks that have writtin' books on it, p'raps. Mind what I tell you, the English ain't what they was. I'm not speakin' in jeest now, or in prejudice. I hante a grain of prejudice in me. I've seed too much of the world for that, I reckon. I call myself a candid man, and I tell you the English are no more like what the English used to be, when pigs were swine, and turkies chawed tobacky, than they are like the Picts or Scots, or Norman, French, or Saxons, or nothin'."

"Not what they used to be?" I said. "Pray, what do you mean?"

"I mean," said he, "jist what I say. They ain't the same people no more. They are as proud, and overbearin', and concaited, and haughty to foreigners as ever; but then, they ain't so manly, open-hearted, and noble as they used to be, oncte upon a time. They have the Spy System now in full operation here; so jist take my advice, and mind your potatoe-trap, or you will be in trouble afore you are ten days older, see if you ain't."

"The Spy System!" I replied. "Good heavens, Mr. Slick, how can you talk such nonsense, and yet have the modesty to say you have no prejudice?"

"Yes, the Spy System," said he, "and I'll prove it. You know Dr. Mc'Dougall to Nova Scotia: well, he knows all about mineralogy, and geology, and astrology, and everything a'most, except what he ought to know, and that is dollar-ology. For he ain't over and above half well off, that's a fact. Well, a critter of the name of Oatmeal, down to Pictou, said to another Scotchman there one day, 'The great nateralist, Dr. Mc'Dougall, is come to town.'

"'Who?' says Sawney.

"'Dr. Mc'Dougall, the nateralist,' says Oatmeal.

"'Hout, mon,' says Sawney, 'he is nae nateral, that chiel; he kens mair than maist men; he is nae that fool you take him to be."

"Now, I am not such a fool as you take *me* to be, Squire. Whenever I did a sum to school, Minister used to say, 'Prove it, Sam, and if it won't prove, do it over agin, till it will; a sum ain't

right when it won't prove.' Now, I say the English have the Spy System, and I'll prove it; nay, more than that, they have the nastiest, dirtiest, meanest, sneakenest system in the world. It is ten times as bad as the French plan. In France they have bar-keepers, waiters, chamber galls, guides, quotillions,—"

"Postillions, you mean," I said.

"Well, postillions then, for the French have queer names for people, that's a fact; disbanded sodgers, and such trash, for spies. In England they have airls and countesses, Parliament men, and them that call themselves gentlemen and ladies, for spies."

"How very absurd!" said I.

"Oh yes, very absurd," said Mr. Slick. "Whenever I say anythin' agin England, it's very absurd, it's all prejudice. Nothin' is strange, though, when it is said of us, and the absurder it is, the truer it is. I can bam as well as any man when bam is the word; but when fact is the play, I am right up and down, and true as a trivet. I won't deceive you; I'll prove it.

"There was a Kurnel Dun—dun—plague take his name, I can't recollect it, but it makes no odds—I know *he* is Done for, though, that's a fact. Well, he was a British kurnel, that was out to Halifax when I was there. I know'd him by sight, I don't know him by talk, for I didn't fill then the dignified situation I now do, of Attaché. I was only a clockmaker then, and I suppose he wouldn't have dirtied the tip eend of his white glove with me then, any more than I would sile mine with him now; and very expensive and troublesome things them white gloves be, too; there is no keepin' of them clean. For my part, I don't see why a man can't make his own skin as clean as a kid's, any time; and if a feller can't be let shake hands with a gall except he has a glove on, why ain't he made to cover his lips, and kiss thro' his kid skin too?

"But to get back to the kurnel, and it's a pity he hadn't had a glove over *his* mouth, that's a fact. Well, he went home to England with his regiment, and one night when he was dinin' among some first chop men, nobles and so on, they sot up considerable late over their claret; and poor thin cold stuff it is, too, is claret. A man *may* get drowned in it, but how the plague he can get drunk with it, is hard to me. It's like everything else French, it has no substance in it; it's nothin' but red ink, that's a fact. Well, how it was I don't know, but so it eventuated, that about daylight he was mops and brooms, and began to talk somethin' or another he hadn't ought to; somethin' he didn't know himself, and somethin' he didn't mean, and didn't remember.

"Faith, next mornin' he was booked; and the first thing he see'd when he waked was another man a tryin' on of his shoes, to see how they'd fit to march to the head of his regiment with. Fact, I assure you, and a fact too that shows what Englishmen has come to;

I despise 'em, I hate 'em, I scorn such critters as I do oncaream-cized niggers."

"What a strange perversion of facts!" I replied.

But he would admit of no explanation. "Oh yes, quite par-varted; not a word of truth in it; there never is when England is consarned. There is no beam in an Englishman's eye; no, not a smell of one; he has pulled it out long ago; that's the reason he can see the mote in other folks's so plain. Oh, of course it ain't true; it's a Yankee invention; it's a hickory ham and a wooden nutmeg.

"Well, then, there was another feller got bagged t'other day, as innocent as could be, for givin' his opinion when folks was a talkin' about matters and things in gineral, and this here one in partikilar. I can't tell the words, for I don't know 'em, nor care about 'em; and if I did, I couldn't carry 'em about so long; but it was for sayin' it hadn't ought to have been taken notice of, considerin' it jist popt out permiscuous like with the bottle-cork. If he hadn't a had the clear grit in him, and show'd teeth and claws, they'd a nullified him so, you wouldn't have see'd a grease spot of him no more. What do you call that, now? Do you call that liberty? Do you call that old English? Do you call it pretty—say, now? Thank God, it tante Yankee."

"I see you have no prejudice, Mr. Slick," I replied.

"Not one mite or morsel," he said. "Tho' I was born in Connecticut, I have travelled all over the thirteen united universal worlds of ourn, and am a citizen at large. No, I have no prejudice. You say I am mistakend; p'raps I am, I hope I be, and a stranger may get hold of the wrong eend of a thing, sometimes, that's a fact. But I don't think I *be* wrong, or else the papers don't tell the truth; and I read it in all the jarnals; I did, upon my soul. Why, man, it's history now, if such nasty mean doins is worth puttin' into a book.

"What makes this Spy System to England wuss, is that these eaves-droppers are obliged to hear all that's said, or lose what commission they hold; at least so folks tell me. I recollect when I was there last, for it's some years since Government first sot up the Spy System; there was a great feed given to a Mr. Robe, or Robie, or some such name, an out and out Tory. Well, sunthin' or another was said over their cups, that might as well have been let alone, I do suppose—tho', dear me, what is the use of wine but to onloosen the tongue, and what is the use of the tongue, but to talk? Oh, cuss 'em, I have no patience with them. Well, there was an officer of a marchin' regiment there, who it seems ought to have took down the words and sent 'em up to the head Gineral; but he was a knowin' coon, was officer, and *didn't hear it.* No sooner said than done; some one else did the dirty work for him; but you

can't have a substitute for this, you must sarve in person; so the old Gineral hawls him right up for it.

"'Why the plague didn't you make a fuss?' sais the General. 'Why didn't you get right up, and break up the party?'

"'I didn't hear it,' sais he.

"'You didn't hear it!' sais Old Swordbelt. 'Then you had ought to have heerd it; and for two pins, I'd sharpen your hearin' for you, so that a snore of a fly would wake you up, as if a byler had bust.'

"Oh, how it has lowered the English in the eyes of foreigners! How sneakin' it makes 'em look! They seem for all the world like scared dogs; and a dog, when he slopes off with his head down, his tail atween his legs, and his back so mean it won't bristle, is a caution to sinners. Lord, I wish I was Queen!"

"What, of such a degraded race as you say the English are—of such a mean-spirited, sneaking nation?"

"Well, they warn't always so," he replied. "I will say that, for I have no prejudice. By natur, there is sunthin' noble and manly in a Britisher, and always was, till this cussed Spy System got into fashion. They tell me it was the Liberals first brought it into vogue. How that is, I don't know; but I shouldn't wonder if it was them, for I know this, if a feller talks *very* liberal in politics, put him into office, and see what a tyrant he'll make. If he talks very liberal in religion, it's because he hante got none at all. If he talks very liberal to the poor, talk is all the poor will ever get out of him. If he talks liberal about corn law, it tante to feed the hungry, but to lower wages, and so on in everything a'most. None is so liberal as those as hante got nothin'. The most liberal feller I know on is 'Old Scratch himself.' If ever the liberals come in, they should make him Prime Minister. He is very liberal in religion, and would jine them in excludin' the Bible from common schools, I know. He is very liberal about the criminal code, for he can't bear to see criminals punished. He is very liberal in politics, for he don't approbate restraint, and likes to let every critter 'go to the devil' his own way. Oh, he should be Head Spy and Prime Minister, that feller.

"But without jokin', tho', if I was Queen, the fust time any o' my ministers came to me to report what the spies had said, I'd jist up and say, 'Minister,' I'd say, 'it's a cussed oninglish, onmanly, niggerly business, is this of pumpin', and spyin', and tattlin'. I don't like it a bit. I'll have neither art nor part in it; I wash my hands clear of it. It will jist break the spirit of my people. So, Minister, look here. The next report that is brought to me of a spy, I'll whip his tongue out and whop your ear off, or my name ain't Queen. So jist mind what I say; first spy pokes his nose into your office, chop it off and clap it up over Temple Bar, where they

puts the heads of traitors, and write these words over it, with your own fist, that they may know the handwritin', and not mistake the meanin'—*'This is the nose of a Spy.'*"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PATRON; OR, THE COW'S TAIL.

NOTHING is so fatiguing as sight-seeing. The number and variety of objects to which your attention is called, and the rapid succession in which they pass in review, at once wearies and perplexes the mind; and unless you take notes to refresh your memory, you are apt to find you carry away with you but an imperfect and indistinct recollection.

Yesterday was devoted to an inspection of the Tunnel and an examination of the Tower, two things that ought always to be viewed in juxta-position; one being the greatest evidence of the science and wealth of modern times, and the other of the power and pomp of our forefathērs.

It is a long time before a stranger can fully appreciate the extent of population and wealth of this vast metropolis. At first, he is astonished and confused; his vision is indistinct. By degrees he begins to understand its localities, the ground plan becomes intelligible, and he can take it all in at one view. The map is a large one; it is a chart of the world. He knows the capes and the bays; he has sailed round them, and knows their relative distance, and at last becomes aware of the magnitude of the whole. Object after object becomes more familiar. He can estimate the population; he compares the amount of it with that of countries that he is acquainted with, and finds that this one town contains within it nearly as great a number of souls as all British North America. He estimates the incomes of the inhabitants, and finds figures almost inadequate to express the amount. He asks for the source from whence it is derived. He resorts to his maxims of political economy, and they cannot inform him. He calculates the number of acres of land in England, adds up the rental, and is again at fault. He inquires into the statistics of the Exchange, and discovers that even that is inadequate; and, as a last resource, concludes that the whole world is tributary to this Queen of Cities. It is the heart of the Universe. All the circulation centres here, and hence are derived all those streams that give life and strength to the extremities. How vast, how populous, how rich, how well regulated, how well supplied,

how clean, how well ventilated, how healthy!—what a splendid city! How worthy of such an empire and such a people!

What is the result of his experience? *It is, that there is no such country in the world as England, and no such place in England as London; that London is better than any other town in winter, and quite as good as any other place in summer; that containing not only all that he requires, but all that he can wish, in the greatest perfection, he desires never to leave it.*

Local description, however, is not my object; I shall therefore return to my narrative.

Our examination of the Tower and the Tunnel occupied the whole day, and though much gratified, we were no less fatigued. On returning to our lodgings, I found letters from Nova Scotia. Among others, was one from the widow of an old friend, enclosing a memorial to the Commander-in-Chief, setting forth the important and gratuitous services of her late husband to the local government of the province, and soliciting for her son some small situation in the ordnance department, which had just fallen vacant at Halifax. I knew that it was not only out of my power to aid her, but that it was impossible for her, however strong the claims of her husband might be, to obtain her request. These things are required for friends and dependants in England; and in the race of competition, what chance of success has a colonist?

I made up my mind at once to forward her memorial as requested, but pondered on the propriety of adding to it a recommendation. It could do no good. At most, it would only be the certificate of an unknown man; of one who had neither of the two great qualifications, namely, county or parliamentary interest, but it might do harm. It might, by engendering ridicule from the insolence of office, weaken a claim, otherwise well founded. "Who the devil is this Mr. Thomas Poker, that recommends the prayer of the petition? The fellow imagines all the world must have heard of him. A droll fellow that, I take it from his name: but all colonists are queer fellows, eh?"

"Bad news from home?" said Mr. Slick, who had noticed my abstraction. "No screw loose there, I hope. You don't look as if you liked the flavor of that ere nut you are crackin' of. Who's dead? and what is to pay now?"

I read the letter and the memorial, and then explained from my own knowledge how numerous and how valuable were the services of my deceased friend, and expressed my regret at not being able to serve the memorialist.

"Poor woman!" said Mr. Hopewell, "I pity her. A colonist has no chance for these things; they have no patron. In this country merit will always obtain a patron—in the provinces never. The English are a noble-minded, generous people, and whoever here deserves encouragement or reward, is certain to obtain either or both:

but it must be a brilliant man, indeed, whose light can be perceived across the Atlantic."

"I entertain, Sir," I said, "a very strong prejudice against relying on patrons. Dr. Johnson, after a long and fruitless attendance on Lord Chesterfield, says: 'Seven years, my Lord, have now past since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Hopewell, "a man who feels that he is wrong, is always angry with somebody else. Dr. Johnson is not so much to be admired for the independence that dictated that letter, as condemned for the meanness and servility of seven years of voluntary degradation. It is no wonder he spoke with bitterness; for, while he censured his Lordship, he must have despised himself. There is a great difference between a literary and political patron. The former is not needed, and a man does better without one; the latter is essential. A good book, like good wine, needs no bush; but to get an office, you want merits or patrons; merits so great, that they cannot be passed over, or friends so powerful, they cannot be refused."

"Oh! you can't do nothin', Squire," said Mr. Slick, "send it back to Old Marm: tell her you have the misfortin to be a colonist; that if her son would like to be a constable, or a hogreave, or a thistle-viewer, or sunthin' or another of that kind, you are her man: but she has got the wrong cow by the tail this time. I never hear of a patron, I don't think of a frolic I once had with a cow's tail; and, by hanging on to it like a snappin' turtle, I jist saved my life, that's a fact.

"Tell you what it is, Squire, take a fool's advice, for once. Here you are; I have made you considerable well-known, that's a fact; and will introduce you to court, to king and queen, or any body you please. For our legation, though they can't dance, p'raps, as well as the French one can, could set all Europe a dancin' in wide awake airnest, if it chose. They darsent refuse us nothin', or we would fust embargo, and then go to war. Any one you want to know, I'll give you the ticket. Look round, select a good critter, and hold on to the tail, for dear life, and see if you hante a patron, worth havin'. You don't want none yourself, but you might want one some time or another, for them that's a coming arter you.

"When I was a half grow'd lad, the bears came down from Nor-West one year in droves, as a body might say, and our woods near Slickville was jist full of 'em. It warn't safe to go a wanderin' about there a doin' of nothin', I tell *you*. Well, one arternoon father sends me into the back pastur', to bring home the cows. 'And,' says he,

'keep a stirrin', Sam, go ahead right away, and be out of the bushes afore sunset, on account of the bears, for that's about the varmints' supper-time.'

"Well, I looks to the sky, and I sees it was a considerable of a piece yet to daylight down, so I begins to pick strawberries as I goes along, and you never see anything so thick as they were, and wherever the grass was long, they'd stand up like a little bush, and hang in clusters, most as big and twice as good, to my likin', as garden ones. Well, the sun, it appears to me, is like a hoss, when it comes near dark it mends its pace, and gets on like smoke, so afore I know'd where I was, twilight had come peepin' over the spruce tops.

"Off I sot, hot foot, into the bushes, arter the cows, and as always eventuates when you are in a hurry, they was further back than common that time, away ever so fur back to a brook, clean off to the rear of the farm, so that day was gone afore I got out of the woods, and I got proper frightened. Every noise I heerd I thought it was a bear, and when I looked round a one side, I guessed I heerd one on the other, and I hardly turned to look there, before I reckoned it was behind me, I was e'en almost skeered to death.

"Thinks I, 'I shall never be able to keep up to the cows if a bear comes arter 'em and chases 'em, and if I fall astarn, he'll just snap up a plump little corn fed feller like me in less than half no time. Cryin',' says I, 'though, will do no good. You must be up and doin,' Sam, or it's gone goose with you.'

'So a thought struck me. Father had always been a talkin' to me about the leadin' men, and makin' acquaintance with the political big bugs when I growed up and havin' a patron, and so on. Thinks I, I'll take the leadin' cow for *my* patron. So I jist goes and cuts a long tough ash saplin, and takes the little limbs off of it, and then walks alongside of Mooley, as meachin' as you please, so she mightn't suspect nothin', and then grabs right hold of her tail, and yelled and screamed like mad, and walloped away at her like anything.

"Well, the way she cut dirt was cautionary; she cleared stumps, ditches, windfalls and everything, and made a straight track of it for home as the crow flies. Oh, she was a clipper; she fairly flew again, and if ever she flagged, I laid it into her with the ash saplin, and away we started agin, as if Old Nick himself was arter us.

"But afore I reached home, the rest of the cows came a bellowin', and a roarin' and a-racin' like mad arter us, and gained on us too, so as most to overtake us, when jist as I come to the bars of the cow yard, over went Mooley, like a fox, brought me whap up agin 'em, which knocked all the wind out of my lungs and the fire out of my eyes, and laid me sprawlin on the ground, and every one of the flock went right slap over me, all but one—poor Brindle. She never came home again. Bear nabbed her, and tore her most ridiculous.

He eat what he wanted, which was no trifle, I can tell you, and left the rest till next time.

"Don't talk to me, Squire, about merits. We all want a lift in this world; sunthin' or another to lay hold on, to help us along—*we want the cow's tail.*

"Tell your friend, the female widder, she has got hold of the wrong cow by the tail in gettin' hold of you (for you are nothin' but a despisable colonist); but to look out for some patron here, some leadin' man, or great lord, to clinch fast hold of him, and stick to him like a leech, and if he flags (for patrons, like old Mooley, get tired sometimes), to recollect the ash saplin, to lay it into him well, and keep him at it, and no fear but he'll carry her through. He'll fetch her home safe at last, and no mistake, depend on it, Squire. The best lesson that little boy could be taught, is, that of *the Patron, or the Cow's Tail.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASCOT RACES.

To-day I visited Ascot. Race-courses are similar everywhere, and present the same objects; good horses, cruel riders, knowing men, dupes, jockeys, gamblers, and a large assemblage of mixed company. But this is a gayer scene than most others; and every epithet, appropriate to a course, diminutive or otherwise, must be in the superlative degree when applied to Ascot. This is the general, and often the only impression that most men carry away with them.

Mr. Slick, who regards these things practically, called my attention to another view of it.

"Squire," said he, "I'd a plaguy sight sooner see Ascot than anything else to England. There ain't nothin' like it. I don't mean the racin', because they can't go ahead like us, if they was to die for it. We have colts that can whip chain lightnin', on a pinch. Old Clay trotted with it once all around an orchard, and beat it his whole length, but it singed his tail properly as he passed it, you may depend. It ain't its runnin' I speak of, therefore, though that ain't mean nother; but it's got another featur', that you'll know it by from all others. Oh, it's an everlastin' pity you warn't here, when I was to England last time. Queen was there then; and where she is, of course all the world and its wife is too. She warn't there this year, and it sarves folks right. If I was an angelyferous queen, like her, I wouldn't go nowhere till I had a tory minister, and then a feller

that had a "trigger-eye" would stand a chance to get a white hemp neckcloth. I don't wonder Hume don't like young England, for when that boy grows up, he'll teach some folks that they had better let some folks alone, or some folks had better take care of some folk's ampersands, that's all.

"The time I speak of, people went in their carriages, and not by railroad. Now, pr'aps you don't know, in fact you can't know, for you can't cypher, colonists ain't no good at figures, but if you did know, the way to judge of a nation is by its private carriages. From Hyde Park corner to Ascot Heath, is twenty odd miles. Well, there was one whole endurin' stream of carriages all the way, sometimes havin' one or two eddies, and where the toll-gates stood, havin' still water for ever so far. Well, it flowed and flowed on for hours and hours without stoppin', like a river; and when you got up to the race-ground, there was the matter of two or three tiers of carriages, with the hosses off, packed as close as pins in a paper.

"It costs near hand to twelve hundred dollars a-year to keep up a carriage here. Now for goodness' sake jist multiply that everlastin' string of carriages by three hundred pounds each, and see what's spent in that way every year, and then multiply that by ten hundred thousand more that's in other places to England you don't see, and then tell me if rich people here ain't as thick as huckleberries.

"Well, when you've done, go to France, to Belgium, and to Prussia, three sizeable places for Europe, and rake and scrape every private carriage they've got, and they ain't no touch to what Ascot can show. Well, when you've done your cipherin', come right back to London, as hard as you can clip from the race-course, and you won't miss any of 'em; the town is as full as ever, to your eyes. A knowin' old coon, bred and born to London, might see the difference, but you couldn't.

"Arter that's over, go and pitch the whole bilin' of 'em into the Thames, hosses, carriages, people, and all; and next day, if it warn't for the black weepers and long faces of them that's lost money by it, and the black crape and happy faces of them that's got money, or titles, or what not by it, you wouldn't know nothin' about it. Carriages would'nt rise ten cents in the pound in the market. A stranger, like you, if you warn't told, wouldn't know nothin' was the matter above common. There ain't nothin' to England shows its wealth like this.

"Says father to me when I came back, 'Sam,' sais he, 'what struck you most?'

"'Ascot Races,' sais I.

"'Jist like you,' sais he. "Hosses and galls is all you think of. Wherever they be, there you are, that's a fact. You're a chip of the old block, my boy. There ain't nothin' like 'em; is there?'

"Well, he was half right, was father. It's worth seein' for hosses and galls too; but its worth seein' for its carriage wealth alone. Heavens and airth, what a rich country it must be that has such a show in that line as England. Don't talk of stock, for it may fail; or silversmiths' shops, for you can't tell what's plated; or jewels, for they may be paste; or goods, for they may be worth only half nothin; but talk of the carriages, them's the witnesses that don't lie.

"And what do they say? 'Calcutta keeps me, and China keeps me, and Bot'ney Bay keeps me, and Canada keeps me, and Nova Scotia keeps me, and the whales keep me, and the white bears keep me, and everything on the airth keeps me, everything onder the airth keeps me. In short, all the world keeps me.'"

"No, not all the world, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell; "there are some repudiative States that *don't keep me;* and if you go to the auction-rooms, you'll see some beautiful carriages for sale, that say, 'the United States' Bank used to keep me, and some more that say, 'Nick. Biddle put me down.'"

"Minister, I won't stand that," said Mr. Slick. "I won't stay here and hear you belittle Uncle Sam that way for nothin'. He ain't wuss than John Bull, arter all. Ain't there no swindle-banks here? Jist tell me that. Don't our liners fetch over, every trip, fellers that cut and run from England, with their fobs filled with other men's money? Ain't there lords in this country that know how to 'repudiate' as well as ring-tail-roarers in ourn? So come now, don't throw stones till you put your window-shutters to, or you may stand a smart chance of gettin' your own glass broke, that's a fact.

"And then, Squire, jist look at the carriages. I'll bet you a goose and trimmin's you can't find their ditto nowhere. They *are* carriages, and no mistake, that's a fact. Look at the hosses, the harness, the paint, the linin's, the well-dressed, lazy, idle, infarnal hansum servants (these rascals, I suspicion, are picked out for their looks), look at the whole thing all through the piece, take it, by and large, stock, lock, and barrel, and it's the dandy, that's a fact. Don't it cost money, that's all? Sumtotalize it then, and see what it all comes to. It would make your hair stand on eend, I know. If it was all put into figurs, it would reach clean across the river; and if it was all put into dollars, it would make a solid tire of silver, and hoop the world round and round, like a wheel.

"If you want to give a man an idea of England, Squire, tell him of Ascot; and if you want to cram him, get old Multiplication-table Joe H—— to cast it up; for he'll make it come to twice as much as it railly is, and that will choke him. Yes, Squire, *stick to Ascot.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GANDER PULLING.

A CUNNING man is generally a suspicious one, and is as often led into error himself by his own misconceptions, as protected from imposition by his habitual caution.

Mr. Slick, who always acted on a motive, and never on an impulse, and who concealed his real objects behind ostensible ones, imagined that everybody else was governed by the same principle of action; and, therefore, frequently deceived himself by attributing designs to others that never existed but in his own imagination.

Whether the following story of the gander pulling was a fancy sketch of the Attaché, or a narrative of facts, I had no means of ascertaining. Strange interviews and queer conversations he constantly had with official as well as private individuals, but as he often gave his opinions the form of an anecdote, for the purpose of interesting his hearers, it was not always easy to decide whether his stories were facts or fictions.

If, on the present occasion, it was of the latter description, it is manifest that he entertained no very high opinion of the constitutional changes effected in the government of the colonies by the Whigs, during their long and perilous rule. If of the former kind, it is to be lamented that he concealed his deliberate convictions under an allegorical piece of humor. His disposition to "humbug" was so great, it was difficult to obtain a plain straightforward reply from him; but had the Secretary of State put the question to him in direct terms, what he thought of Lord Durham's "Responsible government," and the practical working of it under Lord Sydenham's and Sir Charles Bagot's administration, he would have obtained a plain and intelligible answer. If the interview to which he alludes ever did take place (which I am bound to add, is very doubtful, notwithstanding the minuteness with which it is detailed), it is deeply to be regretted that he was not addressed in that frank manner which could alone elicit his real sentiments; for I know of no man so competent to offer an opinion on these subjects as himself.

To govern England successfully, it is necessary to know the temper of Englishmen. Obvious as this appears to be, the frequent relinquishment of government measures, by the dominant party, shows

that their own statesmen are sometimes deficient in this knowledge.

Mr. Slick says, that if Sir James Graham had consulted him, *he* could have shown him how to carry the educational clauses of his favorite bill. This, perhaps, is rather an instance of Mr. Slick's vanity than a proof of his sagacity. But if this species of information is not easy of attainment here, even by natives, how difficult must it be to govern a people three thousand miles off, who differ most materially in thought, word, and deed, from their official rulers.

Mr. Slick, when we had not met during the day, generally visited me at night, about the time I usually returned from a dinner-party, and amused me by a recital of his adventures.

"Squire," said he, "I have had a most curious capur to-day, and one that will interest you, I guess. Jist as I was a settin' down to breakfast this mornin', and was a turnin' of an egg inside out into a wine-glass, to salt, pepper and butter it for Red-lane Alley, I received a note from a Mister Pen, saying the Right Honorable Mr. Tact would be glad, if it was convenient, if I would call down to his office, to Downin' Street, to-day, at four o'clock. Thinks says I to myself, 'What's to pay now? Is it the Boundary Line, or the Creole Case, or Colonial Trade, or the Burnin' of the Caroline, or Right o' Sarch? or what national subject is on the carpet to-day? Howsundever,' sais I, 'let the charge be what it will, slugs, rifle-bullet, or powder, go I must, that's a fact.' So I tips him a shot right off: here's the draft, Sir, its in reg'lar state lingo.

"Sir,

"I have the high honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this present first of June instant, and note its contents. The conference (subject unknown), proffered by the Right Honorable Mr. Tact, I accede to hereby protesting and resarving all rights of confarmation and reniggin of our Extraordinary Embassador, now absent from London, at the great agricultural meetin'. I would suggest, next time, it would better convene to business, to insart subject of discussion, to prevent being taken at a short.

"I have to assure you of the high consideration of your most obedient servant to command.

'THE HON. SAM SLICK,
"Attaché.

"Well, when the time comes, I rigs up, puts on the legation coat, calls a cab, and downs to Downing Street, and looks as dignified as I cleverly knew how.

"When I enters the outer door, I sees a man in an arm-chair in the entry, and he looked like a buster, I tell you, jist ready to blow up with the steam of all the secrets he had in his byler.

"'Can I see Mr. Tact?' sais I.

"'Tell you directly,' sais he, jist short like; for Englishmen are kinder costive of words; they don't use more nor will do, at no time; and he rings a bell. This brings in his second in command; and sais he, 'Pray walk in here, if you please, Sir,' and he led me into a little plain, stage-coach-house lookin' room, with nothin' but a table and two or three chairs in it; and says he, 'Who shall I say, Sir?'

"'The Honorable Mr. Slick' sais I, 'Attaché of the American Legation to the court of Saint Jimses' Victoria.'

"Off he sot; and there I waited and waited for ever so long, but he didn't come back. Well I walked to the winder and looked out, but there was nothin' to see there; and then I turned and looked at a great big map on the wall, and there was nothin' I didn' know there; and then I took out my penknife to whittle, but my nails was all whittled off already, except one, and that was made into a pen, and I didn't like to spile that; and as there wasn't anything I could get hold of, I jist slivered a great big bit off the leg of the chair, and began to make a toothpick of it. And when I had got that finished, I begins to get tired; for nothin' makes me so peskilly uneasy as to be kept waitin'; for if a clockmaker don't know the valy of time, who the plague does?

"So jist to pass it away, I began to hum 'Jim Brown.' Did you ever hear it, Squire? it's a'most a beautiful air, as most all them nigger songs are. I'll make you a varse, that will suit a despicable colonist exactly.

> I went up to London, the capital of the nation,
> To See Lord Stanley, and get a sitivation.
> Says he to me, 'Sam Slick, what can you do?'
> Says I, 'Lord Stanley, jist as much as you.'
> Liberate the rebels, and 'mancipate the niggers,
> Hurror for our side, and damn thimble-riggers.

"Airth and seas! If you was to sing that 'ere song there, how it would make 'em stare—wouldn't it? Such words as them was never heerd in that patronage office, I guess; and yet folks must have often thort it too—that's a fact.

"I was a hummin' the rael 'Jim Brown,' and got as far as

> Play upon the banjo, play upon the fiddle,
> Walk about the town, and abuse old Biddle,

when I stopped right in the middle of it, for it kinder sorter struck me it warn't dignified to be a singin' of nigger-catches that way. So says I to myself, 'This ain't respectful to our great nation to keep a high functionary a waitin' arter this fashion, is it? Guess

I'd better assart the honor of our republic by goin' away; and let him see that it warn't me that was his lackey last year.'

"Well, jist as I had taken the sleeve of my coat and given my hat a rub over with it, (a good hat will carry off an old suit of clothes at any time, but a new suit of clothes will never carry off an old hat, so I like to keep my hat in good order in a general way). Well, jist as I had done, in walks the porter's first leftenant; and sais he, 'Mr. Tact will see you, Sir.'

"'He come plaguy near not seein' of me, then,' sais I; 'for I had jist commenced makin' tracks as you come in. The next time he sends for me, tell him not to send till he is ready, will you? For it's a rule o' mine to tag arter no man.'

"The critter jist stopped short, and began to see whether that spelt treason or no. He never heerd freedom o' speech afore, that feller, I guess, unless it was somebody a jawin' of him, up hill and down dale; so says I, 'Lead off, my old coon, and I will foller you, and no mistake, if you blaze the line well.'

"So he led me up stairs, opened a door, and 'nounced me; and there was Mr. Tact, sittin' at a large table, all alone.

"'How do you do, Mr. Slick?' says he. 'I am very glad to see you. Pray be seated.' He railly was a very gentlemanlike man, was Squire Tact, that's a fact. 'Sorry I kept you waitin' so long,' sais he, 'but the Turkish Ambassador was here at the time, and I was compelled to wait until he went. I sent for you, Sir, a-hem!' and he rubbed his hand acrost his mouth, and looked up at the cornish, and said, 'I sent for you, Sir, a-hem!'—(thinks I, I see now. All you will say for half an hour is only throw'd up for a brush fence, to lay down behind to take aim through; and arter that, the first shot is the one that's aimed at the bird), 'to explain to you about this African Slave Treaty,' said he. 'Your government don't seem to comprehend me in reference to this Right of Sarch. Lookin' a man in the face, to see he is the right man, and sarchin' his pockets, are two very different things. You take, don't you?'

"'I'm up to snuff, Sir,' sais I, 'and no mistake.' I know'd well enough that warn't what he sent for me for, by the way he humm'd and hawed when he began.

"'Taking up a trunk, as every hotel-keeper does, and has a right to do, and examinin' the name on the brass plate to the eend on't, is one thing; forcin' the lock and ransackin' the contents, is another. One is precaution, the other is burglary.'

"'It tante burglary,' sais I, 'unless the lodger sleeps in his trunk. It's only—'

"'Well,' says he, a colorin' up, 'that's technical. I leave these matters to my law officers.'

"I larnt that little matter of law from Brother Eldad, the lawyer, but I guess I was wrong there. I don't think I had ought to have

given him that sly poke; but I didn't like his talkin' that way to me. Whenever a feller tries to pull the wool over your eyes, it's a sign he don't think high of your onderstandin'. It isn't complimental, that's a fact. 'One is a serious offence, I mean,' sais he; 'the other is not. We don't want to sarch; we only want to look a slaver in the face, and see whether he is a free and enlightened American or not. If he is, the flag of *liberty* protects him and *his slaves;* if he ain't, it don't protect him, nor them nother.'

"Then he did a leadin' article on slavery, and a paragraph on non-intervention, and spoke a little soft sawder about America, and wound up by askin' me if he had made himself onderstood.

"'Plain as a boot-jack,' sais I.

"When that was over, he took breath. He sot back on his chair, put one leg over the other, and took a fresh departur' agin.

"'I have read your books, Mr. Slick,' said he, 'and read 'em, too, with great pleasure. You have been a great traveller in your day. You've been round the world a'most, haven't you?'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I sharn't say I hante.'

"'What a deal of information a man of your observation must have acquired!' (He is a gentlemanly man, that, you may depend. I don't know when I've see'd one so well mannered.)

"'Not so much, Sir, as you would suppose,' sais I.

"'Why, how so?' sais he.

"'Why,' sais I, 'the first time a man goes round the world, he is plaguy skeered for fear of fallin' off the edge; the second time he gets used to it, and learns a good deal.'

"'Fallin' off the edge!' sais he: 'what an original idea that is! That's one of your best. I like your works for that they are original. We have nothin' but imitations now. Fallin' off the edge, that's capital. I must tell Peel that; for he is very fond of that sort of thing.'

"He was a very pretty spoken man, was Mr. Tact; he is quite the gentleman, that's a fact. I love to hear him talk; he is so very perlite, and seems to take a likin' to me parsonally."

Few men are so open to flattery as Mr. Slick; and although "soft sawder" is one of the artifices he constantly uses in his intercourse with others, he is often thrown off his guard by it himself. How much easier is it to discover the weaknesses of others than to see our own!

But to resume the story.

"'You have been a good deal in the colonies, haven't you?' said he.

"'Considerable sum,' sais I. 'Now,' sais I to myself, 'this is the raal object he sent for me for; but I won't tell him nothin'. If he'd a up and askt me right off the reel, like a man, he'd a found

me up to the notch; but he thort to play me off. Now I'll sarve him out his own way; so here goes.'

"'Your long acquaintance with the provinces, and familiar intercourse with the people,' sais he, 'must have made you quite at home on all colonial topics.'

"'I thought so once,' sais I; 'but I don't think so now no more, Sir.'

"'Why, how is that?' sais he.

"'Why, Sir,' sais I, 'you can hold a book so near your eyes as not to be able to read a word of it; hold it off further, and get the right focus, and you can read it beautiful. Now the right distance to see a colony, and know all about it, is England. Three thousand miles is the right focus for a political spy-glass. A man livin' here, and who never was out of England, knows twice as much about the provinces as I do.'

"'Oh, you are joking,' sais he.

"'Not a bit,' sais I. 'I find folks here that not only know everything about them countries, but have no doubts upon any matter, and ask no questions; in fact, they not only know more than me, but more than the people themselves do, what they want. It's curious, but it's a fact. A colonist is the most beautiful critter in natur to try experiments on, you ever see; for he is so simple and good-natured, he don't know no better; and so weak, he couldn't help himself if he did. There's great fun in making these experiments, too. It puts me in mind of "Gander Pulling;" you know what that is, don't you?"

"'No,' he said, 'I never heard of it. Is it an American sport?'

"'Yes,' sais I, 'it is; and the most excitin' thing, too, you ever see.'

"'You are a very droll man, Mr. Slick,' said he, 'a very droll man indeed. In all your books there is a great deal of fun; but in all your fun there is a meanin'. Your jokes hit, and hit pretty hard, too, sometimes. They make a man think as well as laugh. But describe this Gander Pulling.'

"'Well, I'll tell you how it is,' sais I. 'First and foremost, a ring-road is formed, like a small race-course; then, two great long posts is fixed into the ground, one on each side of the road, and a rope made fast by the eends to each post, leavin' the middle of the rope to hang loose in a curve. Well, then they take a gander and pick his neck as clean as a babby's, and then grease it most beautiful all the way from the breast to the head, till it becomes as slippery as a soaped eel. Then they tie both his legs together with a strong piece of cord, of the size of a halyard, and hang him by the feet to the middle of the swingin' rope, with his head downward. All the youngsters, all round the country, come to see the sport, mounted a horseback.

"'Well, the owner of the goose goes round with his hat, and gets so much a piece in it from every one that enters for the "Pullin;" and when all have entered, they bring their hosses in a line, one arter another; and at the words, 'Go a-head!' off they set, as hard as they can split; and as they pass under the goose, make a grab at him; and whoever carries off the head, wins.

"'Well, the goose dodges his head and flaps his wings, and swings about so, it ain't no easy matter to clutch his neck; and when you do, it's so greasy, it slips right through the fingers, like nothin'. Sometimes it takes so long, that the hosses are fairly beat out, and can't scarcely raise a gallop; and then a man stands by the post, with a heavy loaded whip, to lash 'em on, so that they mayn't stand under the goose, which ain't fair. The whoopin', and hollerin', and screamin', and bettin', and excitement, beats all; there ain't hardly no sport equal to it. It's great fun *to all except the poor goosey-gander.*

"'The game of colony government to Canady, for some years back, puts me in mind of that exactly. Colonist has had his heels put where his head used to be, this some time past. He has his legs tied, and his neck properly greased, I tell *you;* and the way every parliament man, and governor, and secretary, gallops round and round, one arter another, a grabbin' at poor colonist, ain't no matter. Every new one on 'em that comes is confident he is a goin' to settle it; but it slips through his hand, and off he goes, properly larfed at.

"'They have pretty nearly fixed goosey colonist, though; he has got his neck wrung several times; it's twisted all a one side, his tongue hangs out, and he squeaks piteous, that's a fact. Another good grab or two will put him out o' pain; and it's a pity it wouldn't, for no created critter can live long, turned wrong eend up, that way. But the sport will last long arter that; for arter his neck is broke, it ain't no easy matter to get the head off; the cords that tie that on are as thick as your finger. It's the greatest fun out there you ever see, *to all except poor goosey colonist.*

"'I've larfed ready to kill myself at it. Some o' these Englishers that come out, mounted for the sport, and expect a peerage as a reward for bringin' home the head and settlin' the business for colonist, do cut such figurs, it would make you split; and they are all so everlastin' consaited, they won't take no advice. The way they can't do it is cautionary. One gets throwed, another gets all covered with grease, a third loses his hat, a fourth gets run away with by his horse, a fifth sees he can't do it, makes some excuse, and leaves the ground afore the sport is over; and now and then an unfortunate critter gets a hyste that breaks his own neck. There is only one on 'em that I have see'd out there, that can do it right.

"'It requires some experience, that's a fact. But let John Bull alone for that; he is a critter that thinks he knows everything; and if you told him he didn't, he wouldn't believe you, not he. He'd

only pity your ignorance, and look dreadful sorry for you. Oh, if you want to see high life, come and see "a colonial gander pulling."

"'Tying up a goose, Sir, is no great harm,' sais I, 'seein' that a goose was made to be killed, picked and devoured, and nothin' else. Tyin' up a colonist by the heels is another thing. I don't think it right; but I don't know nothin'; I've had the book too close to my eyes. Joe H——e, that never was there, can tell you twice as much as I can about the colonies. The focus to see right, as I said afore, is three thousand miles off.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'that's a capital illustration, Mr. Slick. There is more in it than meets the ear. Don't tell me you don't know nothin' about the colonies; few men know so much as you do. I wish to heavens you was a colonist,' sais he; 'if you were, I would offer you a government.'

"'I don't doubt it,' says I; 'seein' that your department have advanced or rewarded so many colonists already.' But I don't think he heard that shot, and I warn't sorry for it; for it's not right to be a pokin' it into a perlite man, is it?

"'I must tell the Queen that story of *the Gander Pulling*,' sais he; 'I like it amazingly. It's a capital caricature. I'll send the idea to H.B. Pray name some day when you are disengaged; I hope you will give me the pleasure of dining with me. Will this day fortnight suit you?"

"'Thank you,' sais I, 'I shall have great pleasure.'

"He railly was a gentlemanly man, that. He was so good-natured, and took the joke so well, I was kinder sorry I played it off on him, I hante see'd no man to England I affection so much as Mr. Tact, I swear! I begin to think, arter all, it was the right of *sarchin' vessels* he wanted to talk to me about, instead of *sarchin' me*, as I suspicioned. It don't do always *to look for motives; men often act without any.* The next time, if he axes me, I'll talk plain, and jist tell him what I *do* think; but still, if he reads that riddle right, he may larn a good deal, too, from the story of '*the Gander Pulling*,' mayn't he?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLACK STOLE.

The foregoing sketch exhibits a personal trait in Mr. Slick's character, the present a national one. In the interview, whether real or fanciful, that he alleges to have had with one of the Secretaries of State, he was not disposed to give a direct reply, because

his habitual caution led him to suspect that an attempt was made to draw him out on a particular topic without his being made aware of the object. On the present occasion, he exhibits that irritability which is so common among all his countrymen, at the absurd accounts that travellers give of the United States in general, and the gross exaggerations they publish of the state of slavery in particular.

That there is a party in this country, whose morbid sensibility is pandered to on the subject of negro emancipation, there can be no doubt, as is proved by the experiment made by Mr. Slick, recorded in this chapter.

On this subject every man has a right to his own opinions, but any interference with the municipal regulations of another country is so utterly unjustifiable, that it cannot be wondered at that the Americans resent the conduct of the European abolitionists in the most unqualified and violent manner.

The conversation that I am now about to repeat took place on the Thames. Our visits, hitherto, had been restricted by the rain to London. To-day, the weather being fine, we took passage on board of a steamer, and went to Greenwich.

While we were walking up and down the deck, Mr. Slick again adverted to the story of the government spies with great warmth. I endeavored, but in vain, to persuade him that no regular organized system of espionage existed in England. He had obtained a garbled account of one or two occurrences, and his prejudice (which, notwithstanding his disavowal, I knew to be so strong as to warp all his opinions of England and the English), immediately built up a system, which nothing I could say could at all shake.

I assured him the instances he had mentioned were isolated and unauthorized acts, told in a very distorted manner, but that mitigated, as they really were, when truly related, they were at the time received with the unanimous disapprobation of every right-thinking man in the kingdom, and that the odium which had fallen on the relators was so immeasurably greater than what had been bestowed on the thoughtless principals, there was no danger of such things again occurring in our day. But he was immovable.

"Oh, of course, it isn't true," he said, "and every Englishman will swear it's a falsehood. But you must not expect us to disbelieve it, nevertheless; for your travellers who come to America, pick up, here and there, some absurd ontruth or another; or, if they are all picked up already, invent one; and although every man, woman, and child is ready to take their Bible oaths it is a bam, yet the English believe this one false witness in prefrence to the whole nation.

"You must excuse me, Squire; you have a right to your opinion, though it seems you have no right to blart it out always; but I am

a freeman—I was raised in Slickville, Onion County, State of Connecticut, United States of America, which *is* a free country, and no mistake; and I have a right to my opinion, and a right to speak it, too; and let me see the man, airl or commoner, parliamenterer or sodger officer, that dare to report me, I guess he'd wish he'd been born a week later, that's all. I'd make a caution of him, *I* know. I'd polish his dial-plate fust, and then I'd feel his short ribs, so as to make him larf, a leetle, jist a leetle the loudest he ever heerd. Lord, he'd think thunder and lightnin' a mint julip to it. I'd ring him in the nose as they do pigs in my country, to prevent them rootin' up what they hadn't ought."

Having excited himself by his own story, he first imagined a case and then resented it, as if it had occurred. I expressed to him my great regret that he should visit England with these feelings and prejudices, as I had hoped his conversation would have been as rational and as amusing as it was in Nova Scotia, and concluded by saying that I felt assured he would find that no such prejudice existed here against his countrymen, as he entertained towards the English.

"Lord love you!" said he, "I have no prejudice. I am the most candid man you ever see. I have got some grit, but I ain't ugly—I ain't, indeed."

"But you are wrong about the English; and I'll prove it to you. Do you see that turkey there?" said he.

"Where?" I asked. "I see no turkey; indeed, I have seen none on board. What do you mean?"

"Why, that slight, pale-faced, student-like Britisher; he is a turkey, that feller. He has been all over the Union, and he is a goin' to write a book. He was at New York when we left, and was introduced to me in the street. To make it liquorish, he has got all the advertisements about runaway slaves, sales of niggers, cruel mistresses and licentious masters, that he could pick up. He is a caterer and panderer to English hypocrisy. There is nothin' too gross for him to swaller. We call them turkeys; first, because they travel so fast—for no bird travels hot foot that way, except it be an ostrich—and because they gobble up everything that comes in their way. Them fellers will swaller a falsehood as fast as a turkey does a grasshopper; take it right down whole, without winkin'.

"Now, as we have nothin' above particular to do, 'I'll cram him' for you; I will show you how hungry he'll bite at a tale of horror, let it be never so onlikely; how readily he will believe it, because it is agin us; and then, when his book comes out, you shall see that all England will credit it, though I swear I invented it as a cram, and you swear you heard it told as a joke. They've drank in so much that is strong, in thiss way, have the English, they require

somethin' sharp enough to tickle their palates now. Wine hante no taste for a man that drinks grog, that's a fact. It's as weak as Taunton water. Come and walk up and down deck along with me once or twice, and then we will sit down by him, promiscuously like; and as soon as I get his appetite sharp, see how I will cram him."

"This steam-boat is very onsteady to-day, Sir," said Mr. Slick; "it's not overly convenient walking, is it?"

The ice was broken. Mr. Slick led him on by degrees to his travels, commencing with New England, which the traveller eulogized very much. He then complimented him on the accuracy of his remarks and the depth of his reflections, and concluded by expressing a hope that he would publish his observations soon, as few tourists were so well qualified for the task as himself.

Finding these preliminary remarks taken in good part, he commenced the process of "cramming."

"But oh, my friend," said he, with a most sanctimonious air, "did you visit, and I am ashamed as an American citizen to ask the question, I feel the blood a tannin' of my cheek when I inquire, did you visit the South? That land that is polluted with slavery, that land where boastin' and crackin' of freemen pile up the agony pangs on the corroding wounds inflicted by the iron chains of the slave, until natur can't stand it no more; my heart bleeds like a stuck critter, when I think of this plague spot on the body politic. I ought not to speak thus; prudence forbids it, national pride forbids it; but genu*wine* feelings is too strong for pollite forms. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Have you been there?"

"Turkey" was thrown off his guard—he opened his wallet, which was well stocked, and retailed his stories, many of them so very rich, that I doubted the capacity of the Attaché to out-Herod him. Mr. Slick received these tales with evident horror, and complimented the narrator with a well simulated groan; and when he had done, said, "Ah, I see how it is—they purposely kept dark about the most atrocious features of slavery. Have you never seen the Gougin' School?"

"No, never."

"What, not seen the Gougin' School?"

"No, Sir; I never heard of it."

"Why, you don't mean to say so?"

"I do, indeed, I assure you."

"Well, if that don't pass! And you never even heerd tell of it, eh?"

"Never, Sir. I have never either seen or heard of it."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Slick. "I doubt if any Britisher ever did or ever will see it. Well, Sir, in South Carolina, there is

a man called Josiah Wormwood; I am ashamed to say he is a Connecticut man. For a considerable of a spell, he was a strollin' preacher, but it didn't pay in the long run. There is so much competition in that line in our country, that he consaited the business was overdone, and he opened a Lyceum to Charleston South Car, for boxin', wrestlin', and other purlite British accomplishments; and a most a beautiful sparrer he is, too; I don't know as I ever see a more scientific gentleman than he is, in that line. Lately, he has halfed on to it the art of gougin' or 'monokolism,' as he calls it, to sound grand; and if it weren't so dreadful in its consequences, it sartainly is a most allurin' thing, is gougin'. The sleight-of-hand is beautiful. All other sleights, we know, are tricks; but this is reality; there is the eye of your adversary in your hand; there is no mistake. It's the real thing. You feel you have him; that you have set your mark on him, and that you have took your satisfaction. The throb of delight felt by a 'monokolister' is beyond all conception."

"Oh heavens!" said the traveller. "Oh horror of horrors! I never heard anything so dreadful. Your manner of telling it, too, adds to its terrors. You appear to view the practice with a proper Christian disgust; and yet you talk like an amateur. Oh, the thing is sickening!"

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Slick, "particularly to him that loses his peeper. But the dexterity, you know, is another thing. It is very scientific. He has two niggers, has Squire Wormwood, who teach the wrastlin' and gouge-sparrin'; but practisin' for the eye is done for punishment of runaways. He has plenty of subjects. All the planters send their fugitive niggers there to be practised on for an eye. The scholars ain't allowed to take more than one eye out of them; if they do, they have to pay for the nigger; for he is no sort o' good after for nothin' but to pick oakum. I could go through the form, and give you the cries to the life, but I won't; it is too horrid; it really is too dreadful."

"Oh do, I beg of you," said the traveller.

"I cannot, indeed; it is too shocking. It will disgust you."

"Oh, not at all," said Turkey. "When I know it is simulated, and not real, it is another thing."

"I cannot, indeed," said Mr. Slick. "It would shock your philanthropic soul, and set your very teeth of humanity on edge. But have you ever seen—the Black Stole?"

"No."

"Never seen the Black Stole?"

"No, never."

"Why, it ain't possible? Did you never hear of it nother?"

"No, never. Well, now, do tell!"

"So you never heerd tell of it, nor never sot eyes on it?"

"Certainly never."

"Well, that bangs the bush, now! I suppose you didn't. Guess you never did, and never will, nor no other traveller, nother, that ever stept in shoe-leather. They keep dark about these atrocities. Well, the Black Stole is a loose kind of shirt-coat, like an English carter's frock; only, it is of a different color. It is black instead of white, and made of nigger hide, beautifully tanned, and dressed as soft as a glove. It ain't every nigger's hide that's fit for a stole. If they are too young, it is too much like kid; if they are too old, it's like sole leather, it's so tough; and if they have been whipt, as all on 'em have a'most, why the back is all cut to pieces, and the hide ruined. It takes several sound nigger skins to make a stole; but when made, it's a beautiful article, that's a fact.

"It is used on a plantation for punishment. When the whip don't do its work, strip a slave, and jist clap on to him the Black Stole. Dress him up in a dead man's skin, and it frightens him near about to death. You'll hear him screech for a mile a'most, so 'tarnally skeered. And the best of the fun is, that all the rest of the herd, bulls, cows, and calves, run away from him, just as if he was a painter."

"Fun, Sir! Do you call this fun?"

"Why sartainly I do. Ain't it better nor whippin' to death? Wat's a Stole arter all? It's nothin' but a coat. Philosophizin' on it, Stranger, there is nothin' to shock a man. The dead don't feel. Skinnin', then, ain't cruel, nor is it immoral. To bury a good hide, is waste—waste is wicked. There are more good hides buried in the States, black and white, every year, than would pay the poor-rates and state-taxes. They make excellent huntin'-coats, and would make beautiful razor-straps, bindin' for books, and such like things; it would make a noble export. Tannin' in hemlock bark cures the horrid nigger flavor. But then we hante arrived at that state of philosophy; and when it is so confined to one class of the human family, it would be dangerous. The skin of a crippled slave might be worth more than the critter was himself; and I make no doubt, we should soon hear of a stray nigger being shot for his hide, as you do of a moose for his skin, and a bear for his fur.

"Indeed, that is the reason (though I shouldn't mention it as an Attaché) that our government won't now concur to suppress the slave-trade. They say the prisoners will all be murdered, and their peels sold; and that vessels, instead of taking in at Africa a cargo of humans, will take in a cargo of hides, as they do to South America. As a Christian, a philanthropist, indeed, as a man, this is a horrid subject to contemplate, ain't it?"

"Indeed it is," said Turkey. "I feel a little overcome—head swims—I am oppressed with nausea—I must go below."

"How the goney swallered it all, didn't he?" said Mr. Slick, with

great glee. "Hante he a most beautiful twist, that feller? How he gobbled it down, tank, shank and flank at a gulp, didn't he. Oh he is a Turkey and no mistake, that chap. But see here, Squire; jist look through the skylight. See the critter, how his pencil is a leggin' it off, for dear life. Oh, there is great fun in crammin' those fellers.

"Now tell me candid, Squire; do you think there is no prejudice in the Britishers agin us and our free and enlightened country, when they can swaller such stuff as the Gougin' School and *Black Stole?*"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE'S HORSE.

"THERE is more in that story, Squire," said Mr. Hopewell, "of the Patron, and Sam's queer illustration of the Cow's Tail, than you are aware of. The machinery of the colonies is good enough in itself, but it wants a safety valve. When the pressure within is too great, there should be something devised to let off the steam. This is a subject well worthy of your consideration; and if you have an opportunity of conversing with any of the ministry, pray draw their attention to it. By not understanding this, the English have caused one revolution at home, and another in America."

"Exactly," said Mr. Slick. "It reminds me of what I once saw done by the Prince de Joinville's horse, on the Halifax road."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Hopewell, "you shall have an opportunity presently of telling your story of the Prince's horse, but suffer me to proceed.

"England, besides other outlets, has a never-failing one in the colonies, but the colonies have no outlet. Cromwell and Hampden were actually embarked on board of a vessel in the Thames, for Boston, when they were prevented from sailing by an Order in Council. What was the consequence? The sovereign was dethroned. Instead of leading a small sect of fanatical puritans, and being the first men of a village in Massachusetts, they aspired to be the first men in an empire, and succeeded. So in the old colonies. Had Washington been sent abroad in command of a regiment, Adams to govern a colony, Franklin to make experiments in an observatory like that at Greenwich, and a more extended field been opened to colonial talent, the United States would still have continued to be dependencies of Great Britain.

"There is no room for men of talent in British America; and by

not affording them an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, or rewarding them when they do, they are always ready to make one, by opposition. In comparing their situation with that of the British Isles, they feel that they labor under disabilities; these disabilities they feel as a degradation; and as those who impose that degradation live three thousand miles off, it becomes a question whether it is better to suffer or resist."

"The Prince de Joinville's horse," said Mr. Slick, "is a case in pint."

"One moment, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell.

"The very word 'dependencies' shows the state of the colonies. If they are to be retained, they should be incorporated with Great Britain. The people should be made to feel, not that they are colonists, but Englishmen. They may tinker at constitutions as much as they please; the root of the evil lies deeper than statesmen are aware of. O'Connell, when he agitates for a repeal of the Union, if he really has no ulterior objects beyond that of an Irish Parliament, does not know what he is talking about. If his request were granted, Ireland would become a province, and descend from being an integral part of the empire, into a dependency. Had he ever lived in a colony, he would have known the tendencies of such a condition.

"What I desire to see is the very reverse. Now that steam has united the two continents of Europe and America, in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a united legislature. Recollect that the distance from New Orleans to the head of the Mississippi River is greater than from Halifax, N.S., to Liverpool, G.B. I do not want to see colonists and Englishmen arrayed against each other, as different races, but united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government.

"The love of distinction is natural to man. Three millions of people cannot be shut up in a colony. They will either turn on each other, or unite against their keepers. The road that leads to retirement in the provinces should be open to those whom the hope of distinction invites to return and contend for the honors of the empire. At present the egress is practically closed."

"If you was to talk for ever, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "you couldn't say more than the Prince de Joinville's hoss on that subject."

The interruption was very annoying; for no man I ever met so thoroughly understands the subject of colonial government as Mr. Hopewell. His experience is greater than that of any man now living, and his views more enlarged and more philosophical.

"Go on, Sam," said he, with great good humor. "Let us hear what the Prince's horse said."

"Well," said Mr. Slick, "I don't jist exactly mean to say he spoke, as Balaam's donkey did, in good English or French nother; but he did that that spoke a whole book, with a handsum wood-cut to the fore, and that's a fact.

"About two years ago, one mortal brilin' hot day, as I was a pokin' along the road from Halifax to Windsor, with Old Clay in the waggon, with my coat off, a ridin' in my shirt-sleeves, and a thinkin' how slick a mint-julep would travel down red-lane, if I had it, I heerd such a clatterin' and laughin', and screamin' as I never a'most heerd afore, since I was raised.

"'What in natur' is this,' sais I, as I gave Old Clay a crack of the whip, to push on. 'There is some critters here I guess, that have found a haw haw's nest, with a tee hee's egg in it. What's in the wind now? Well, a sudden turn of the road brought me to where they was, and who should they be but French officers from the Prince's ship, travellin' incog. in plain clothes. But, Lord bless you, cook a Frenchman any way you please, and you can't disguise him. Natur' will out, in spite of all, and the name of a Frencher is written as plain as anything in his whiskers, and his hair, and his skin, and his coat, and his boots, and his air, and his gait, and in everythin', but only let him open his mouth, and the cat's out of the bag in no time, ain't it? They are droll boys, is the French, that's a fact.

"Well, there was four on 'em dismounted, a holdin' of their hosses by the bridle, and a standin' near a spring of nice cool water; and there was a fifth, and he was a layin' down belly flounder on the ground, a tryin' to drink out of the runnin' spring.

"'Parley vous French,' sais I, 'Mountsheer?' At that, they sot to, and larfed again more than ever, I thought they would have gone into the high strikes, they hee-hawed so.

"Well, one on 'em, that was a Duke, as I found out arterwards, said, 'O yees, Saar, we spoked English too.'

"'Lawful heart!' sais I, 'what's the joke?'

"'Why,' sais he, 'look there, Sare.' And then they larfed agin, ready to split; and sure enough, no sooner had the Leftenant layed down to drink, than the Prince's hoss kneeled down, and put his head jist over his neck, and began to drink too. Well, the officer couldn't get up for the hoss, and he couldn't keep his face out of the water for the hoss, and he couldn't drink for the hoss, and he was almost choked to death, and as black in the face as your hat. And the Prince and the officers larfed so, they couldn't help him, if they was to die for it.

"Sais I to myself, 'A joke is a joke, if it tante carried too far, but this critter will be strangled, as sure as a gun, if he lays here splutterin' this way much longer.' So I jist gives the hoss a dab in the mouth, and made him git up; and then sais I, 'Prince,' sais I, for I know'd him by his beard, he had one exactly like one of the old

saint's heads in an Eyetalian pictur, all dressed to a pint, so sais I, 'Prince,' and a plaguy handsum man he is too, and as full of fun as a kitten, so sais I, 'Prince,' and what's better, all his officers seemed plaguy proud and fond of him too; so sais I, 'Prince, voilà le condition of one colonist, which,' sais I, 'Prince, means in English, that leftenant is jist like a colonist.'

"'Commong,' says he, 'how is dat?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'Prince, whenever a colonist goes for to drink at a spring of the good things in this world (and plaguy small springs they have here too), and fairly lays down to it, jist as he gets his lips cleverly to it, for a swig, there is some cussed neck or another, of some confounded Britisher, pops right over him, and pins him there. He can't get up, he can't back out, and he can't drink, and he is blacked and blued in the face, and most choked with the weight.'

"'What country was you man of?' said he, for he spoke very good for a Frenchman.

"With that I straightened myself up, and looked dignified, for I know'd I had a right to be proud, and no mistake; sais I, 'Prince, I am an American citizen.' How them two words altered him. P'raps there beant no two words to ditto 'em. He looked for all the world like a different man when he seed I wasn't a mean onsarcumsised colonist.

"'Very glad to see you, Mr. Yankee,' said he, 'very glad indeed. Shall I have de honour to ride with you a little way in your carriage?'

"'As for the matter of that,' sais I, 'Mountsheer Prince, the honour is all the other way,' for I can be as civil as any man, if he sets out to act pretty and do the thing genteel.

"With that he jumped right in, and then he said somethin' in French to the officers; some order or another, I suppose, about comin on and fetchin' his hoss with them. I have hearn in my time, a good many men speak French, but I never see the man yet, that could hold a candle to *him*. Oh, it was like lightnin', jist one long endurin' streak; it seemed all one sentence and one word. It was beautiful, but I couldn't onderstand it, it was so everlastin' fast.

"Now,' sais he, 'set sail.' And off we sot, at the rate of sixteen notts an hour. Old Clay pleased him, you may depend; he turned round and clapped his hands, and larfed, and waved his hat to his officers to come on; and they whipped, and spurred, and galloped, and raced for dear life; but we dropped 'em astarn like anything, and he larfed again, heartier than ever. There is no people a'most, like to ride so fast as sailors; they crack on, like a house a fire.

"Well, arter a while, sais he, 'Back topsails,' and I hauled up, and he jumped down, and outs with a pocket book, and takes a beautiful gold coronation medal. (It was solid gold, no pinchback, but the rael yaller stuff, jist fresh from King's shop to Paris, where

his money is made), and sais he, 'Mr. Yankee, will you accept that to remember the Prince de Joinville and his horse by?' And then he took off his hat and made me a bow—and if that warn't a bow, then I never see one, that's all. I don't believe mortal man, unless it was a Philadelphia nigger, could make such a bow. It was enough to sprain his ankle, he curled so low. And then off he went, with a hop, skip, and a jump, sailor fashion, back to meet his people.

"Now, Squire, if you see Lord Stanley, tell him that story of the Prince de Joinville's horse; but before you get so far as that, pin him by admissions. When you want to get a man on the hip, ax him a question or two, and get his answers, and then you have him in a corner, he must stand and let you put on the bridle. He can't help it, no how he can fix it.

"Says you, 'My Lord'—don't forget his title—every man likes the sound of that, it's music to his ears, it's like our splendid national air, Yankee Doodle, you never get tired of it. 'My Lord,' sais you, 'what do you suppose is the reason the French keep Algiers?' Well, he'll up and say, it's an outlet for the fiery spirits of France—it gives them employment and an opportunity to distinguish themselves, and what the climate and the inimy spare, become valuable officers. It makes good soldiers out of bad subjects.

"'Do you call that good policy?" sais you.

"Well, he's a trump, is Mr. Stanley—at least folks say so; and he'll say right off the reel, 'onquestionably it is—excellent policy.'

"When he says that, you have him bagged—he may flounder and spring like a salmon jist caught; but he can't get out of the landin' net. You've got him, and no mistake. Sais you, 'What outlet have you for the colonies?'

"Well, he'll scratch his head and stare at that, for a space. He'll hum and haw a little to get breath, for he never thought of that afore, since he grow'd up; but he's no fool, I can tell you, and he'll out with his mould, run an answer and be ready for you in no time. He'll say, 'They don't require none, Sir. They have no redundant population. They are an outlet themselves.'

"Sais you, 'I wasn't talking of an outlet for population, for France or the provinces nother. I was talking of an outlet for the clever men, for the onquiet ones, for the fiery spirits.'

"'For that, Sir,' he will say, 'they have the local patronage.'

"'Oh!' sais you, 'I warn't aware, I beg pardon, I have been absent some time, as long as twenty days, or perhaps twenty-five—there must have been great changes since I left.'

"'The garrison?' sais you.

"'Is English,' sais he.

"'The armed ships in the harbor?'

"'English.'

"'The governor and his secretary?'

"'English.'

"'The principal officer of customs and principal part of his deputies?'

"'English.'

"'The commissariat and the staff?'

"'English to a man.'

"'The dockyard people?'

"'English.'

"'The postmaster general?'

"'English.'

"'What, English?' sais you, and look all surprise, as if you didn't know. 'I thought he was a colonist, seein' the province pays so much for the mails.'

"'No,' he'll say, 'not now; we have jist sent an English one over, for we find it's a good thing that.'

"'One word more,' says you, 'and I have done. If your army officers out there get leave of absence, do you stop their pay?'

"'No.'

"'Do you sarve native colonists the same way?'

"'No, we stop half their salaries.'

"'Exactly,' sais you, 'make them feel the difference. Always make a nigger feel he is a nigger, or he'll get sassy, you may depend. As for patronage,' sais you, 'you know as well as I do, that all that's not worth havin', is jist left to poor colonist. He is an officer of militia, gets no pay, and finds his own fit-out. Like Don Quixote's tailor, he works for nothin', and finds thread. Any other little matters of the same kind, that nobody wants, and nobody else will take, if Blue-nose makes interest for, and has good luck, he can get as a great favor, to conciliate his countrymen. No, Minister,' says you, 'you are a clever man, everybody says you are a brick; and if you ain't, you talk more like one, than anybody I have seen this while past. I don't want no office myself; if I did, p'raps I wouldn't talk about patronage this way; but I am a colonist, I want to see the colonists remain so. They *are* attached to England, that's a fact—keep them so by making them *Englishmen*. Throw the door wide open; patronize them; enlist them in the imperial sarvice, allow them a chance to contend for honors, and let them win them, if they can. If they don't it's their own fault, and cuss 'em, they ought to be kicked; for if they ain't too lazy, there is no mistake in 'em, that's a fact. The country will be proud of them, if they go a-head. Their language will change then. It will be *our* army, the delighted critters will say, not the English army; *our* navy, *our* church, *our* parliament, *our* aristocracy, &c., and the

word English will be left out holus-bolus, and that proud, that endearin' word "our," will be insarted. Do this, and you will show yourself the first statesman of modern times. You'll rise right up to the top of the pot, you'll go clean over Peel's head, as you folks go over ourn, not by jumpin' over him, but by takin' him by the neck and squeezin' him down. You 'mancipated the blacks, now liberate the colonists and make Englishmen of them, and see whether the goneys won't grin from ear to ear, and show their teeth, as well as the niggers did. Don't let Yankee clockmakers, (you may say that if you like, if it will help your argument,) don't let travellin' Yankee clockmakers tell such stories, against *your* justice and *our* pride, as that of *the Prince de Joinville and his horse.*'"

CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

"HERE," said Mr. Slick, "is an invitation for you and me, and Minister, to go and visit Sir Littleeared Bighead, down to Yorkshire. You can go if you like, and for once, p'raps it's worth goin' to see how these chaps first kill time, and then how time kills them in turn. Eatin', drinkin', sleepin', growlin', fowlin', and huntin' kills time; and gout, aperplexy, dispepsy, and blue devils kills them. They are like two fightin' dogs—one dies of the threshin' he gets, and t'other dies of the wounds he got a killin' of him. Tit for tat; what's sarce for the goose, is sarce for the gander.

"If you want to go, Minister will go with you; but hang me if I do. The only thing is, it'll puzzle you to get him away, if he gets down there. You never see such a crotchical old critter in your life as he is. He flies right off the handle for nothin'. He goes strayin' away off in the fields and gullies, a browsin' about with a hammer, crackin' up bits of stones like walnuts, or pickin' up old weeds, faded flowers, and what not; and stands starin' at 'em for ever so long, through his eye-glass, and keeps a sayin' to himself, 'Wonderful provision of natur!' Airth and seas! what does he mean? How long would a man live on such provision, I should like to know, as them bitter yarbs?

"Well, then, he'll jist as soon set down and jaw away by the hour together with a dirty-faced, stupid little poodle lookin' child, as if it was a nice spry little dog he was a trainin' of for treein' partridges;

or talk poetry with the galls, or corn-law with the patriots, or anything. Nothin' comes amiss to him.

"But what provokes me, is to hear him go blartin' all over the country about home scenes, and beautiful landscape, and rich vardure. My sakes, the vardure here is so deep, it looks like mournin'; it's actilly dismal. Then there's no water to give light to the pictur, and no sun to cheer it; and the hedges are all square; and the line trees are as stiff as an old gall that was once pretty, and has grown proud on the memory of it.

"I don't like their landscape a bit—there ain't no natur in it. Oh! if you go, take him along with you, for he will put you in consait of all you see, except reform, dissent, and things o' that kind; for he is an out and out old Tory, and thinks nothin' can be changed here for the better, except them that don't agree with him.

"He was a warnin' you t'other day not to take all I said for Gospel about society here; but you'll see who's right and who's wrong afore you've done, I know. I described to you, when you returned from Germany, *Dinin' out* to London. Now I'll give you my opinion of '*Life in the Country.*' And fust of all, as I was a sayin', there is no such thing as natur' here. Everything is artificial; everything of its kind alike; and everything oninterestin' and tiresome.

"Well, if London is dull, in the way of West Eend people, the country, I guess, is a little mucher. Life in the country is different, of course, from life in town; but still life itself is alike there, exceptin' again *class difference.* That is, nobility is all alike, as far as their order goes; and country gents is alike, as far as their class goes; and the last especially, when they hante travelled none, everlastin' flat, in their own way. Take a lord, now, and visit him to his country seat, and I'll tell you what you will find—a sort of Washington State House place. It is either a rail old castle of the genuine kind, or a gingerbread crinkum crankum imitation of a thing that only existed in fancy, but never was seen afore—a thing that's made modern for use, and in ancient stile for shew; or else it's a great cold, formal, slice of a London terrace, stuck on a hill in a wood.

"Well, there is lawn, park, artificial pond called a lake, deer that's fashionableized and civilized, and as little natur in 'em as the humans have. Kennel and hounds for parsicutin' foxes—presarves (not what we call presarves, quinces and apple sarce, and greengages done in sugar, but presarves for breedin' tame partridges and pheasants to shoot at), H'aviaries, Hive-eries, H'yew-veries, Hot Houses, and so on; for they put an H before every word, do these critters, and then tell us Yankees we don't speak English.

"Well, then, you have seen an old and a new house of these

folks—you have seen all. Featurs differ a little, but face of all is so alike, that though p'raps you wouldn't mistake one for another, yet you'd say they was all of one family. The king is their father.

"Now it may seem kinder odd to you, and I do suppose it will, but what little nature there is to England is among these upper crust nobility. *Extremes meet.* The most elegant critter in America is an Indgian chief. The most elegant one in England is a noble. There is natur in both. You will vow that's a crotchet of mine, but it's a fact; and I will tell you how it is, some other time. For I opine the most charmin', most nateral, least artificial, kindest, and condescendenest people here are rael nobles. Younger children are the devil—half rank makes 'em proud, and entire poverty makes 'em sour. *Strap pride on an empty puss, and it puts a most beautiful edge on—it cuts like a razor.* They have to assart their dignity—t'other one's dignity don't want no assartin'. It speaks for itself.

"I won't enter into particulars now. I want to shew you country life; because, if you don't want to hang yourself, don't tarry there, that's all; go and look at 'em, but don't stay there. If you can't help it, no how you can fix it, do it in three days; one to come, one to see, and one to go. If you do that, and make the fust late, and the last airly, you'll get through it; for it won't only make a day and a half, when sumtotalized. We'll fancy it—that's better than the rael thing, any time.

"So lets go to a country gentleman's house, or 'landed,' as they call 'em, cause they are so infarnally heavy. Well, his house is either an old onconvenient up and down, crooked-laned, bad lighted, bad warmed, and shockin' cut up in small rooms, or a spic and span formal, new one, havin' all or most, according to his puss, of those things, about lords' houses, only on a smaller scale.

"Well, I'll arrive in time for dinner, I'll titivate myself up, and down to drawin'-room, and whose the company that's to dine there? Why, cuss 'em, half a dozen of these gents own the country for miles round, so they have to keep some company at the house, and the rest is neighbors.

"Now, for goodness gracious sake, jist let's see who they be! Why, one or two poor parsons, that have nothin' new in 'em, and nothin' new on 'em, goodish sort people too, only they larf a leetle, jist a leetle louder at host's jokes, than at mine, at least, I suspicion it, 'cause I never could see nothin' to larf at in his jokes. One or two country nobs of brother landed gents, that look as big as if the whole of the three per cent. consols was in their breeches pockets; one or two damsels, that was young once, but have confessed to bein' old maids, dropt the word 'Miss,' 'cause it sounded ridikilous, and took the title of 'Mrs.' to look like widders. Two or three

wive-women of the Chinese stock, a bustin' of their stays off a'most, and as fat as show-beef; an oldest son or two, with the eend of the silver spoon he was born with, a peepin' out o' the corner of his mouth, and his face as vacant as a horn lantern without a candle in it; a younger son or so jist from college, who looks as if he had an idea he'd have to airn his livin', and whose lantern face look as if it had had a candle in it, that had e'en amost burnt the sides out, rather thin and pale, with streaks of Latin and Greek in it; one or two everlastin' pretty young galls, so pretty, as there is nothin' to do, you can't hardly help bein' spooney on 'em.

"Matchless galls they be, too, for there is no matches for 'em. The primur-genitur boy takes all, so they have no fortin. Well, a younger son won't do for 'em, for he has no fortin, and t'other primo geno there, couldn't if he would, for he wants the estate next to hisn, and has to take the gall that owns it, or he won't get it. I pity them galls, I do, upon my soul. It's a hard fate that, as Minister sais, in his pretty talk, to bud, unfold, bloom, wither, and die on the parent stock, and have no one to pluck the rose, and put it in his bosom, ain't it?

"Dinner is ready, and you lock and lock, and march off two and two, to t'other room, and feed. Well, the dinner is like town dinner, there ain't much difference, there is some: there is a difference atween a country coat and a London coat; but still they look alike, and are intended to be as near the same as they can. The appetite is better than town folks, and there is more eatin' and less talkin', but the talkin', like the eatin', is heavy and solemcoly.

"Now do, Mr. Poker, that's a good soul, now do, Squire, look at the sarvants. Do you hear that feller, a blowin' and a wheesin' like a hoss that's got the heaves? Well, he is so fat and lazy, and murders beef and beer so, he has got the assmy, and walkin' puts him out o' breath—ain't it beautiful! Faithful old sarvant that, so attached to the family! which means the family prog. Always to home! which means he is always eatin' and drinkin', and hante time to go out. So respectful! which means bowin' is an everlastin' sight easier, and safer, too, nor talkin' is. So honest! which means, parquisites covers all he takes. Keeps everythin' in such good order! which means he makes the women do his work. Puts everythin' in its place, he is so methodical! which means, there is no young children in the house, and old aunty always puts things back where she takes 'em from. For she is a good bit of stuff, is aunty—as thin, tough, and soople as a painter's palate knife. Oh, Lord! how I would like to lick him with a bran new cow hide whip, round and round the park, every day, an hour afore breakfast, to improve his wind, and teach him how to mend his pace! I'd repair his old bellowses for him, I know.

"Then look at the butler, how he tordles like a terrapin; he has

got the gout, that feller, and no wonder, nother. Every decanter that comes in has jist half a bottle in it, the rest goes in tastin', to see it aint corked. His character would suffer if a bit o'cork floated in it. Every other bottle is corked, so he drinks that bottle, and opens another, and gives master half of it. The housekeeper pets him, calls him Mr., asks him if he has heard from Sir Philip lately, hintin' that he is of gentle blood, only the wrong side of the blanket, and that pleases him. They are both well to do in the world. Vails count up in time, and they talk big sometimes, when alone together, and hint at warnin' off the old knight, marryin', and settin' up a tripe shop, some o' these days; don't that hint about wedlock bring him a nice little hot supper that night, and don't that little supper bring her a tumbler of nice mulled wine, and don't both on 'em look as knowin' as a boiled codfish, and a shelled oyster, that's all.

"He once got warned himself, did old Thomas, so said he, 'Where do you intend to go, master?' 'Me,' said the old man, scratchin' his head, and lookin' puzzled, 'nowhere.' 'Oh, I thought *you* intend to leave,' said Thomas, 'for *I* don't.' 'Very good that, Thomas, come, I like that.' The old knight's got an anecdote by that, and nanny-goats ain't picked up every day in the country. He tells that to every stranger, every stranger larfs, and the two parsons larf, and the old 'Sir' larfs so, he wakes up an old sleepin' cough that most breaks his ribs, and Thomas is set up for a character.

"Well, arter sarvants is gone, and women folks made themselves scarce, we haul up closer to the table, have more room for legs, and then comes the most interestin' part. Poor rates, quarter sessions, turnpikes, corn-laws, next assizes, rail-roads and parish matters, with a touch of the horse and dog between primo and secundo genitur, for variety. If politics turn up, you can read who host is in a gineral way with half an eye. If he is an ante-corn-lawer, then he is a manufacturer that wants to grind the poor instead of grain. He is a *new man* and reformer. If he goes up to the hub for corn-law, then he wants to live and let live, is *of an old family*, and a tory. Talk of test oaths bein' done away with, why Lord love you, they are in full force here yet. See what a feller swears by—that's his test, and no mistake.

"Well, you wouldn't guess now there was so much to talk of, would you? But hear 'em over and over every day, the same everlastin' round, and you would think the topics not so many arter all, I can tell you. It soon runs out, and when it does, you must wait till the next rain, for another freshet to float these heavy logs on.

"Coffee comes, and then its up and jine the ladies. Well, then talk is tried again, but it's no go; they can't come it, and one of the good-natured fat old lady-birds goes to the piany, and sits on the music stool. Oh, Hedges! how it creaks, but it's good stuff, I guess, it will carry double this hitch; and she sings, 'I wish I was a but-

terfly.' Heavens and airth! the fust time I heard one of these hugeaceous critters come out with that queer idee, I thought I should a dropt right off of the otterman on the floor, and rolled over and over a-laughin', it tickled me so, it makes me larf now only to think of it. Well, the wings don't come, such big butterflies have to grub it in spite of Old Nick, and after wishin' and wishin' ever so long in vain, one of the young galls sits down and sings in rael right down airnest, 'I *won't* be a nun.' Poor critter! there is some sense in that, but I guess she will be bleeged to be, for all that.

"Now eatin' is done, talkin' is done, and singin' is done; so here is chamber candles, and off to bed, that is if you are a stayin' there. If you ain't, 'Mr. Weather Mutton's carriage is ready, Sir,' and Mr. Weather Mutton, and Mrs. Weather Mutton and the entire stranger get in, and when you do, you are in for it, I can tell you. You are in for a seven mile heat at least of cross country roads, axletree deep, rain pourin' straight up and down like Niagara, high hedges, deep ditches full of water, dark as Egypt; ain't room to pass nothin' if you meet it, and don't feel jist altogether easy about them cussed aligators and navigators, critters that work on rail-roads all day, and on houses and travellers by night.

"If you come with Mr. Weather Mutton, you seed the carriage in course. It's an old one, a family one, and as heavy as an ox-cart. The hosses are old, family hosses, everlastin' fat, almighty lazy, and the way they travel is a caution to a snail. It's vulgar to go fast, it's only butcher's horses trot quick, and besides, there is no hurry—there is nothin' to do to home. Affectionate couple! happy man! he takes his wife's hand in his——kisses it? No, not he, but he puts his head back in the corner of the carriage, and goes to sleep, and dreams——of her? Not he indeed, but of a saddle of mutton and curren' jelly.

"Well, if you are a stoppin' at Sir Littleeared Bighead's, you escape the flight by night, and go to bed and think of home and natur'. Next mornin', or rather next noon, down to breakfast. Oh, it's awfully stupid! That second nap in the mornin' always fuddles the head, and makes it as mothery as ryled cyder grounds. Nobody looks as sweet as sugar-candy quite, except them two beautiful galls and their honey lips. But them is only to look at. If you want honey, there is some on a little cut glass, dug out of a dish. But you can't eat it, for lookin' at the genu*ine*, at least I can't, and never could. I don't know what you can do.

"P'raps you'd like to look at the picturs, it will sarve to pass away time. They are family ones. And family picturs sarve as a history. Our Mexican Indgians did all their history in picturs. Let's go the round of the room. Lawful heart! what a big 'Brown ox' that is. Old 'Star and Garters;' father fatted him. He was a prize ox; he eat a thousand bushel of turnips, a thousand pound of oil cake, a

thousand of hay, and a thousand weight of mangel wurzel, and took a thousand days to fat, and weighed ever so many thousands too. I don't believe it, but I don't say so, out of manners, for I'll take my oath he was fatted on porter, because he looks exactly like the footman on all fours. He is a walking '*Brown Stout*,' that feller.

"There is a hunter, come, I like hosses; but this brute was painted when at grass, and he's too fat to look well, guess he was a goodish hoss in his day though. He ain't a bad cut, that's a fact.

"Hullo! what's this pictur? Why, this is from our side of the water, as I am a livin' sinner, this is a New-Foundlander, this dog; yes, and he is of the true genu*wine* breed too, look at his broad forehead—his dew-claws—his little ears; (Sir Littleeared must have been named arter him), his long hair—his beautiful eye. He is a first chop article that; but, oh Lord, he is too shockin' fat altogether. He is like Mother Cary's chickens, they are all fat and feathers. A wick run through 'em makes a candle. This critter is all hair and blubber; if he goes too near the grate, he'll catch into a blaze and set fire to the house.

"There's our friend the host, with cap and gold tassel on, ridin' on his back, and there's his younger brother (that died to Cambridge from settin' up all night for his degree, and suppin' on dry mathematics, and swallerin' 'Newton' whole), younger brother like, walkin' on foot, and leadin' the dog by the head, while the heir is a scoldin' him for not goin' faster.

"Then, there is an old aunty that a forten come from. She looks like a bale o'cotton, fust screwed as tight as possible, and then corded hard. Lord, if they had only given her a pinch of snuff, when she was full dressed and trussed, and sot her a sneezin', she'd a blowed up, and the fortin would have come twenty years sooner.

"Yes, it's a family pictur, indeed, they are all family picturs. They are all fine animals, but over fed and under worked.

"Now it's up and take a turn in the gardens. There is some splendid flowers on that slope. You and the galls go to look at 'em, and jist as you get there, the grass is juicy from the everlastin' rain, and awful slippy; up go your heels, and down goes stranger on the broad of his back, slippin' and slidin' and coastin' right down the bank, slap over the light mud-earth bed, and crushin' the flowers as flat as a pancake, and you yaller ochered all over, clean away from the scruff of your neck, down to the tip eend of your heel. The galls larf, and the bed-room maid larfs; and who the plague can blame them? Old Marm don't larf though, because she is too perlite, and besides, she's lost her flowers, and that's no larfin' matter; and you don't larf, 'cause you feel a little the nastiest you ever did, and jist as near like a fool as to be taken for one, in the dark, that's a fact.

"Well, you renew the outer man, and try it agin, and it's look at the stable and hosses with Sir Host, and the dogs, and the carriages,

and two American trees, and a peacock, and a guinea hen, and a gold pheasant, and a silver pheasant, and all that, and then lunch. Who the plague can eat lunch, that's only jist breakfasted?

"So away goes lunch, and off goes you and the 'Sir,' a trampousin' and a trapsein' over the wet grass agin (I should like to know what ain't wet in this country), and ploughed fields, and wide ditches chock full of dirty water, if you slip in, to souse you most ridikelous; and over gates that's nailed up, and stiles that's got no steps for fear of thoroughfare, and through underwood that's loaded with rain-drops, away off to t'other eend of the estate, to see the most beautiful field of turnips that ever was seen, only the flies eat all the plants up; and then back by another path, that's slumpier than t'other, and twice as long, that you may see an old wall with two broke-out winders, all covered with ivy, which is called a ruin. And well named it is, too, for I tore a bran new pair of trousers, most onhandsum, a scramblin' over the fences to see it, and ruined a pair of shoes that was all squashed out of shape by the wet and mud.

"Well, arter all this day of pleasure, it is time to rig up in your go-to-meetin' clothes for dinner; and that is the same as yesterday, only stupider, if that's possible; and that is Life in the Country.

"How the plague can it be otherwise than dull? If there is nothin' to see, there can't be nothin' to talk about. Now the town is full of things to see. There is Babbage's machine, and Bank Governor's machine, and the Yankee woman's machine, and the flyin' machine, and all sorts of machines, and galleries, and tunnels, and mesmerizers, and theatres, and flower-shows, and cattle-shows, and beast-shows, and every kind of show; and what's better nor all, beautiful got-up women, and men turned out in fust chop style, too.

"I don't mean to say country women ain't handsum here, 'cause they be. There is no sun here; and how in natur' can it be otherways than that they have good complexions? But it tante safe to be caged with them in a house out o' town. Fust thing you both do, is to get spooney, makin' eyes and company-faces at each other, and then think of matin', like a pair of doves, and that won't answer for the like of you and me. The fact is, Squire, if you want to see *women*, you musn't go to a house in the country, nor to mere good company in town for it, tho' there be first chop articles in both; but you must go among the big bugs, the top-lofty nobility, in London; for since the days of old marm Eve, down to this instant present time, I don't think there ever was or ever will be such splendiferous galls as is there. Lord, the fust time I seed 'em it put me in mind of what had happened to me at New Brunswick once. Governor of Maine sent me over to their Governor's, official-

like, with a state letter, and the British officers axed me to dine to their mess. Well, the English brags so like niggers, I thought I'd prove 'em, and set 'em off on their old trade jist for fun. So, says I, stranger captain, sais I, is all these forks and spoons, and plates and covers, and urns, and what nots, rael genu*wine* solid silver, the clear thing, and no mistake? 'Sartainly,' said he, 'we have nothin' but silver here.' He did, upon my soul, just as cool, as if it was all true. Well, you can't tell a mili*tary* what he sais ain't credible, or you have to fight him. It's considered ongenteel, so I jist puts my finger on my nose, and winks, as much as to say, 'I ain't such a cussed fool as you take me to be, I can tell you.'"

"When he seed I'd found him out, he larfed like anything. Guess he found that was no go, for I warn't born in the woods to be scared by an owl, that's a fact. Well, the fust time I went to lord's party, I thought it was another brag agin; I never see nothin' like it. Heavens and airth, I most jumpt out o' my skin. Where onder the sun, sais I to myself, did he rake and scrape together such super-superior galls as these? This party is a kind o' consarvitory—he has got all the raree plants and sweetest roses in England here, and must have ransacked the whole country for 'em. Knowin' I was a judge of woman kind, he wants me to think they are all this way; it's onpossible. They are only 'show frigates,' arter all; it don't stand to reason, they can't be all clippers. He can't put the leake into me that way, so it tante no use tryin'. Well, the next time, I seed jist such another covey of partridges—same plumage, same step, and same breed. Well done, sais I, they are intarmed to pull the wool over my eyes, that's a fact, but they won't find that no easy matter, I know. Guess they must be done now—they can't show another presarve like them agin in all Britain. What trouble they do take to brag here, don't they? Well, to make a long story short, how do you think it eventuated, Squire? Why, every party I went to had as grand a show as them, only some on 'em was better—fact, I assure you—it's gospel truth; there ain't a word of a lie in it—text to the letter. I never see nothin' like it, since I was raised, nor dreamed nothin' like it; and what's more, I don't think the world has nothin' like it nother. It beats all natur. It takes the rag off quite. If that old Turk, Mahomed, had seed these galls, he wouldn't a bragged about his beautiful ones in paradise so everlastinly, I know; for these English heifers would have beat 'em all holler, that's a fact. For my part, I call myself a judge. I have an eye there ain't no deceivin'. I have made it a study, and know every pint about a woman, as well as I do about a hoss; therefore, if I say so, it must be so, and no mistake. I make all allowances for the gear, and the gettin' up, and the vampin', and all that sort o' flash; but toggery won't make an ugly gall handsum, no how you can fix it. It may lower her ugliness a leetle, but it

won't raise her beauty, if she hante got none. But I warn't a talkin' of nobility; I was a talkin' of Life in the Country. But the wust of it is, when galls come on the carpet, I could talk all day; for the dear little critters, I *do* love 'em, that's a fact. Lick! it sets me crazy a'most. Well, where was we? for petticoats always puts everything out o' my head. Whereabouts was we?"

"You were saying that there were more things to be seen in London than in the country."

"Exactly; now I have it. I've got the thread agin. So there is.

"There's England's Queen, and England's Prince, and Hanoover's King, and the old Swordbelt that whopped Bony; and he is better worth seein' than any man now livin' on the face of the universal airth, let t'other one be where he will, that's a fact. He is a great man, all through the piece, and no mistake. If there was—what do you call that word, when one man's breath pops into 'nother man's body, changin' lodgins, like?"

"Do you mean transmigration?"

"Yes; if there was such a thing as that, I should say it was old Liveoak himself, Mr. Washington, that was transmigrated into him, and that's no mean thing to say of him, I tell you.

"Well, now, there's none o' these things to the country; and it's so everlastin' stupid, it's only a Britisher and a nigger that could live in an English country-house. A nigger don't like movin', and it would jist suit him, if it warn't so awful wet and cold.

Oh if I was President of these here United States,
I'd suck sugar-candy and swing upon de gates;
And them I didn't like, I'd strike 'em off de docket,
And the way we'd go ahead, would be akin to Davy Crockit.
With my zippy dooden, dooden dooden, dooden dooden dey,
With my zippy dooden, dooden dooden, dooden dooden dey.

"It might do for a nigger, suckin' sugar candy and drinkin' mint-julep; but it won't do for a free and enlightened citizen like me. A country-house—oh goody gracious! the Lord presarve me from it, I say. If ever any soul ever catches me there agin, I'll give 'em leave to tell me of it, that's all. Oh go, Squire, by all means; you will find it monstrous pleasant, I know you will. Go and spend a week there; it will make you feel up in the stirrups, I know. P'raps nothin' can exceed it. It takes the rag off the bush quite. It caps all, that's a fact, does '*Life in the Country.*'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUNKUM.

I AM not surprised at the views expressed by Mr. Slick in the previous chapter. He has led too active a life, and his habits and thoughts are too business-like to admit of his enjoying retirement, or accommodating himself to the formal restraints of polished society. And yet, after making this allowance for his erratic life, it is but fair to add that his descriptions were always exaggerated; and, wearied as he no doubt was by the uniformity of country life, yet in describing it, he has evidently seized on the most striking features, and made them more prominent than they really appeared, even to his fatigued and prejudiced vision.

In other respects, they are just the sentiment we may suppose would be naturally entertained by a man like the Attaché, under such circumstances. On the evening after that on which he had described "Life in the Country" to me, he called with two "orders" for admission to the House of Commons, and took me down with him to hear the debates.

"It's a great sight," said he. "We shall see all their uppercrust men put their best foot out. There's a great musterin' of the tribes, to-night, and the Sachems will come out with a great talk. There'll be some sport, I guess; some hard hittin', scalpin', and tomahawkin'. To see a Britisher scalp a Britisher is equal to a bull-fight, any time. You don't keer whether the bull, or the horse, or the rider is killed, none of 'em is nothin' to you; so you can enjoy it, and hurror for him that wins. I don't keer who carries the day, the valy of a treat of julep, but I want to see the sport. It's excitin', them things. Come, let's go."

We were shown into a small gallery, at one end of the legislative wall (the two side ones being appropriated to members), and with some difficulty found sitting room in a place that commanded a view of the whole house. We were unfortunate. All the great speakers, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Shiel, and Lord John Russell, had either already addressed the Chair, and were thereby precluded by the rules of the House from coming forward again, or did not choose to answer second-rate men. Those whom we did hear, made a most wretched exhibition. About one

o'clock, the adjournment took place, and we returned, fatigued and disappointed.

"Did you ever see the beat of that, Squire?" said Mr. Slick. "Don't that take the rag off quite? Cuss them fellers that spoke, they are wuss than assembly men, hang me if they ain't; and *they* ain't fit to tend a bear trap, for they'd be sure to catch themselves, if they did, in their own pit-fall.

"Did you hear that Irishman a latherin' away with both arms, as if he was tryin' to thrash out wheat, and see how bothered he looked, as if he couldn't find nothin' but dust and chaff in the straw? Well, that critter was agin the Bill, in course, and Irish like, used every argument in favor of it. Like a pig swimmin' agin stream, every time he struck out, he was a cuttin' of his own throat. He then blob blob blobbered, and gog gog goggled, till he choked with words and passion, and then sot down.

"Then that English Radical feller, that spoke with great voice, and little sense. Ain't he a beauty, without paint, that critter? He know'd he had to vote agin the Bill, 'cause it was a Government Bill, and he know'd he had to speak for *Bunkum*, and therefore—"

"*Bunkum!*" I said. "Pray, what is that?"

"Did you never hear of Bunkum?"

"No, never."

"Why, you don't mean to say you don't know what that is?"

"I do not, indeed."

"Not Bunkum? Why, there is more of it to Nova Scotia every winter, than would paper every room in Government House, and then curl the hair of every gall in the town. Not heer of *Bunkum*? Why, how you talk!"

"No, never."

"Well, if that don't pass! I thought everybody know'd that word. I'll tell you, then, what *Bunkum* is. All over America, every place likes to hear of its members to Congress, and see their speeches; and if they don't, they send a piece to the paper, enquirin' if their member died a nateral death, or was skivered with a bowie knife, for they hante seen his speeches lately, and his friends are anxious to know his fate. Our free and enlightened citizens don't approbate silent members; it don't seem to them as if Squashville, or Punkenville, or Lumbertown was right represented, unless Squashville or Punkenville, or Lumbertown, makes itself heard and known, ay, and feared too. So every feller, in bounden duty, talks, and talks big too; and the smaller the State, the louder, bigger, and fiercer its members talk.

"Well, when a critter talks for talk sake, jist to have a speech in the paper to send to home, and not for any other airthly puppus but electioneering, our folks call it *Bunkum*. Now the State o' Maine

is a great place for *Bunkum*—its members for years threatened to run foul of England, with all steam on, and sink her, about the boundary line, voted a million of dollars, payable in pine logs and spruce boards, up to Bangor mills—and called out a hundred thousand militia (only they never come), to captur' a saw mill to New Brunswick—that's *Bunkum*. All that flourish about Right o' Sarch was *Bunkum*—all that brag about hangin' your Canada sheriff was *Bunkum*. All the speeches about the Caroline, and Creole, and Right of Sarch, was *Bunkum*. In short, almost all that's said *in Congress*, in *the colonies* (for we set the fashions to them, as Paris galls do to our milliners), and all over America, is *Bunkum*.

"Well, they talk *Bunkum* here, too, as well as there. Slavery speeches are all Bunkum; so are reform speeches, too. Do you think them fellers that keep up such an everlastin' gab about representation, care one cent about the extension of franchise? Why, no, not they; it's only to secure their seats to gull their constituents, to get a name. Do you think them goneys that make such a touss about the Arms' Bill, care about the Irish? No, not they; they wan't Irish votes, that's all—it's *Bunkum*. Do you jist go and mesmerise John Russell, and Macauley, and the other officers of the regiment of Reformers, and then take the awkward squad of recruits—fellers that were made drunk with excitement, and then enlisted with the promise of a shillin', which they never got, the sargeants having drank it all; go and mesmerise them all, from General Russell down to Private Chartist, clap 'em into a caterwaulin' or catalapsin' sleep, or whatever the word is, and make 'em tell the secrets of their hearts, as Dupotet did the Clear-voyancing gall, and jist hear what they'll tell you.

"Lord John will say—'I was sincere!' (and I believe, on my soul, he was. He is wrong beyond all doubt, but he is an honest man, and a clever man, and if he had taken his *own* way more, and given Powlet Thompson *his* less, he would a' been a great colony secretary; and more's the pity he is in such company. He'll get off his beam ends, and right himself though, yet, I guess). Well, he'd say—'I was sincere, I was disinterested; but I am disappointed. I have awakened a pack of hungry villains who have sharp teeth, long claws, and the appetite of the devil. They have swallered all I gave 'em, and now would eat me up without salt, if they could. Oh, that I could hark back! *there is no satisfyin' a movement party.*'

"Now, what do the men say (I don't mean men of rank, but the men in the ranks),—'Where's all the fine things we were promised when Reform gained the day?' sais they; 'ay, where are they? for we are wuss off than ever, now, havin' lost all our old friends, and got bilked by our new ones tarnationly. What did all their fine speeches end in at last? Bunkum; damn the thing cut *Bunkum*.

"But that aint the wust of it, nother. Bunkum, like lyin', is

plaguy apt to make a man believe his own bams at last. From telling 'em so often, he forgets whether he grow'd 'em or dreamt 'em, and so he stands right up on eend, kisses the book, and swears to 'em, as positive as the Irishman did to the gun, which he said he know'd ever since it was a pistol. Now *that's Bunkum.*

"But to get back to what we was a talkin' of, did you ever hear such bad speakin' in your life, now tell me candid? because if you have, I never did, that's all. Both sides was bad, it aint easy to say which is wus, six of one and half a dozen of t'other, nothin' to brag of nary way. That government man, that spoke in their favor, warn't his speech rich?

"Lord love you! I aint no speaker, I never made but one speech since I was raised, and that was afore a Slickville legislatur, and then I broke down. I know'd who I was a talkin' afore; they was men that had cut their eye-teeth, and that you couldn't pull the wool over their eyes, nohow you could fix it, and I was young then. Now I'm growed up, I guess, and I've got my narves in the right place, and as taught as a drum; and I *could* speak if I was in the House o' Commons, that's a fact. If a man was to try there, that was worth anythin', he'd find he was a flute without knowin' it. They don't onderstand nothin' but Latin and Greek, and I'de buoy out them sand banks, keep the lead agoin', stick to the channel, and never take ground, I know. The way I'd cut water aint no matter. Oh, Solomon! what a field for good speakin' that question was to-night, if they only had half an eye, them fellers, and what a'most a beautiful mess they made of it on both sides!

"I ain't a vain man, and never was. You know, Squire, I hante a mossel of it in my composition; no, if you was to look at me with a ship's glass, you wouldn't see a grease spot of it in me. I don't think any of us Yankees is vain people; it's a thing don't grow in our diggins. We have too much sense in a giniral way for that; indeed, if we wanted any, we couldn't get none for love nor money, for John Bull has a monopoly of it. He won't open the trade. It's a home market he looks to, and the best of it is, he thinks he hante none to spare.

"Oh, John, John Bull, when you are full rigged, with your white cravat and white waistcoat like Young England, and have got your go-to-meetin' clothes on, if you ain't a sneezer, it's a pity, that's all. No, I ain't a vain man, I despise it, as I do a nigger; but, Squire, what a glorious field the subject to-night is for a man that knows what's what, and was up to snuff, ain't it? Airth and seas! if I was there, I could speak on either side; for like Waterloo it's a fair field; it's good ground for both parties. Heavens, what a speech I could make! I'd electrify 'em, and kill 'em dead like lightnin', and then galvanise 'em and fetch 'em to life agin, and then give them exhiliratin' gass, and set 'em a larfin', till they fairly wet themselves agin

with cryin'. Wouldn't it be fun, that's all? I could sting Peel so if I liked, he'd think a galley nipper had bit him, and he'd spring right off the floor on to the table at one jump, gout or no gout, ravin' mad with pain and say, 'I'm bit thro' the boot by Gosh;' or if I was to take his side, for I care so little about the British, all sides is alike to me, I'd make them Irish members dance like ravin', distractin' bed bugs. I'd make 'em howl, first wicked and then dismal, I know.

"But they can't do it, to save their souls alive; some has it in 'em and can't get it out, physic 'em as you would, first with vanity, and then with office; others have got a way out, but have nothin' to drive thro' the gate; some is so timid, they can't go ahead; and others are in such an infarnal hurry, they spend the whole time in false starts.

"No, there is no good oratory to parliament now, and the English brag so, I doubt if it ever was so good, as they say it was in old times. At any rate, it's all got down to '*Bunkum*' now. It's makin' a speech for newspapers and not for the House. It's to tell on voters and not on members. Then, what a row they make, don't they? Hear, hear, hear; divide, divide, divide; oh, oh, oh; haw, haw, haw. It tante much different from stump oratory in America arter all, or speakin' off a whiskey barrel, is it? It's a sort of divil me-kear-kind o' audience; independent critters, that look at a feller full in the face, as sarcy as the divil; as much as to say, 'Talk away, my old 'coon, you won't alter me, I can tell you, it's all *Bunkum*.

"Lord, I shall never forget poor old Davy Crocket's last speech; there was no '*Bunkum*' in that. He despised it; all good shots do, they aim right straight for the mark and hit it. There's no shootin' round the ring, with them kinder men. Poor old feller, he was a great hunter; a great shot with the rifle, a great wit, and a great man. He didn't leave his *span* behind him, when he slipt off the handle, I know.

"Well, he stood for an election and lost it, just afore he left the States; so, when it was over, he slings his powder-horn on, over his shoulders, takes his 'Betsey,' which was his best rifle, onder his arm, and mounts on a barrel, to talk it into his constituents, and take leave of 'em.

"'Feller citizens,' sais he, 'we've had a fair stand-up fight for it, and I'm whipped, that are a fact; and thar is no denyin' of it. I've come now to take my leave of you. You may all go to H—ll and I'll go to Texas.

"And he stepped right down, and went over the boundary, and jined the patriots agin Mexico, and was killed there.

"Why, it will never be forgot, that speech. It struck into the bull's eye of the heart. It was noble. It said so much in a few

words, and left the mind to fill the gaps up. The last words is a sayin' now, and always will be, to all etarnity. Whenever a feller wants to show how indifferent he is, he jist sais, 'you may go to (hem, hem, you know,) and I'll go to Texas.' There is no *Bunkum* in that, Squire.

"Yes, there is no good speakin' there, speakin' is no use. Every feller is pledged and supports his party. A speech don't alter no man's opinions; yes, it *may* alter his *opinions*, but it don't alter his *vote*, that ain't his'n, it's his party's. Still, there is some credit in a good speech, and some fun, too. No feller there has any ridicule; he has got no ginger in him, he can neither crack his whip, nor lay it on; he can neither cut the hide nor sting it. Heavens! if I was there! and I'm sure it's no great boastin' to say I'm better than such fellers, as them small fry of white bait is. If I was there, give me a good subject like that to-night, give me a good horn of lignum vitæ—"

"Lignum vitæ—what's that?"

"Lord-o-massy on us! you don't know nothin', Squire. Where have you been all your born days, not to know what lignum vitæ is? why, lignum vitæ is hot brandy and water, to be sure, pipin' hot, scald an iron pot amost, and spiced with cloves and sugar in it, stiff enough to make a tea-spoon stand up in it, as straight as a dead nigger. Wine ain't no good, it goes off as quick as the white beads off of champaign does, and then leaves a stupid head-ache behind it. But give me the subject and a horn of lignum vitæ (of the wickedest kind), and then let a feller rile me, so as to get my back up like a fightin' cat's, and I'll tell you what I'd do, I'd sarve him as our Slickville boys sarve the cows to California. One on 'em lays hold of the tail, and the other skins her as she runs strait an eend. Next year, it's all growed ready for another flayin'. Fact, I assure you. Lord! I'd skin a feller so, his hide would never grow agin; I'd make a caution of him to sinners, I know.

"Only hear them fellers now talk of extendin' of the representation; why the house is a mob now, plaguy little better, I assure you. Like the house in Cromwell's time, they want 'Sam Slick's' purge. But talkin' of mobs, puts me in mind of a Swoi-ree, I told you I'd describe that to you, and I don't care if I do now, for I've jist got my talkin' tacks aboard. A Swoi-ree is—"

"We'll talk of that some other time, Mr. Slick," said I; "it is now near two o'clock, I must retire."

"Well, well," said he, "I suppose it is e'en a'most time to be a movin.' But, Squire, you are a Britisher, why the plague don't you get into the house? you know more about colony matters than the whole bilin' of them put together, quite as much about other things, and speak like a——"

"Come, come, Mr. Slick," said I, rising and lighting my bed-room candle, "it is now high time to bid you good night, for you are beginning to talk *Bunkum*."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROWING THE LAVENDER.

Mr. Slick's character, like that of many of his countrymen, is not so easily understood as a person might suppose. We err more often than we are aware of, when we judge of others by ourselves. English tourists have all fallen into this mistake, in their estimate of the Americans. They judge them by their own standard; they attribute effects to wrong causes, forgetting that a different tone of feeling, produced by a different social and political state from their own, must naturally produce dissimilar results.

Any person reading the last sketch containing the account, given by Mr. Slick of the House of Commons, his opinion of his own abilities as a speaker, and his aspiration after a seat in that body for the purpose of "skinning," as he calls it, impertinent or stupid members, could not avoid coming to the conclusion that he was a conceited blockhead; and if his countrymen talked in that absurd manner, they must be the weakest, and most vain-glorious people in the world.

That he is a vain man cannot be denied—self-taught men are apt to be so everywhere; but those who understand the New England humor, will at once perceive, that he has spoken in his own name merely as a personification, and that the whole passage means, after all, when transposed into that phraseology which an Englishman would use, very little more than this, that the House of Commons presented a noble field for a man of abilities as a public speaker; but that in fact, it contained very few such persons. We must not judge of words or phrases, when used by foreigners, by the sense we attribute to them, but endeavor to understand the meaning they attach to them themselves.

In Mexico, if you admire anything, the proprietor immediately says, "Pray do me the honor to consider it yours, I shall be most happy, if you will permit me, to place it upon you (if it be an ornament), or to send it to your hotel," if it be of a different description. All this means in English, a present; in Mexican Spanish, a civil speech, purporting that the owner is gratified, that it meets the approbation of his visitor. A Frenchman, who heard this grandilo-

quent reply to his praises of a horse, astonished his friend by thanking him in terms equally amplified, accepting it, and riding it home.

Mr. Slick would be no less amazed, if understood literally. He has used a peculiar style; here again, a stranger would be in error, in supposing the phraseology common to all Americans. It is peculiar only to a certain class of persons in a certain state of life, and in a particular section of the States. Of this class, Mr. Slick is a specimen. I do not mean to say he is not a vain man, but merely that a portion only of that, which appears so to us, is vanity, and that the rest and by far the greater portion too, is local or provincial peculiarity.

This explanation is due to the Americans, who have been grossly misrepresented, and to the English, who have been egregiously deceived, by persons attempting to delineate character, who were utterly incapable of perceiving those minute lights and shades, without which, a portrait becomes a contemptible daub, or at most a mere caricature.

"A droll scene that at the house o' represen*tatives* last night," said Mr. Slick when we next met, "warn't it? A sort o' rookery, like that at the Shropshire Squire's, where I spent the juicy day. What a darned caw-caw-cawin' they keep, don't they? These members are jist like the rooks, too, fond of old houses, old woods, old trees, and old harnts. And they are jist as proud, too, as they be. Cuss 'em, they won't visit a new man, or new plantation. They are too aristocratic for that. They have a circle of their own. Like the rooks, too, they are privileged to scour over the farmers' fields all round home, and play the very devil.

"And then a fellow can't hear himself speak for 'em; divide, divide, divide, question, question, question; cau, cau, cau; cau, cau, cau. Oh! we must go there again. I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, Macauley, Old Joe, and so on. These men are all upper crust here. Fust of all, I want to hear your opinion of 'em. I take you to be a considerable of a good judge in these matters."

"No Bunkum, Mr. Slick."

"D——n that word Bunkum! If you say that 'ere agin, I won't say another syllable, so come now. Don't I know who you are? You know every mite and morsel as well as I do, that you be a considerable of a judge of these critters, though you are nothin' but an outlandish colonist; and are an everlastin' sight better judge, too, if you come to that, than them that judge *you*. Cuss 'em, the state would be a nation sight better sarved, if one o' these old rooks was sent out to try trover for a goose, and larceny for an old hat, to Nova Scotia, and you was sent for to take the ribbons o' the state coach here; hang me if it wouldn't. You know that, and feel your oats, too, as well as any one. So don't be so infarnal mealy-mouthed,

with your mock modesty face, a turnin' up the whites of your eyes as if you was a chokin', and sayin' 'No *Bun-kum*,' Mr. Slick. Cuss that word Bunkum! I am sorry I ever told you that are story, you will be for everlastinly a throwin' up of that are, to me now.

"Do you think if I warnted to soft sawder you, I'd take the white-wash brush to you, and slobber it on, as a nigger wench does to a board fence, or a kitchen wall to home, and put your eyes out with the lime? No, not I; but I could tickel you though, and have done it afore now, jist for practice, and you warn't a bit the wiser. Lord, I'd take a camel's-hair brush to you, knowin' how skittish and tickle-some you are, and do it so it would feel good. I'd make you feel kinder pleasant, I know, and you'd jist bend your face over to it, and take it as kindly as a gall does a whisper, when your lips keep jist a brushin' of the cheek while you are a talkin'. I wouldn't go to shock you by a doin' of it coarse; you are too quick and too knowin' for that. You should smell the otter o' roses, and sniff, sniff it up your nostrils, and say to yourself, 'How nice that is, aint it? Come, I like that, how sweet it stinks!' I wouldn't go for to dash scented water on your face, as a hired lady does suds on a winder to wash it, it would make you start back, take out your pocket-handkercher, and say, 'Come, *Mister* Slick, no nonsense, if you please.' I'd do it delicate, I know my man: I'd use a light touch, a soft brush, and a smooth ily rouge."

"Pardon me," I said, "you overrate your own powers, and over-estimate my vanity. You are flattering yourself now, you can't flat-ter me, for I detest it."

"Creation, man," said Mr. Slick, "I have done it now afore your face, these last five minutes, and you didn't know it. Well, if that don't bang the bush. It's tarnation all over that. Tellin' you, you was so knowin', so shy if touched on the flanks; how difficult you was to take in, bein' a sensible, knowin' man, what's that but soft sawder? You swallered it all. You took it off without winkin', and opened your mouth as wide as a young blind robbin does for another worm, and then down went the Bunkum about making you a Secre-tary of State, which was rather a large bolus to swaller, without a draft; down, down it went, like a greased-wad through a smooth rifle bore; it did, upon my soul. Heavens! what a take in! what a splendid sleight-of-hand! I never did nothin' better in all my born days. I hope I may be shot, if I did. Ha! ha! ha! ain't it rich? Don't it cut six inches on the rib of clear shear, that. Oh! it's han-*sum*, that's a fact."

"It's no use to talk about it, Mr. Slick," I replied; "I plead guilty. You took me in then. You touched a weak point. You insensibly flattered my vanity, by assenting to my self-sufficiency, in supposing I was exempt from that universal frailty of human nature; you '*threw the Lavender*' well."

"I did put the leake into you, Squire, that's a fact," said he; "but let me alone, I know what I am about; let me talk on, my own way. Swaller what you like, spit out what is too strong for you; but don't put a drag-chain on to me, when I am a doin' tall talkin' and set my wheels as fast as pine stumps. You know me, and I know you. You know my speed, and I know your bottom, don't throw back in the breetchin' for nothin' that way.

"Well, as I was a sayin', I want you to see these great men, as they call 'em. Let's weigh 'em, and measure 'em, and handle 'em, and then price 'em, and see what their market valy is. Don't consider 'em as Tories, or Whigs, or Radicals; we hante got nothin' to do with none o' them; but consider 'em as statesmen. It's pot-luck with 'em all; take your fork as the pot biles up, jab it in, and fetch a feller up, see whether he is beef, pork, or mutton; partridge, rabbit, or lobster; what his name, grain, and flavor is, and how you like him. Treat 'em indifferent, and treat 'em independent.

"I don't care a chaw o' tobacky for the whole on 'em; and none on 'em care a pinch o' snuff for you or any Hortentort of a colonist that ever was or ever will be. Lord love you! if you was to write like Scott, and map the human mind like Bacon, would it advance you a bit in preferment? Not it. They have done enough for the colonists, they have turned 'em upside down, and given 'em responsible government? What more do the rascals want? Do they ask to be made equal to us? No, look at their social system, and their political system, and tell 'em your opinion like a man. You have heard enough of their opinions of colonies, and suffered enough from their erroneous ones too. You have had Durham reports, and commissioners' reports, and parliament reports till you stomach refuses any more on 'em. And what are they? a bundle of mistakes and misconceptions, from beginnin' to eend. They have travelled by stumblin', and have measured everything by the length of their knee, as they fell on the ground, as a milliner measures lace, by the bendin' down of the forefinger—cuss 'em! Turn the tables on 'em. Report on *them*, measure *them*, but take care to keep your feet though, don't be caught trippin', don't make no mistakes.

"Then we'll go to the Lord's House—I don't mean to a meetin' house, though we must go there too, and hear McNeil and Chalmers, and them sort o' cattle; but I mean the house where the nobles meet, pick out the big bugs, and see what sort o' stuff they are made of. Let's take minister with us—he is a great judge of these things. I should like you to hear his opinion; he knows everythin' a'most, though the ways of the world bother him a little sometimes; but for valyin' a man, or stating principles, or talkin' politics, there ain't no man equal to him hardly. He is a book, that's a fact; it's all there what you want; all you've got to do is to cut the leaves.

Name the word in the index, he'll turn to the page, and give you day, date, and fact for it. There is no mistake in him.

"That cussed provokin' visit of yours to Scotland will shove them things into the next book, I'm afeered. But it don't signify nothin'; you can't cram all into one, and we hante only broke the crust yet, and p'rhaps it's as well to look afore you leap too, or you might make as big a fool of yourself as some of the Britishers have a writin' about us and the provinces. Oh yes, it's a great advantage havin' minister with you. He'll fell the big stiff trees for you; and I'm the boy for the saplin's, I've got the eye and the stroke for them. They spring so confoundedly under the axe, does second growth and underwood, it's dangerous work, but I've got the sleight o' hand for that, and we'll make a clean field of it.

"Then come and survey; take your compass and chain to the ground, and measure and lay that off—branch and bark the spars for snakin' off the ground; cord up the fire-wood, tie up the hoop-poles, and then burn off the trash and rubbish. Do it workmanlike. Take your time to it, as if you was workin' by the day. Don't hurry, like job-work; don't slobber it over, and leave half burnt trees and logs strewed about the surface, but make smack smooth work. Do that, Squire, do it well, and that is, only half as good as you can, if you choose, and then—"

"And then," said I, "I make no doubt you will have great pleasure '*in throwin' the Lavender again.*'"

CHAPTER XXV.

"AIMING HIGH!"

"WHAT do you intend to do, Squire, with your two youngest boys?" said Mr. Slick to me to-day, as we were walking in the Park.

"I design them, I said, "for professions. One I shall educate for a lawyer, and the other for a clergyman."

"Where?"

"In Nova Scotia."

"Exactly," says he. "It shows your sense; it's the very place for 'em. It's a fine field for a young man; I don't know no better one nowhere in the whole univarsal world. When I was a boy larnin' to shoot, sais father to me, one day, 'Sam,' sais he, 'I'll give you a lesson in gunnin' that's worth knowin'. "*Aim high*," my boy; your gun naterally settles down a little takin' sight, cause your arm gets tired, and wabbles, and the ball settles a little while it's travel-

lin', accordin' to a law of natur, called Franklin's law; and I observe you always hit below the mark. Now, make allowances for these things in gunnin', and "*aim high*," for your life, always. And, Sam,' sais he, 'I've seed a great deal of the world, all mili*tary* men do. I was to Bunker's Hill durin' the engagement, and I saw Washington the day he was made President, and in course must know more nor most men of my age; and I'll give you another bit of advice, "*Aim high*" in life, and if you don't hit the bull's eye, you'll hit the "first circles," and that ain't a bad shot nother.'

"'Father,' says I, 'I guess I've seed more of the world than you have, arter all.'

"'How so, Sam?' sais he.

"'Why,' sais I, 'father, you've only been to Bunker's Hill, and that's nothin'; no part of it ain't too steep to plough; it's only a sizeable hillock, arter all. But I've been to the Notch on the White Mountain, so high up, that the snow don't melt there, and seed five States all to once, and half way over to England, and then I've seed Jim Crow dance. So there, now?' He jist up with the flat of his hand, and gave me a wipe with it on the side of my face, that knocked me over; and as I fell, he lent me a kick on my musn't-mention-it, that sent me a rod or so afore I took ground on all fours.

"'Take that, you young scoundrel!' said he, 'and larn to speak respectful next time to an old man, a mili*tary* man, and your father, too.'

"It hurt me properly, you may depend. 'Why,' sais I, as I picked myself up, 'didn't you tell me to "aim high," father? So I thought I'd do it, and beat your brag, that's all.'

"Truth is, Squire, I never could let a joke pass all my life, without havin' a lark with it. I was fond of one, ever since I was knee high to a goose, or could recollect anythin' amost; I have got into a horrid sight of scrapes by 'em, that's a fact. I never forgot that lesson, though—it was kicked into me; and lessons that are larnt on the right eend, ain't never forgot amost. I *have* 'aimed high' ever since, and see where I be now. Here I am an Attaché, made out of a wooden clock pedlar. Tell you what, I shall be 'embassador' yet, made out of nothin' but an 'Attaché;' and I'll be President of our great Republic, and almighty nation in the eend, made out of an embassador, see if I don't. That comes of '*aimin' high*.' What do you call that water near your coach-house?"

"A pond."

"Is there any brook runnin' in, or any stream runnin' out?"

"No."

"Well, that's the difference between a lake and a pond. Now, set that down for a traveller's fact. Now, where do you go to fish?"

"To the lakes, of course; there are no fish in the ponds."

"Exactly," said Mr. Slick; "that is what I want to bring you to; there is no fish in a pond, there is nothin' but frogs. Nova Scotia is only a pond, and so is New Brunswick, and such outlandish, out o' the way, little crampt up, stagnant places. There is no 'big fish' there, nor never can be; there ain't no food for 'em. A colony frog!! Heavens and airth, what an odd fish that is! A colony pollywog! do, for gracious sake, catch one, put him into a glass bottle full of spirits, and send him to the Museum as a curiosity in natur. So you are a goin' to make your two nice pretty little smart boys a pair of colony frogs, eh? Oh! do, by all means.

"You'll have great comfort in 'em, Squire. Monstrous comfort. It will do your old heart good to go down to the edge of the pond on the fust of May, or thereabouts, accordin' to the season, jist at sun down, and hear 'em sing. You'll see the little fellers swell out their cheeks, and roar away like young suckin' thunders. For the frogs beat all natur there for noise; they have no notion of it here at all. I've seed Englishmen that couldn't sleep all night, for the everlastin' noise these critters made. Their frogs have somethin' else to do here besides singin'. Ain't it a splendid prospect that, havin' these young frogs settled all round you in the same mud-hole, all gathered in a nice little musical family party? All smart fun this, till some fine day we Yankee storks will come down and gobble them all up, and make clear work of it.

"No, Squire, take my advice now, for once; jist go to your colony minister when he is alone. Don't set down, but stand up as if you was in airnest, and didn't come to gossip, and tell him, 'Turn these ponds into a lake,' sais you, 'my lord minister, give them an inlet and an outlet. Let them be kept pure, and sweet, and wholesome, by a stream runnin' through. Fish will live there then, if you put them in, and they will breed there, and keep up the stock. At present they die; it ain't big enough; there ain't room.' If he sais he hante time to hear you, and asks you to put it into writin', do you jist walk over to his table, take up his lignum vitæ ruler into your fist, put your back to the door, and say, 'By the 'tarnal empire, you *shall* hear me; you don't go out of this, till I give you the butt eend of my mind, I can tell you. I am an old bull frog now; the Nova Scotia pond is big enough for me; I'll get drowned if I get into a bigger one, for I hante got no fins, nothin' but legs and arms to swim with, and deep water wouldn't suit me, I ain't fit for it, and I must live and die there—that's my fate as sure as rates.' If he gets tired, and goes to get up or to move, do you shake the big ruler at him, as fierce as a painter, and say, 'Don't you stir for your life; I don't want to lay nothin' *on* your head, I only want to put somethin' *in* it. I am a father, and have got youngsters. I am a *native*, and have got countrymen. Enlarge our sphere, give us a

chance in the world.' 'Let me out,' he'll say, 'this minute, Sir, or I'll put you in charge of a policeman.' 'Let you out, is it?' sais you. 'Oh! you feel bein' pent up, do you? I am glad of it. The tables are turned now—that's what we complain of. You've stood at the door, and kept *us* in; now I'll keep *you* in awhile. I want to talk to you—that's more than you ever did to us. How do you like bein' shut in? Does it feel good? Does it make your dander rise?' 'Let me out,' he'll say agin, 'this moment, Sir; how dare you?' 'Oh! you are in a hurry, are you?' sais you. 'You've kept me in all my life; don't be oneasy if I keep you in five minutes.'

"'Well, what do you want, then?' he'll say, kinder peevish; 'what do you want?' 'I don't want nothin' for myself,' sais you. 'I've got all I can get in that pond; and I got that from the Whigs, fellers I've been abusin' all my life; and I'm glad to make amends by acknowledging this good turn they did me; for I am a Tory, and no mistake. I don't want nothin'; but I want to be an *Englishman*. I don't want to be an English *subject;* do you understand that now? If you don't, this is the meanin', that there is no fun in bein' a fag, if you are never to have a fag yourself. Give us all fair play. Don't move now,' sais you, 'for I'm gettin' warm; I'm gettin' spotty on the back, my bristles is up, and I might hurt you with this ruler; it's a tender pint this, for I've rubbed the skin off of a sore place; but I'll tell you a gospel truth, and mind what I tell you, for nobody else has sense enough, and if they had, they hante courage enough. *If you don't make Englishmen of us, the force of circumstances will make Yankees of us,* as sure as you are born.' He'll stare at that. He is a clever man, and ain't wantin' in gumption. He is no fool, that's a fact. 'Is it no compliment to you and your institutions, this?' sais you. 'Don't it make you feel proud that even independence won't tempt us to dissolve the connexion? Ain't it a noble proof of your good qualities that, instead of agitatin' for Repeal of the Union, we want a closer union? But have we no pride, too? We would be onworthy of the name of Englishmen, if we hadn't it, and we won't stand beggin' for ever, I tell *you*. Here's our hands, give us yourn; let's be all *Englishmen* together. Give us a chance, and if us, young English boys, don't astonish you old English, my name ain't Tom Poker, that's all.' 'Sit down,' he'll say, 'Mr. Poker; 'there is a great deal in that; sit down; I am interested.'

"The instant he sais that, take your ruler, lay it down on the table, pick up your hat, make a scrape with your hind leg, and say, 'I regret I have detained you so long, Sir. I am most peskily afraid my warmth has kinder betrayed me into rudeness. I railly beg pardon, I do, upon my soul. I feel I have smashed down all decency—I am horrid ashamed of myself.' Well, he won't say you

hante rode the high hoss, and done the unhandsum thing, because it wouldn't be true if he did; but he'll say, 'Pray be seated. I can make allowances, Sir, even for intemperate zeal. And this is a very important subject, very indeed. There is a monstrous deal in what you say, though you have, I must say, rather a peculiar, an unusual way of puttin' it.' Don't you stay another minit, though, nor say another word, for your life; but bow, beg pardon, hold in your breath, that your face may look red, as if you was blushin', and back out, starn fust. Whenever you make an impression on a man, stop; your reasonin' and details may ruin you. Like a feller who sais a good thing, he'd better shove off, and leave every one larfin' at his wit, than stop and tire them out, till they say what a great screw augur that is. Well, if you find he opens the colonies, and patronizes the smart folks, leave your sons there if you like, and let 'em work up, and work out of it, if they are fit, and time and opportunity offers. But one thing is sartin—*the very openin' of the door will open their minds*, as a matter of course. If he don't do it, and I can tell you before hand he won't—for they actilly hante got time here to think of these things—send your boys here into the great world. Sais you to the young Lawyer, 'Bob,' sais you, "'*aim high.*" If you don't get to be Lord Chancellor, I shall never die in peace. I've set my heart on it. It's within your reach, if you are good for anything. Let me see the great seal—let me handle it before I die—do, that's a dear; if not, go back to your Colony pond, and sing with your provincial frogs, and I hope to Heaven the fust long-legged bittern that comes there will make a supper of you.'

"Then sais you to the young parson, 'Arthur,' sais you, 'Natur jist made you for a clergyman. Now, do you jist make yourself "Archbishop of Canterbury." My death-bed scene will be an awful one, if I don't see you "the Primate;" for my affections, my hopes, my heart, is fixed on it. I shall be willin' to die then, I shall depart in peace, and leave this world happy. And, Arthur,' sais you, 'they talk and brag here till one is sick of the sound a'most about "Addison's death-bed." Good people refer to it as an example, authors as a theatrical scene, and hypocrites as a grand illustration for them to turn up the whites of their cold cantin' eyes at. Lord love you, my son,' sais you, 'let them brag of it; but what would it be to mine; you congratulatin' me on goin' to a better world, and me congratulatin' you on bein' "Archbishop." Then,' says you, in a starn voice like a boatsan's trumpet—for if you want things to be remembered, give 'em effect—'"*Aim high,*" Sir,' sais you. Then, like my old father, fetch him a kick on his western eend, that will lift him clean over the table, and say, 'That's the way to rise in the world, you young sucking parson, you. "*Aim high,*" Sir.'

"Neither of them will ever forget it as long as they live. The hit does that; for a kick is a very *striking* thing, that's a fact. There has been *no good scholars since birch rods went out o' school, and sentiment went in.*"

"But you know," I said, "Mr. Slick, that those high prizes in the lottery of life, can, in the nature of things, be drawn but by a few people, and how many blanks are there to one prize in this world!"

"Well, what's to prevent your boys gettin' those prizes, if colonists was made Christians of, instead of outlawed, exiled, transported, onsarcumsised heathen Indgean niggers, as they be? If people don't put into a lottery, how the devil can they get prizes? Will you tell me that? Look at the critters here—look at the publicans, tailors, barbers, and porters' sons, how they've rose here, 'in this big lake,' to be chancellors, and archbishops; how did they get them? They '*aimed high*;' and besides all that, like father's story of the gun, by 'aiming high,' though they may miss the mark, they will be sure to hit the upper circles. Oh, Squire, there is nothing like '*aiming high*,' in this world."

"I quite agree with you, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell. "I never heard you speak so sensibly before. Nothing can be better for young men than '*Aiming high.*' Though they may not attain to the highest honors, they may, as you say, reach to a most respectable station. But surely, Squire, you will never so far forget the respect that is due to so high an officer as a Secretary of State, or, indeed, so far forget yourself as to adopt a course which, from its eccentricity, violence, and impropriety, must leave the impression that your intellects are disordered. Surely you will never be tempted to make the experiment?"

"I should think not, indeed," I said. "I have no desire to become an inmate of a lunatic asylum."

"Good," said he; "I am satisfied. I quite agree with Sam, though. Indeed, I go further. I do not think he has advised you to recommend your boys to 'aim high enough.'"

"Creation!" said Mr. Slick, "how much higher do you want provincial frogs to go, than to be 'Chancellor' and 'Primate?'"

"I'll tell you, Sam; I'd advise them to 'aim higher' than earthly honors. I would advise them to do their duty, in any station of life in which it shall please Providence to place them: and instead of striving after unattainable objects here, to be unceasing in their endeavors to obtain that which, on certain conditions, is promised to all hereafter. In their worldly pursuits, as men, it is right for them to '*aim high*;' but as Christians, it is also their duty to '*aim higher.*'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SWOI-REE.

Mr. Slick visited me late last night, dressed as if he had been at a party, but very cross, and, as usual when in that frame of mind, he vented his ill-humor on the English.

"Where have you been to-night, Mr. Slick?"

"Jist where the English hosses will be," he replied, "when Old Clay comes here to this country—no where. I have been on a stair-case, that's where I have been; and a pretty place to see company in, ain't it? I have been jammed to death in an entry, and what's wus than all, I have given one gall a black eye with my elbow, tore another one's frock off with my buttons, and near about cut a third one's leg in two with my hat. Pretty well for one night's work, ain't it? and for me, too, that's so fond of the dear little critters, I wouldn't hurt a hair of their head, if I could help it, to save my soul alive. What a spot o' work!

"What the plague do people mean here by askin' a mob to their house, and invitin' twice as many as can get into it? If they think it's complimental, they are infarnally mistaken, that's all: it's an insult, and nothin' else, makin' a fool of a body that way. Heavens and airth! I am wringing wet! I'm ready to faint! Where's the key of your cellaret? I want some brandy and water. I'm dead; bury me quick, for I won't be nice directly. Oh, dear! how that lean gall hurt me! How horrid sharp her bones are!

"I wish to goodness you'd go to a Swoi-ree oncet, Squire, jist oncet—a grand let off, one that's upper crust and rael jam. It's worth seein' oncet jist as a show, I tell *you*, for you have no more notion of it than a child. All Halifax, if it was swept up clean and shook out into a room, wouldn't make one swoi-ree. I have been to three to-night, and all on 'em was mobs—regular mobs. The English are horrid fond of mobs, and I wonder at it too; for of all the cowardly, miserable, scarry mobs, that ever was seen in this blessed world, the English is the wust. Two dragoons will clear a whole street as quick as wink, any time. The instant they see 'em, they jist run like a flock of sheep afore a couple of bull dogs, and slope off properly skeered. Lawful heart, I wish they'd send for a

dragoon, all booted, and spurred, and mounted, and let him gallop into a swoi-ree, and charge the mob there. He'd clear 'em out, *I* know, double quick: he'd chase one quarter of 'em down stairs head over heels, and another quarter would jump out o' the winders, and break their confounded necks to save their lives, and then the half that's left, would be jist about half too many for comfort.

"My first party, to-night, was a conversation one; that is for them that *could* talk; as for me, I couldn't talk a bit, and all I could think was, 'how infarnal hot it is! I wish I could get in!' or, 'oh, dear! if I could only get out!' It was a scientific party, a mob o' men. Well, everybody expected somebody would be squashed to death, and so ladies went, for they always go to executions. They've got a kinder nateral taste for the horrors, have women. They like to see people hanged, or trod to death, when they can get a chance. It *was* a conversation warn't it? that's all. I couldn't understand a word I heard. Trap shale Greywachy; a petrified snail, the most important discovery of modern times. Bank governor's machine weighs sovereigns, light ones goes to the right, and heavy ones to the left.

"'Stop,' says I, 'if you mean the sovereign people here, there are none on 'em light. Right and left is both monstrous heavy; all over weight, every one on 'em. I'm squeezed to death.'

"'Very good, Mr. Slick. Let me introduce you to——," they are whipt off in the current, and I don't see 'em again no more. 'A beautiful show of flowers, Madam, at the garden: they are all in full blow now. The rhododendron——had a tooth pulled when she was asleep.' 'Please to let me pass, Sir.' 'With all my heart, Miss, if I could; but I can't move; if I could I would down on the carpet, and you should walk over me. Take care of your feet, Miss, I am off of mine. Lord bless me! what's this? Why, as I am a livin' sinner, it's half her frock hitched on to my coat button. Now, I know what that scream meant.'

"'How do you do, Mr. Slick? When did you come?' 'Why, I came—' he is turned round, and shoved out o' hearin'. 'Xanthian marbles at the British Museum are quite wonderful; got into his throat, the doctor turned him upside down, stood him on his head, and out it came—his own tunnel was too small.' 'Oh, Sir, you are cuttin' me.' 'Me, Miss! Where had I the pleasure of seein' you before; I never cut a lady in my life. Couldn't do so rude a thing. Havn't the honor to recollect you.' 'Oh, Sir, take it away, it cuts me.' Poor thing, she is distracted, I don't wonder she's drove crazy, though I think she must have been made to come here at all. 'Your hat, Sir. 'Oh, that cussed French hat is it? Well, the rim is as stiff and as sharp as a cleaver, that's a fact, I don't wonder it cut you.' 'Eddis's pictur—capital painting, fell out of the barge, and was drowned.' 'Having been beat on the shillin' duty; they will

attack him on the fourpence, and thimble rigg him out of that.' 'They say Sugden is in town, hung in a bad light, at the Temple Church.—'Who is that?' 'Lady Fobus; paired off for the Session; Brodie operated.'—'Lady Francis; got the Life Guards; there will be a division to-night.'—'That's Sam Slick; I'll introduce you; made a capital speech in the House of Lords, in answer to Brougham —Lobelia—voted for the bill—The Duchess is very fond of—Irish Arms—'

"Oh! now I'm in the entry. How tired I am! It feels shockin' cold here, too, arter comin' out o' that hot room. Guess I'll go to the grand musical party. Come, this will do; this is Christian-like, there is room here; but the singin' is in the nex room, I will go and hear them. Oh! here they are agin; it's a proper mob this. Cuss these English, they can't live out of mobs. Prince Albert is there in that room; I must go and see him. He is popular; he is a renderin' of himself very agreeable to the English, is Prince: he mixes with them as much as he can: and shews his sense in that. Church steeples are very pretty things: that one to Antwerp is splendiriferous; it's everlastin' high, it most breaks your neck layin' back your head to look at it; bend backward like a hoop, and stare at it once with all your eyes, and you can't look up agin, you are satisfied. It tante no use for a Prince to carry a head so high as that, Albert knows this; he don't want to be called the highest steeple, cause all the world knows he is about the top loftiest; but he wants to descend to the world we live in.

"With a Queen all men love, and a Prince all men like, royalty has a root in the heart here. Pity, too, for the English don't desarve to have a Queen; and such a Queen as they have got, too, hang me if they do. They ain't men, they hante the feelin's or pride o' men in 'em; they ain't what they used to be, the nasty, dirty, mean-spirited, sneakin' skunks, for if they had a heart as big as a pea—and that ain't any great size, nother—cuss 'em, when any feller pinted a finger at her to hurt her, or even frighten her, they'd string him right up on the spot, to the lamp-post. Lynch him like a dog that steals sheep right off the reel, and save mad-doctors, skary judges, and Chartist papers all the trouble of findin' excuses. And, if that didn't do, Chinese like, they'd take the whole crowd present and sarve *them* out. They'd be sure to catch the right one then. I wouldn't shed blood, because that's horrid; it shocks all Christian people, philosophisin' legislators, sentimental ladies, and spooney gentlemen. It's horrid barbarous that, is sheddin' blood; I wouldn't do that, I'd jist hang him. A strong cord tied round his neck would keep that precious mixtur, traitor's blood, all in as close as if his mouth was corked, wired, and white-leaded, like a champagne bottle.

"Oh, dear! these are the fellers that come out a travellin' among

us, and sayin' the difference atween you and us is 'the absence of loyalty.' I've heard tell a great deal of that loyalty, but I've seen precious little of it, since I've been here, that's a fact. I've always told you these folks ain't what they used to be, and I see more and more on 'em every day. Yes, the English are like their hosses, they are so fine bred, there is nothin' left of 'em now but the hide, hair, and shoes.

"So, Prince Albert is there in that room; I must get in there and see him, for I have never sot eyes on him since I've been here, so here goes. Onder, below there, look out for your corns, hawl your feet in, like turtles, for I am a comin'. Take care o' your ribs, my old 'coons, for my elbows are crooked. Who wants to grow? I'll squeeze you out as a rollin'-pin does dough, and make you ten inches taller. I'll make good figures of you, my fat boys and galls, I know. Look out for scaldin's there. Here I am: it's me, Sam Slick, make way, or I'll walk right over you, and cronch you like lobsters. 'Cheap talkin', or rather thinkin', sais I; 'for in course I couldn't bawl that out in company here; they don't onderstand fun, and would think it rude, and ongenteel. I have to be shockin' cautious what I say here, for fear I might lower our great nation in the eyes of foreigners. I have to look big and talk big the whole blessed time, and I am tired of it. It ain't nateral to me; and, besides braggin' and repudiatin' at the same time, is most as bad as cantin' and swearin'. It kinder chokes me. I thought it all though, and said it all to myself. 'And,' sais I, 'take your time, Sam; you can't do it, no how, you can fix it. You must wait your time, like other folks. Your legs is tied, and your arms is tied down by the crowd, and you can't move an inch beyond your nose. The only way is, watch your chance, wait till you can get your hands up, then turn the fust two persons that's next to you right round, and slip between them like a turnstile in the park, and work your passage that way. Which is the Prince? That's him with the hair carefully divided, him with the moustaches. I've seed him; a plaguy handsum man he is, too. Let me out now. I'm stifled, I'm choked. My jaws stick together, I can't open 'em no more; and my wind won't hold out another minute.'

"I have it now, I've got an idea. See if I don't put the leake into 'em. Won't I *do* them, that's all? Clear the way there, the Prince is a comin', *and* so is the Duke. And a way is opened: waves o' the sea roll back at these words, and I walks right out, as large as life and the fust Egyptian that follers is drowned, for the water has closed over him. Sarves him right too, what business had he to grab at my life-presarver without leave. I have enough to do to get along by my own wit, without carryin' double.

"'Where is the Prince? Didn't they say he was a comin'? Who was that went out? He don't look like the Prince; he ain't half so

handsun, that feller, he looks like a Yankee.' 'Why, that was Sam Slick.' 'Capital, that! What a droll feller he is: he is always so ready! He desarves credit for that trick.' Guess I do; but let old Connecticut alone: us Slickville boys always find a way to dodge in or out, embargo or no embargo, blockade or no blockade, we larnt that last war.

"Here I am in the street agin; the air feels handsum. I have another invitation to-night, shall I go? Guess I will. All the world is at these two last places, I reckin there will be breathin' room at the next; and I want an ice cream to cool my coppers, shockin' bad.—Creation! It is wus than ever; this party beats t'other ones all holler. They ain't no touch to it. I'll jist go and make a scrape to old uncle and aunty, and then cut stick; for I hante strength to swiggle my way through another mob.

"'You had better get in fust, though, hadn't you, Sam? for here you are agin wracked, by gosh, drove right slap ashore atween them two fat women, and fairly wedged in and bilged. You can't get through, and can't get out, if you was to die for it.' 'Can't I though? I'll try; for I never give in, till I can't help it. So here's at it. Heave off, put all steam on, and back out, starn fust, and then swing round into the stream. That's the ticket, Sam.' It's done; but my elbow has took that lady that's two steps furder down on the stairs, just in the eye, and knocked in her dead light. How she cries! how I apologize, don't I? And the more I beg pardon, the wus she carries on. But it's no go; if I stay, I must fust fight somebody, and then marry *her;* for I've spiled her beauty, and that's the rule here, they tell me.'

"So I sets studen sail booms, and cracks on all sail, and steers for home, and here I am once more; at least what's left of me, and that ain't much more nor my shader. Oh dear! I'm tired, shockin' tired, almost dead, and awful thirsty: for Heaven's sake, give me some lignum vitæ, for I am so dry, I'll blow away in dust.

"This is a Swoi-ree, Squire, this is London society: this is rational enjoyment, this is a meeting of friends, who are so infarnal friendly they are jammed together so they can't leave each other. Inseparable friends; you must choke 'em off, or you can't part 'em. Well, I ain't jist so thick and intimate with none o' them in this country as all that comes to, nother. I won't lay down my life for none on 'em; I don't see no occasion for it, *do you?*

"I'll dine with you, John Bull, if you axe me; and I ain't nothin' above particular to do, and the cab hire don't cost more nor the price of a dinner; but hang me if ever I go to a Swoi-ree agin. I've had enough of that to last me *my* life, I know. A dinner I hante no objection to, though that ain't quite so bright as a pewter button nother, when you don't know your right and left hand man. And an evenin' party, I wouldn't take my oath I wouldn't go to, though I don't know

hardly what to talk about, except America; and I've bragged so much about that, I'm tired of the subject. But a *Swoi-ree is the devil, that's a fact.*"

CHAPTER XXVII.

TATTERSALL'S; OR, THE ELDER AND THE GRAVE DIGGER.

"SQUIRE," said Mr. Slick, "it ain't rainin' to-day; suppose you come along with me to Tattersall's. I have been studyin' that place a considerable sum to see whether it is a safe shop to trade in or no. But I'm dubersome; I don't like the cut of the sportin folks here. If I can see both eends of the rope, and only one man has hold of one eend, and me of the t'other, why I know what I am about; but if I can only see my own eend, I don't know who I am a pullin' agin. I intend to take a rise out o' some o' the knowin' ones here, that will make 'em scratch their heads, and stare, I know. But here we are. Cut round this corner, into this lane. Here it is; this is it to the right."

We entered a sort of coach-yard, which was filled with a motley and mixed crowd of people. I was greatly disappointed in Tattersall's. Indeed, few things in London have answered my expectations. They have either exceeded or fallen short of the description I had heard of them. I was prepared, both from what I was told by Mr. Slick, and heard from others, to find that there were but very few gentlemen-like-looking men there; and that by far the greater number neither were, nor affected to be, anything but "knowing ones." I was led to believe that there would be a plentiful use of the terms *of art*, a variety of provincial accent, and that the conversation of the jockeys and grooms would be liberally garnished with appropriate slang.

The gentry portion of the throng, with some few exceptions, it was said, wore a dissipated look, and had that peculiar appearance of an incipient disease, that indicates a life of late hours, of excitement and bodily exhaustion. Lower down in the scale of life, I was informed, intemperance had left its indelible marks. And that still further down, were to be found the worthless lees of this foul and polluted stream of sporting gentlemen, spendthrifts, gamblers, bankrupts, sots, sharpers and jockeys.

This was by no means the case. It was just what a man might have expected to have found a great sporting exchange and auction mart, of horses and carriages, to have been, in a great city like London, had he been merely told that such was the object of the place,

and then left to imagine the scene. It was, as I have before said, a mixed and motley crowd; and must necessarily be so, where agents attend to bid for their principals, where servants are in waiting upon their masters, and above all, where the ingress is open to every one.

It is, however, unquestionably the resort of gentlemen. In a great and rich country like this, there must, unavoidably, be a Tattersall's; and the wonder is, not that it is not better, but that it is not infinitely worse. Like all striking pictures, it had strong lights and shades. Those who have suffered, are apt to retaliate; and a man who has been duped, too often thinks he has a right to make reprisals. Tattersall's, therefore, is not without its privateers. Many persons of rank and character patronize sporting, from a patriotic but mistaken notion, that it is to the turf alone the excellence of the English horse is attributable.

One person of this description, whom I saw there for a short time, I had the pleasure of knowing before; and from him I learned many interesting anecdotes of individuals whom he pointed out as having been once well known about town, but whose attachment to gambling had effected their ruin. Personal stories of this kind are, however, not within the scope of this work.

As soon as we entered, Mr. Slick called my attention to the carriages which were exhibited for sale, to their elegant shape and "beautiful fixins," as he termed it; but ridiculed, in no measured terms, their enormous weight. "It is no wonder" said he, "they have to get fresh hosses here every ten miles, and travellin' costs so much, when the carriage alone is enough to kill beasts. What would Old Bull say, if I was to tell him of one pair of hosses carryin' three or four people, forty or fifty miles a day, day in and day out, hand runnin' for a fortnight? Why, he'd either be too civil to tell me it was a lie, or bein' afeerd I'd jump down his throat if he did, he'd sing dumb, and let me see by his looks, he thought so, though.

"I intend to take the consait out of these chaps, and that's a fact. If I don't put the leake into 'em afore I've done with them, my name ain't Sam Slick, that's a fact. I'm studyin' the ins and the outs of this place, so as to know what I am about, afore I take hold; for I feel kinder skittish about my men. Gentlemen are the lowest, lyinest, bullyinest, blackguards there is, when they choose to be; 'specially if they have rank as well as money. A thorough-bred cheat, of good blood, is a clipper, that's a fact. They ain't right up-and-down, like a cow's tail, in their dealin's; and they've got accomplices, fellers that will lie for 'em like anything, for the honor of their company; and bettin', onder such circumstances, ain't safe.

"But I'll tell you what is, if you have got a hoss that can do it, and no mistake; back him, hoss agin hoss, or what's safer still, hoss agin time, and you can't be tricked. Now, I'll send for Old Clay, to come in Cunard's steamer, and cuss 'em they ought to bring over

the old hoss and his fixins, free, for it was me first started that line. The way old Mr. Glenelg stared, when I told him it was thirty-six miles shorter to go from Bristol to New York by the way of Halifax, than to go direct, warn't slow. It stopt steam for that hitch, that's a fact, for he thort I was mad. He sent it down to the Admiralty to get it ciphered right, and it took them old seagulls, the Admirals, a month to find it out.

"And when they did, what did they say? Why, cuss 'em, says they, 'any fool knows that.' Says I, 'If that's the case you are jist the boys then that ought to have found it out right off at oncet.'

"Yes, Old Clay ought to go free, but he won't; and guess I am able to pay freight for him, and no thanks to nobody. Now, I'll tell you what, English trottin' is about a mile in two minutes and forty-seven seconds, and that don't happen oftener than oncet in fifty years, if it was ever done at all, for the English brag so there is no telling right. Old Clay *can* do his mile in two minutes and thirty-eight seconds. He *has* done that, and I guess he *could* do more. I have got a car, that is as light as whalebone, and I'll bet to do it with wheels and drive myself. I'll go in up to the handle, on Old Clay. I have a hundred thousand dollars of hard cash made in the colonies, I'll go half of it on the old hoss, hang me if I don't, and I'll make him as well knowd to England as he is to Nova Scotia.

"I'll allow him to be beat at fust, so as to lead 'em on, and Clay is as cunnin' as a coon too, if he don't get the word g'lang (go along) and the Indgian skelpin' yell with it, he knows I ain't in airnest, and he'll allow me to beat him and bully him like nothin'. He'll pretend to do his best, and sputter away like a hen scratchin' gravel, but he won't go one mossel faster, for he knows I never lick a free hoss.

"Won't it be beautiful? How they'll all larf and crow, when they see me a thrashin' away at the hoss, and then him goin' slower, the faster I thrash, and me a threatenin' to shoot the brute, and a talkin' at the tip eend of my tongue like a ravin' distracted bed bug, and offerin' to back him agin, if they dare, and planken down the pewter all round, takin' every one up that will go the figur', till I raise the bets to the tune of fifty thousand dollars. When I get that far, they may stop their larfin' till next time, I guess. That's the turn of the fever—that's the crisis—that's my time to larf then.

"I'll mount the car then, take the bits of list up, put 'em into right shape, talk a little Connecticut Yankee to the old hoss, to set his ebernezer up, and make him rise inwardly, and then give the yell," (which he uttered in his excitement in earnest; and a most diabolical one it was. It pierced me through and through, and curdled my very blood, it was the death shout of a savage.) "G'lang you skunk, and turn out your toes pretty," said he, and he again repeated this long-protracted, shrill, infernal yell, a second time.

Every eye was instantly turned upon us. Even Tattersall sus-

pended his "he is five years old—a good hack—and is to be sold," to give time for the general exclamation of surprise. "Who the devil is that? Is he mad? Where did *he* come from? Does anybody know him? He is a devilish keen-lookin' fellow that; what an eye he has! He looks like a Yankee, that fellow."

"He's been here, your honor, several days, examines everything and says nothing; looks like a knowing one, your honor. He handles a hoss as if he'd seen one afore to-day, Sir."

"Who is that gentleman with him?"

"Don't know, your honor, never saw him before; he looks like a furriner, too."

"Come, Mr. Slick," said I, "we are attracting too much attention here, let us go."

"Cuss 'em," said he, "I'll attract more attention afore I've done yet, when Old Clay comes, and then I'll tell 'em who I am—Sam Slick, from Slickville, Onion County, State of Connecticut, United States of America. But I do suppose we had as good make tracks, for I don't want folks to know me yet. I'm plaguy sorry I let out that countersign of Old Clay too, but they won't onderstand it. Critters like the English, that know everything, have generally weak eyes, from studyin' so hard.

"Did you take notice of that critter I was a handlin' of, Squire? that one that's all drawed up in the middle like a devil's darnin' needle; her hair a standin' upon eend as if she was amazed at herself, and a look out of her eye, as if she thort the dogs would find the steak kinder tough, when they got her for dinner. Well, that's a great mare that 'are, and there ain't nothin' onder the sun the matter of her, except the groom has stole her oats, forgot to give her water, and let her make a supper sometimes off of her nasty, mouldy, filthy beddin'. I hante seed a hoss here equal to her a'most —short back, beautiful rake to the shoulder, great depth of chest, elegant quarter, great stifle, amazin' strong arm, monstrous nice nostrils, eyes like a weasel, all outside, game ears, first chop bone, and fine fat leg, with no gum on no part of it. She's a sneezer, that; but she'll be knocked down for twenty or thirty pound, because she looks as if she was used up.

"I intended to a had that mare, for I'd a made her worth twelve hundred dollars. It was a dreadful pity, I let go, that time, for I actilly forgot where I was. I'll know better next hitch, for boughten wit is the best in a general way. Yes, I'm peskily sorry about that mare. Well, swappin' I've studied, but I doubt if it's as much the fashion here as with us; and besides, swappin' where you don't know the country and its tricks (for every country has its own tricks, different from others), is dangersome too. I've seen swaps where both sides got took in. Did ever I tell you the story of the 'Elder and the grave-digger?'"

"Never," I replied; "but here we are at our lodgings. Come in, and tell it to me."

"Well," said he, "I must have a glass of mint julep fust, to wash down that ere disappointment about the mare. It was a dreadful go, that. I jist lost a thousand dollars by it, as slick as grease. But it's an excitin' thing, is a trottin' race, too. When you mount, hear the word, 'Start!' and shout out 'G'lang!' and give the pass word." Good heavens! what a yell he perpetrated again. I put both hands to my ears, to exclude the reverberations of it from the walls.

"Don't be skeered, Squire; don't be skeered. We are alone now; there is no mare to lose. Ain't it pretty? It makes me feel all dandery and on wires like."

"But the grave-digger?" said I.

"Well," says he, "the year afore I knowed you, I was a-goin' in the fall, down to Clare, about sixty miles below Annapolis, to collect some debts due to me there from the French. And as I was a-joggin' on along the load, who should I overtake but Elder Stephen Grab, of Beechmeadows, a mounted on a considerable of a clever-lookin' black mare. The Elder was a pious man; at least he looked like one, and spoke like one, too. His face was as long as the moral law, and p'rhaps an inch longer, and as smooth as a hone; and his voice was so soft and sweet, and his tongue moved so ily on its hinges, you'd a thought you might a trusted him with ontold gold, if you didn't care whether you ever got it agin or no. He had a bran new hat on, with a brim that was none of the smallest, to keep the sun from makin' his inner man wink, and his go-to-meetin' clothes on, and a pair of silver mounted spurs, and a beautiful white cravat, tied behind, so as to have no bows to it, and look meek. If there was a good man on airth, you'd a said it was him. And he seemed to feel it, and know it too, for there was a kind of look o' triumph about him, as if he had conquered the Evil One, and was considerable well satisfied with himself.

"'H'are you,' sais I, 'Elder, to-day? Which way are you from?'

"'From the General Christian Assembly,' sais he, 'to Goose Creek. We had "*a most refreshin' time on't.*" There was a great "*outpourin' of the Spirit.*"'

"'Well, that's awful,' sais I, 'too. The magistrates ought to see to that; it ain't right, when folks assemble that way to worship, to be a sellin' of rum, and gin, and brandy, and spirits, is it?'

"'I don't mean that,' sais he, 'although, p'rhaps, there was too much of that wicked traffic, too. I mean the preachin'. It was very peeowerful; there was "*many sinners saved.*"'

"'I guess there was plenty of room for it,' sais I, 'onless that neighborhood has much improved since I knowed it last.'

"'It's a sweet thing,' sais he. 'Have you ever "*made profession*," Mr. Slick?'

"'Come,' sais I to myself, 'this is cuttin' it rather too fat. I must put a stop to this. This ain't a subject for conversation with such a cheatin', cantin', hyppocritical skunk as this is. Yes,' sais I, 'long ago. My profession is that of a clockmaker, and I make no pretension to nothin' else. But come, let's water our hosses here, and liquor ourselves.'

"And we dismounted, and gave 'em a drop to wet their mouths.

"'Now,' sais I, a takin' out of a pocket-pistol that I generally travelled with, 'I think I'll take a drop of grog;' and arter helpin' myself, I gives the silver cover of the flask a dip in the brook (for a clean rinse is better than a dirty wipe, any time), and sais I, 'Will you have a little of the "*outpourin' of the Spirit?*" What do you say, Elder?'

"'Thank you,' sais he, 'friend Slick. I never touch liquor—it's agin our rules.'

"And he stooped down and filled it with water, and took a mouthful, and then makin' a face like a frog afore he goes to sing, and swellin' his cheeks out like a Scotch bagpiper, he spit it all out. Sais he, 'That is so warm, it makes me sick; and as I ain't otherwise well, from the celestial exhaustion of a protracted meetin', I believe I will take a little drop, as medicine.'

"Confound him! if he'd a said he'd only leave a little drop, it would a been more like the thing; for he e'en a'most emptied the whole into the cup, and drank it off clean, without winkin'.

"'It's a "*very refreshin' time*," says I, 'ain't it?' But he didn't make no answer. Sais I, 'That's a likely beast of yourn, Elder,' and I opened her mouth, and took a look at her, and no easy matter nother, I tell you, for she held on like a bear trap, with her jaws.

"'She won't suit you,' sais he, with a smile, 'Mr. Slick.'

"'I guess not,' sais I.

"'But she'll jist suit the French,' sais he.

"'It's lucky she don't speak French, then,' sais I, 'or they'd soon find her tongue was too big for her mouth. That critter will never see five-and-twenty, and I'm a thinkin' she's thirty year old, if she is a day.'

"'I was a thinkin',' said he, with a sly look out o' the corner of his eye, as if her age warn't no secret to him, 'I was a thinkin' it's time to put her off, and she'll jist suit the French. They hante much for hosses to do, in a giniral way, but to ride about; and you won't say nothin' about her age, will you? it might endamnify a sale.'

"'Not I,' sais I. 'I skin my own foxes, and let other folks skin their'n. I have enough to do to mind my own business, without interferin' with other people's.'

"'She'll jist suit the French,' sais he; 'they don't know nothin' about hosses, or anything else. They are a simple people, and always will be, for their priests keep 'em in ignorance. It's an awful thing to see them kept in the outer porch of darkness that way, ain't it?'

"'I guess you'll put a new pane o' glass in their porch,' says I, 'and help some o' them to see better; for whoever gets that mare, will have his eyes open, sooner nor he bargains for, I know.'

"Sais he, 'She ain't a bad mare; and if she could eat hay, might do a good deal of work yet,' and he gave a kind of chuckle laugh at his own joke, that sounded like the rattles in his throat, it was so dismal and deep, for he was one o' them kind of fellers that's too good to larf, was Steve.

"Well, the horn o' grog he took began to onloosen his tongue; and I got out of him, that she came near dyin' the winter afore, her teeth was so bad, and that he had kept her all summer in a dyke pasture up to her fetlocks in white clover, and ginn' her ground oats, and Indgian meal, and nothin' to do all summer; and in the fore part of the fall, biled potatoes, and he'd got her as fat as a seal, and her skin as slick as an otter's. She fairly shined agin, in the sun.

"'She'll jist suit the French,' sais he; 'they are a simple people, and don't know nothin', and if they don't like the mare, they must blame their priests for not teachin' 'em better. I shall keep within the strict line of truth, as becomes a Christian man. I scorn to take a man in.'

"Well, we chatted away arter this fashion, he a openin' of himself and me a walkin' into him; and we jogged along till we came to Charles Tarrio's to Montagnon, and there was the matter of a thousand French people gathered there, a chatterin', and laughin', and jawin', and quarrellin', and racin', and wrastlin', and all a givin' tongue, like a pack of village dogs, when an Indgian comes to town. It was a town meetin' day.

"Well, there was a critter there, called, by nickname, 'Goodish Greevoy,' a mounted on a white pony, one o' the scariest little screamers you ever see since you was born. He was a tryin' to get up a race, was Goodish, and banterin' every one that had a hoss to run with him.

"His face was a fortin' to a painter. His forehead was high and narrer, showin' only a long strip o' tawny skin, in a line with his nose, the rest bein' covered with hair, as black as ink, and as iley as a seal's name. His brows was thick, bushy, and overhangin', like young brushwood on a cliff, and onderneath was two black peerin,

little eyes, that kept a movin' about, keen, good-natured, and roguish, but sot far into his skull, and looked like the eyes of a fox peepin' out of his den, when he warn't to home to company hisself. His nose was high, sharp, and crooked, like the back of a reapin' hook, and gave a plaguy sight of character to his face, while his thinnish lips, that closed on a straight line, curlin' up at one eend, and down at the other, showed, if his dander was raised, he could be a jumpin', tarin', rampagenous devil, if he chose. The pint of his chin projected and turned up gently, as if it expected, when Goodish lost his teeth, to rise in the world in rank next to the nose. When good natur' sat on the box, and drove, it warn't a bad face; when Old Nick was Coachman, I guess it would be as well to give Master Frenchman the road.

"He had a red cap on his head, his beard hadn't been cut since last sheep shearin', and he looked as hairy as a tarrier; his shirt collar, which was of yaller flannel, fell on his shoulders loose, and a black handkercher was tied round his neck, slack like a sailor's. He wore a round jacket and loose trowsers of homespun, with no waistcoat, and his trowsers was held up by a gallus of leather on one side, and of old cord on the other. Either Goodish had growed since his clothes was made, or his jacket and trowsers warn't on speakin' tarms, for they didn't meet by three or four inches, and the shirt showed atween them like a yaller militia sash round him. His feet was covered with moccasins of ontanned moose hide, and one heel was sot off with an old spur, and looked sly and wicked. He was a sneezer that, and when he flourished his great long withe of a whip stick, that looked like a fishin' rod, over his head, and yelled like all possessed, he was a caution, that's a fact.

"A knowin' lookin little hoss it was, too, that he was mounted on. Its tail was cut close off to the stump, which squared up his rump, and made him look awful strong in the hind quarters. His mane was 'hogged,' which fulled out the swell and crest of the neck; and his ears being cropped, the critter had a game look about him. There was a proper good onderstandin' between him and his rider: they looked as if they had growed together, and made one critter—half hoss, half man, with a touch of the devil.

"Goodish was all up on eend by what he drank, and dashed in and out of the crowd arter a fashion, that was quite cautionary, callin' out, 'Here comes "the grave-digger." Don't be skeered, if any of you get killed, here is the hoss that will dig his grave for nothin'. Who'll run a lick of a quarter of a mile, for a pint of rum? Will *you* run?' said he, a spunkin' up to the Elder. 'Come, let's run, and whoever wins, shall go the treat.'

"The Elder smiled as sweet as sugar-candy, but backed out; he was too old, he said, now to run.

"'Will you swap hosses, old broadcloth, then?' said the other. 'Because if you will, here's at you.'

"Steve took a squint at pony, to see whether that cat would jump or no, but the cropt ears, the stump of a tail, the rakish look of the horse, didn't jist altogether convene to the taste or the sanctified habits of the preacher. The word no, hung on his lips, like a wormy apple, jist ready to drop the fust shake; but before it let go, the great strength, the spryness, and the oncommon obedience of pony to the bit, seemed to kinder balance the objections; while the sartan and ontimely eend that hung over his own mare, during the comin' winter, death by starvation, turned the scale.

"'Well,' said he, slowly, 'if we like each other's beasts, friend, and can agree as to the boot, I don't know as I wouldn't trade; for I don't care to raise colts, havin' plenty of hoss stock on hand, and perhaps you do.'

"'How old is your hoss?' said the Frenchman.

"'I didn't raise it,' sais Steve. 'Ned Wheelock, I believe, brought her to our parts.'

"'How old do you take her to be?'

"'Poor critter, she'd tell you herself, if she could,' said he, 'for she knows best, but she can't speak; and I didn't see her, when she was foalded.'

"'How old do you think?'

"'Age,' sais Steve, 'depends on use, not on years. A hoss at five, if ill-used, is old; a hoss at eight, if well used, is young.'

"'Sacry footry!' sais Goodish, 'why don't you speak out like a man? Lie or no lie, how old is she?'

"'Well, I don't like to say,' sais Steve. 'I know she is eight for sartain, and it may be she's nine. If I was to say eight, and it turned out nine, you might be thinkin' hard of me. I didn't raise it. You can see what condition she is in; old hosses ain't commonly so fat as that, at least I never see one that was.'

"A long banter then growed out of the 'boot money.' The Elder asked £7 10*s*. Goodish swore he wouldn't give that for him and his hoss together; that if they were both put up to auction that blessed minute, they wouldn't bring it. The Elder hung on to it, as long as there was any chance of the boot, and then fort the ground like a man, only givin' an inch or so at a time, till he drawed up and made a dead stand, on one pound.

"Goodish seemed willing to come to tarms, too; but, like a prudent man, resolved to take a look at the old mare's mouth, and make some kind of a guess at her age; but the critter knowed how to keep her own secrets, and it was ever so long afore he forced her jaws open, and when he did, he came plaguy near losin' of a finger, for his curiosity; and as he hopped and danced about with pain, he let fly such a string of oaths, and sacry-cussed the Elder and his

mare, in such an all-fired passion, that Steve put both his hands up to his ears, and said, 'Oh, my dear friend, don't swear; it's very wicked. I'll take your pony—I'll ask no boot, if you will only promise not to swear. You shall have the mare as she stands. I'll give up and swap even; and there shall be no after claps, nor ruein bargains, nor recantin', nor nothin', only don't swear.'

"Well, the trade was made, the saddles and bridles was shifted, and both parties mounted their new hosses. 'Mr. Slick,' sais Steve, who was afraid he would lose the pony, if he staid any longer, 'Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'the least said is the soonest mended—let's be a movin'; this scene of noise and riot is shockin' to a religious man, ain't it?' and he let go a groan, as long as the embargo a'most.

"Well, he had no sooner turned to go, than the French people set up a cheer that made all ring again; and they sung out 'La Fossy Your!' 'La Fossy Your!' and shouted it agin and agin, ever so loud.

"'What's that?' sais Steve.

"Well, I didn't know, for I never heerd the word afore; but it don't do to say you don't know, it lowers you in the eyes of other folks. If you don't know what another man knows, he is shocked at your ignorance. But if he don't know what you do, he can find an excuse in a minute. Never say you don't know.

"'So,' sais I, 'they jabber so everlastin' fast, it ain't no easy matter to say what they mean; but it sounds like "good bye," you'd better turn round and make 'em a bow, for they are very polite people, is the French.'

"So Steve turns and takes off his hat, and makes them a low bow, and they larfs wus than ever, and calls out again, 'La Fossy Your,' 'La Fossy Your.' He was kinder ryled, was the Elder. His honey had begun to farment, and smell vinegery. 'May be, next Christmas,' sais he, 'you won't larf so loud, when you find the mare is dead. Goodish and the old mare are jist alike, they are all tongue, them critters. I rather think it's me,' sais he, 'has the right to larf, for I've got the best of this bargain, and no mistake. This is as smart a little hoss as ever I see. I know where I can put him off to great advantage. I shall make a good day's work of this. It is about as good a hoss trade as I ever made. The French don't know nothin' about hosses; they are a simple people, their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose, and they don't know nothin'.'

"He cracked and bragged considerable, and as we progressed we came to Montagon Bridge. The moment pony sot foot on it, he stopped short, pricked up the latter eends of his ears, snorted, squeeled and refused to budge an inch. The Elder got mad. He first coaxed and patted, and soft sawdered him, and then whipt and spurred, and thrashed him like anything. Pony got mad, too, for hosses has tempers as well as Elders; so he turned to, and kicked

right straight up on eend, like Old Scratch, and kept on without stoppin' till he sent the Elder right slap over his head slanterdicularly, on the broad of his back into the river, and he floated down thro' the bridge and scrambled out at t' other side.

"Creation! how he looked. He was so mad, he was ready to bile over; and, as it was, he smoked in the sun, like a tea-kettle. His clothes stuck close down to him, as a cat's fur does to her skin, when she's out in the rain, and every step he took his boots went squish, squash, like an old woman churnin' butter; and his wet trowsers chafed with a noise like a wet flappin' sail. He was a show, and when he got up to his hoss, and held on to his mane, and first lifted up one leg and then the other to let the water run out of his boots, I couldn't hold in no longer, but laid back and larfed till I thought on my soul I'd fall off into the river, too.

"'Elder,' says I, 'I thought when a man jined your sect, he could never "*fall off again*," but I see you ain't no safer than other folks arter all.'

"'Come,' says he, 'let me be, that's a good soul; it's bad enough without being larfed at, that's a fact. I can't account for this caper, no how. It's very strange, too, ain't it? What on airth got into the hoss to make him act so ugly. Can you tell, Mr. Slick?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'he don't know English yet, that's all. He waited for them beautiful French oaths that Goodish used. Stop the fust Frenchman you meet, and give him a shillin' to teach you to swear, and he'll go like a lamb.'

"I see'd what was the matter of the hoss by his action as soon as we started; but I warn't a goin' for to let on to him about it. I wanted to see the sport. Well, he took his hoss by the bridle and led him over the bridge, and he follered kindly, then he mounted, and no hoss could go better. Arter a little, we came to another bridge agin, and the same play was acted anew, same coaxin', same threatenin', and same thrashin'; at last, pony put down his head, and began to shake his tail, a gettin' ready for another bout of kickin'; when Steve got off and led him, and did the same to every bridge we come to.

"'It's no use,' sais I, 'you must larn them oaths, he's used to 'em and misses them shocking. A sailor, a hoss, and a nigger ain't no good without you swear at 'em; it comes kinder nateral to them, and they look for it, fact I assure you. Whips wear out, and so do spurs, but a good sneezer of a cuss hain't no wear out to it; it's always the same.'

"I'll larn him sunthin', sais he, 'when I get him to home, and out o' sight, that will do him good, and that he won't forget for one while, I know.'

"Soon arter this, we came to Everett's public-house on the bay, and I galloped up to the door, and went as close as I cleverly could

on purpose, and then reined up short and sudden, when whap goes the pony right agin the side of the house, and nearly killed himself. He never stirred for the matter of two or three minutes. I actilly did think he had gone for it, and Steve went right thro' the winder on to the floor, with a holler noise, like a log o' wood thrown on to the deck of a vessel. 'Eugh!' says he, and he cut himself with the broken glass quite ridikilous.

"'Why,' sais Everett, 'as I am a livin' sinner this is "the Grave-digger," he'll kill you, man, as sure as you are born, he is the wickedest hoss that ever was seen in these clearin's here; and he is as blind as a bat, too. No man in Nova Scotia can manage that hoss but Goodish Greevoy, and he'd manage the devil that feller, for he is man, horse, shark, and sarpent all in one, that Frenchman. What possessed you to buy such a varmint as that?'

"'Grave-digger!' said doleful Steve, 'what is that?'

"'Why,' sais he, 'they went one day to bury a man, down to Clare did the French, and when they got to the grave, who should be in it, but the pony. He couldn't see, and as he was a feedin' about, he tumbled in head over heels, and they called him always arterwards "the Grave-digger."'

"'Very simple people, them French,' sais I, 'Elder; they don't know nothin' about hosses, do they? Their priests keep them in ignorance on purpose.'

"Steve winced and squinched his face properly; and said the glass in his hands hurt him. Well, arter we sot all to rights, we began to jog on towards Digby. The Elder didn't say much, he was as chop-fallen as a wounded moose; at last, says he, 'I'll ship him to St. John, and sell him. I'll put him on board of Captain Ned Leonard's vessel, as soon as I get to Digby.' Well, as I turned my head to answer him, and sot eyes on him agin, it most sot me a haw, hawin' a second time, he *did* look so like Old Scratch. Oh, Hedges! how haggardised he was! His new hat was smashed down like a cap on the crown of his head, his white cravat was bloody, his face all scratched, as if he had been clapper-clawed by a woman, and his hands was bound up with rags, where the glass cut 'em. The white sand of the floor of Everett's parlor had stuck to his damp clothes, and he looked like an old half-corned miller, that was a returnin' to his wife, arter a spree; a leetle crest-fallen for what he had got, a leetle mean for the way he looked, and a leetle skeered for what he'd catch, when he got to home. The way he sloped warn't no matter. He was a pictur, and a pictur I must say, I liked to look at.

"And now, Squire, do you take him off, too, ingrave him, and bind him up in your book, and let others look at it, and put onder it, '*the Elder and the Grave-digger.*'

"Well, when we got to town, the tide was high, and the vessel

jist ready to cast off; and Steve, knowin' how skeer'd the pony was of the water, got off to lead him, but the crittur guessed it warn't a bridge, for he smelt salt water on both sides of him, and ahead, too, and budge he wouldn't. Well, they beat him most to death, but he beat back agin with his heels, and it was a drawd fight. They then goes to the fence, and gets a great strong pole, and puts it across his hams, two men at each eend of the pole, and shoved away, and shoved away, till they progressed a yard or so; when pony squatted right down on the pole, throwd over the men, and most broke their legs with his weight.

"At last, the captain fetched a rope, and fixes it round his neck, with a slip knot, fastens it to the windlass, and dragged him in as they do an anchor, and tied him by his bridle to the boom; and then shoved off, and got under weigh.

"Steve and I sot down on the wharf, for it was a beautiful day, and looked at them driftin' out in the stream, and hystin' sail, while the folks was gettin' somethin' ready for us to the inn.

"When they had got out into the middle of the channel, took the breeze, and was all under way, and we was about turnin' to go back, I saw the pony loose; he had slipped his bridle, and not likin' the motion of the vessel, he jist walked overboard, head fust, with a most beautiful splunge.

"'*A most refreshin' time,*' said I, 'Elder, that critter has of it. I hope *that sinner will be saved.*'

"He sprung right up on eend, as if he had been stung by a galley nipper, did Steve, 'Let me alone,' said he. 'What have I done to be jobed that way? Didn't I keep within the strict line o' truth? Did I tell that Frenchman one mossel of a lie? Answer me that, will you? I've been cheated awful; but I scorn to take the advantage of any man. You had better look to your own dealin's, and let me alone, you pedlin', cheatin' Yankee clockmaker you.'

"'Elder,' sais I, 'if you warn't too mean to rile a man, I'd give you a kick on your pillion, that would send you a divin' arter your hoss; but you ain't worth it. Don't call me names tho', or I'll settle your coffee for you, without a fish skin, afore you are ready to swaller it, I can *tell* you. So keep your mouth shut, my old coon, or your teeth might get sun-burnt. You think you are angry with me; but you ain't; you are angry with yourself. You know you have showd yourself a proper fool for to come, for to go, for to talk to a man that has seed so much of the world as I have, bout "*refreshin' time,*" and "*out-pourin' of spirit,*" and "*makin' profession,*" and what not; and you know you showed yourself an everlastin' rogue, a meditatin' of cheatin' that Frenchman all summer. It's biter bit, and I don't pity you one mossel; it sarves you right. But look at the grave-digger; he looks to me as if he was a diggin' of his own grave in rael right down airnest.'

"The captain havin' his boat histed, and thinkin' the hoss would swim ashore of hisself, kept right straight on; and the hoss swam this way, and that way, and every way but the right road, jist as the eddies took him. At last, he got into the ripps off of Johnston's pint, and they wheeled him right round and round like a whip-top. Poor pony! he got his match at last. He struggled, and jumpt, and plunged, and fort, like a man, for dear life. Fust went up his knowin' little head, that had no ears; and he tried to jump up and rear out of it, as he used to did out of a mire hole or honey pot ashore; but there was no bottom there; nothin' for his hind foot to spring from; so down he went agin ever so deep; and then he tried t'other eend, and up went his broad rump, that had no tail; but there was nothin' for the fore feet to rest on nother; so he made a summerset, and as he went over, he gave out a great long endwise kick to the full stretch of his hind legs.

"Poor feller! it was the last kick he ever gave in this world; he sent his heels straight up on eend, like a pair of kitchen tongs, and the last I see of him was a bright dazzle, as the sun shined on his iron shoes, afore the water closed over him for ever.

"I railly felt sorry for the poor old 'grave-digger,' I did upon my soul, for hosses and ladies are two things that a body can't help likin'. Indeed, a feller that hante no taste that way ain't a man at all, in my opinion. Yes, I felt ugly for poor 'grave-digger,' though I didn't feel one single bit so for that cantin', cheatin', old Elder. So when I turns to go, sais I, 'Elder,' sais I, and I jist repeated his own words—'I guess it's your turn to laugh now, for you have got the best of the bargain, and no mistake. Goodish and the old mare are jist alike, all tongue, ain't they? But these French is a simple people, so they be; they don't know nothin', that's a fact. Their priests keep 'em in ignorance a puppus.

"'The next time you tell your experience to the great Christian meetin' to Goose Creek, jist up and tell 'em, from beginnin' to eend, the story of the '*Elder and the Grave-digger.*'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOOKING BACK.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Hopewell adverted to his return as a matter of professional duty, and spoke of it in such a feeling and earnest manner, as to leave no doubt upon my mind, that we should

not be able to detain him long in this country, unless his attention should be kept fully occupied by a constant change of scene.

Mr. Slick expressed to me the same fear, and, knowing that I had been talking of going to Scotland, entreated me not to be long absent, for he felt convinced that as soon as he should be left alone, his thoughts and wishes would at once revert to America.

"I will try to keep him up," said he, "as well as I can, but I can't do it alone. If you do go, don't leave us long. Whenever I find him dull, and can't cheer him up no how I can fix it, by talk, or fun, or sight seein' or nothin', I make him vexed, and that excites him, stirs him up with a pot stick, and is of great sarvice to him. I don't mean actilly makin' him wrathy in airnest, but jist rilin of him for his own good, by pokin' a mistake at him. I'll show you, presently, how I do it."

As soon as Mr. Hopewell rejoined us, he began to inquire into the probable duration of my visit to Scotland, and expressed a wish to return, as soon as possible, to Slickville.

"Come, Minister," said Mr. Slick, tapping him on the shoulder, "as father used to say, we must 'right about face' now. When we are at home let us think of home, when we are here let us think of this place. Let us look a-head, don't let's look back, for we can't see nothin' there."

"Indeed, Sam," said he, with a sad and melancholy air, "it would be better for us all if we looked back oftener than we do. From the errors of the past, we might rectify our course for the future. Prospective sin is often clothed in very alluring garments; past sin appears in all its naked deformity. Looking back, therefore—"

"Is very well," said Mr. Slick, "in the way of preachin'; but lookin' back when you can't see nothin', as you are now, is only a hurtin' of your eyes. I never hear that word, 'lookin' back,' that I don't think of that funny story of Lot's wife."

"Funny story of Lot's wife, Sir! Do you call that a funny story, Sir?"

"I do, Sir."

"You do, Sir?"

"Yes, I do, Sir; and I defy you or any other man to say it ain't a funny story."

"Oh dear, dear," said Mr. Hopewell, "that I should have lived to see the day when you, my son, would dare to speak of a Divine judgment as a funny story, and that you should presume so to address me."

"A judgment, Sir?"

"Yes, a judgment, Sir."

"Do you call the story of Lot's wife's a judgment?"

"Yes, I do call the story of Lot's wife a judgment; a monument of the Divine wrath for the sin of disobedience."

"What! Mrs. Happy Lot? Do you call her a monument of wrath? Well, well, if that don't beat all, Minister. If you had a been a-tyin' of the night-cap last night I shouldn't a wondered at your talkin' at that pace. But to call that dear little woman, Mrs. Happy Lot, that dancin', laughin', tormentin', little critter, a monument of wrath, beats all to immortal smash."

"Why, who are you a talkin' of, Sam?"

"Why, Mrs. Happy Lot, the wife of the Honorable Cranbery Lot, of Umbagog, to be sure. Who did you think I was a talkin' of?"

"Well, I thought you was a-talkin' of—of—ahem—of subjects too serious to be talked of in that manner; but I did you wrong, Sam: I did you injustice. Give me your hand, my boy. It's better for me to mistake and apologize, than for you to sin and repent. I don't think I ever heard of Mr. Lot, of Umbagog, or of his wife either. Sit down here, and tell me the story, for 'with thee conversing, I forget all time.'"

"Well, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "I'll tell you the inns and outs of it; and a droll story it is too. Miss Lot was the darter of Enoch Mosher, the rich miser of Goshen; as beautiful a little critter, too, as ever stept in shoe-leather. She looked for all the world like one of the Paris fashion prints, for she was a parfect pictur', that's a fact. Her complexion was made of white and red roses, mixed so beautiful, you couldn't tell where the white eended or the red begun, natur' had used the blendin' brush so delicate. Her eyes were screw augers, I tell *you;* they bored right into your heart, and kinder agitated you, and made your breath come and go, and your pulse flutter. I never felt nothin' like 'em. When lit up, they sparkled like lamp reflectors: and at other times, they was as soft, and mild, and clear as dew-drops that hang on the bushes at sun-rise. When she loved, she loved; and when she hated, she hated about the wickedest you ever see. Her lips were like heart cherries of the carnation kind; so plump, and full, and hard, you felt as if you could fall to and eat 'em right up. Her voice was like a grand piany, all sorts o' power in it; canary-birds' notes at one eend, and thunder at t'other, accordin' to the humor she was in, for she was a'most a grand bit of stuff was Happy, she'd put an edge on a knife a'most. She was a rael steel. Her figur' was as light as a fairy's, and her waist was so taper and tiny, it seemed jist made for puttin' an arm around in walkin'. She was as a*ctive* and springy on her feet as a catamount, and near about as touch-me-not a sort of customer too. She actilly did seem as if she was made out of steel springs and chicken-hawk. If old Cran. was to slip off the handle, I think I should make up to her, for she is 'a salt, that's a fact, a most a heavenly splice.

"Well, the Honorable Cranbery Lot put in for her, won her, and married her. A good speculation it turned out too, for he got the matter of one hundred thousand dollars by her, if he got a cent. As

soon as they were fairly welded, off they sot to take the tour of Europe, and they larfed and cried, and kissed and quarrelled, and fit and made up all over the Continent, for her temper was as onsartain as the climate here—rain one minit and sun the next; but more rain ner sun.

"He was a fool, was Cranbery. He didn't know how to manage her. His bridle hand warn't good, I tell you. A spry, mettlesome hoss, and a dull critter with no action, don't mate well in harness, that's a fact.

"After goin' everywhere, and everywhere else a'most, where should they get to but the Alps. One arternoon, a sincerely cold one it was too, and the weather, violent slippy, dark overtook them before they reached the top of one of the highest and steepest of them mountains, and they had to spend the night at a poor squatter's shanty.

"Well, next mornin', jist at day-break, and sun-rise on them everlastin' hills is tall sun-rise, and no mistake, p'rhaps nothin' was ever seen so fine except the first one, since creation. It takes the rag off quite. Well, she was an enterprisin' little toad, was Miss Lot too, afeered of nothin' a'most; so nothin' would sarve her but she must out and have a scramb up to the tip-topest part of the peak afore breakfast.

"Well, the squatter there, who was a kind o' guide, did what he could to dispersuade her, but all to no purpose; go she would, and a headstrong woman and a runaway hoss are jist two things it's out of all reason to try to stop. The only way is to urge 'em on, and then, bein' contrary by natur' they stop of themselves.

"'Well,' sais the guide, 'if you will go, marm, do take this pike staff, marm,' sais he; (a sort of walkin'-stick with a spike to the eend of it,) 'for you can't get either up or down them slopes without it, it is so almighty slippy there.' So she took the staff, and off she sot and climbed and climbed ever so far, till she didn't look no bigger than a snow bird.

"At last she came to a small flat place, like a table, and then she turned round to rest, get breath, and take a look at the glorious view; and jist as she hove-to, up went her little heels, and away went her stick, right over a big parpendicular cliff, hundreds and hundreds, and thousands of feet deep. So deep, you couldn't see the bottom for the shadows, for the very snow looked black down there. There is no way in, it is so steep, but over the cliff; and no way out, but one, and that leads to t'other world. I can't describe it to you, though I have see'd it since myself. There are some things too big to lift; some too big to carry after they be lifted; and some too grand for the tongue to describe, too. There's a notch where dictionary can't go no farther, as well as every other created thing, that's a fact. P'rhaps if I was to say it looked like the mould that

that 'are very peak was cast in, afore it was cold and stiff, and sot up on eend, I should come as near the mark as anything I know on.

"Well, away she slid, feet and hands out, all flat on her face, right away, arter her pike staff. Most people would have ginn it up as gone goose, and others been so frightened as not to do anything at all; or at most only jist to think of a prayer, for there was no time to say one.

"But not so Lot's wife. She was of a conquerin' natur'. She never gave nothin' up, till she couldn't hold on no longer. She was one o' them critters that go to bed mistress, and rise master; and just as she got to the edge of the precipice, her head hangin' over, and her eyes lookin' down, and she all but ready to shoot out and launch away into bottomless space, the ten commandments brought her right short up. Oh, she sais, the sudden joy of that sudden stop swelled her heart so big she thought it would have bust like a byler; and, as it was, the great endurin' long breath she drew, arter such an alfired escape, almost killed her at the ebb, it hurt her so."

"But," said Mr. Hopewell, "how did the ten commandments save her? Do you mean figuratively, or literally. Was it her reliance on providence, arising from a conscious observance of the decalogue all her life, or was it a book containing them, that caught against something, and stopt her descent. It is very interesting. Many a person, Sam, has been saved when at the brink of destruction, by laying fast hold on the Bible. Who can doubt, that the commandments had a Divine origin? Short, simple, and comprehensive; the first four point to our duty to our Maker, the last six, towards our social duties. In this respect there is a great similarity of structure to that excellent prayer given us——"

"Oh, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "I beg your pardon, I do, indeed, I don't mean that at all; and I do declare and vow now, I wasn't a playin' possum with you, nother. I won't do it no more, I won't, indeed."

"Well, what did you mean, then?"

"Why, I meant her ten fingers, to be sure. When a woman clapper claws her husband, we have a cant tarm with us boys of Slickville, sayin' she gave him her ten commandments."

"And a very improper expression, too, Sir," said Mr. Hopewell; "a very irreverent, indecent, and I may say profane expression; I am quite shocked. But as you say you didn't mean it, are sorry for it, and will not repeat it again, I accept your apology, and rely on your promise. Go on, Sir."

"Well, as I was a sayin', the moment she found herself a coasting of it that way, flounder fashion, she hung on by her ten com—I mean her ten fingers, and her ten toes, like grim death to a dead nigger, and it brought her up jist in time. But how to get back was the question? To let go the hold of any one hand was sartin

death, and there was nobody to help her, and yet to hold on long that way, she couldn't, no how she could fix it.

"So, what does she do, (for nothin' equals a woman for contrivances), but move one finger at a time, and then one toe at a time, till she gets a new hold, and then crawls backward, like a span-worm, an inch at a hitch. Well, she works her passage this way, wrong eend foremost, by backin' of her paddles for the matter of half an hour or so, till she gets to where it was roughish, and somethin' like standin' ground, when who should come by but a tall handsome man, with a sort of half coat, half cloak-like coverin' on, fastened round the waist with a belt, and havin' a hood up, to ambush the head.

"The moment she clapt eyes on him, she called to him for help. 'Oh,' sais she, 'for heaven's sake, good man, help me up! Jist take hold of my leg, and draw me back, will you, that's a good soul?' And then she held up fust one leg for him, and then the other, most beseechin', but nothin' would move him. He jist stopt, looked back for a moment, and then progressed agin.

"Well, it ryled her considerable. Her eyes actilly snapped with fire, like a hemlock log at Christmas: (for nothin' makes a woman so mad as a parsonal slight, and them little ankles of hern were enough to move the heart of a stone, and make it jump out o' the ground, that's a fact, they were such fine-spun glass ones,) it made her so mad, it gave her fresh strength; and makin' two or three onnateral efforts, she got clear back to the path, and sprung right up on eend, as wicked as a she-bear with a sore head. But when she got upright agin, she then see'd what a beautiful frizzle of a fix she was in. She couldn't hope to climb far; and, indeed, she didn't ambition to; she'd had enough of that for one spell. But climbin' up was nothin', compared to goin' down hill without her staff; so what to do, she didn't know.

"At last, a thought struck her. She intarmined to make that man help her, in spite of him. So, she sprung forward for a space, like a painter, for life or death, and caught right hold of his cloak. 'Help—help me!' said she, 'or I shall go for it, that's sartain. Here's my puss, my rings, my watch, and all I have got: but, oh, help me! for the love of God, help me, or my flint is fixed for good and all.'

"With that, the man turned round, and took one glance at her, as if he kinder relented, and then, all at once, wheeled back agin, as amazed as if he was jist born, gave an awful yell, and started off as fast as he could clip, though that warn't very tall runnin' nother, considering the ground. But she warn't to be shook off that way. She held fast to his cloak, like a burr to a sheep's tail, and raced arter him, screamin' and screechin' like mad; and the more she cried, the louder he yelled, till the mountains all echoed it and re-

echoed it, so that you would have thought a thousand devils had broke loose, a'most.

"'Such a gettin' up stairs you never did see.'

"Well, they kept up this tantrum for the space of two or three hundred yards, when they came to a small, low, dismal-lookin' house, when the man gave the door a kick, that sent the latch a flyin' off to the t'other eend of the room, and fell right in on the floor, on his face, as flat as a flounder, a groanin' and a moanin' like anything, and lookin' as mean as a critter that was sent for, and couldn't come, and as obstinate as a pine stump.

"'What ails you?' sais she, 'to act like Old Scratch that way? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to behave so to a woman. What on airth is there about me to frighten you so, you great onmannerly, onmarciful, coward, you. Come, scratch up, this minute.'

"Well, the more she talked, the more he groaned; but the devil a word, good or bad, could she get out of him at all. With that, she stoops down, and catches up his staff, and sais she, 'I have as great a mind to give you a jab with this here toothpick, where your mother used to spank you, as ever I had in all my life. But if you want it, my old 'coon, you must come and get it; for if you won't help me, I shall help myself.'

"Jist at that moment, her eyes being better accustomed to the dim light of the place, she see'd a man, a sittin' at the fur eend of the room, with his back to the wall, larfin' ready to kill himself. He grinned so, he showed his corn-crackers from ear to ear. She said, he stript his teeth like a catamount, he look'd so all mouth.

"Well, that encouraged her, for there ain't much harm in a larfin' man; it's only them that never larf that's fearfulsome. So, sais she, 'My good man, will you be so kind as to lend me your arm down this awful peak, and I will reward you handsomely, you may depend.'

"Well, he made no answer nother; and, thinkin' he didn't onderstand English, she tried him in Italian, and then in broken French, and then bungled out a little German; but no, still no answer. He took no more notice of her and her mister, and senior, and mountsheer, and mynheer, than if he never heerd them titles, but jist larfed on.

"She stopped a minit, and looked at him full in the face, to see what he meant by all this ongenteel behavior, when all of a sudden, jist as she moved one step nearer to him, she saw he was a dead man, and had been so long there, part of the flesh had dropt off or dried off his face; and it was that that made him grin that way, like a fox-trap. It was the bone-house they was in. The place where poor, benighted, snow-squalled stragglers, that perish on the moun-

tains, are located, for their friends to come and get them, if they want 'em; and if there ain't any body that knows 'em or cares for 'em, why, they are left there for ever, to dry into nothin' but parchment and atomy, as it's no joke diggin' a grave in that frozen region.

"As soon as she see'd this, she never said another blessed word, but jist walked off with the livin' man's pike, and began to poke her way down the mountain as careful as she cleverly could, dreadful tired, and awful frighted.

"Well, she hadn't gone far, afore she heard her name echoed all round her—Happy! Happy! Happy! It seemed from the echoes agin, as if there was a hundred people a yelling it out all at once.

"'Oh, very happy,' said she, 'very happy indeed; guess you'd find it so if you was here. I know I should feel very happy if I was out of it, that's all; for I believe, on my soul, this is harnted ground, and the people in it are possessed. Oh, if I was only to home, to dear Umbagog agin, no soul should ever ketch me in this outlandish place any more, *I* know.'

"Well, the sound increased and increased so, like young thunder, she was e'en a'most skeared to death, and in a twitteration all over; and her knees began to shake so, she expected to go for it every minute; when a sudden turn of the path showed her her husband and the poor squatter a sarchin' for her.

"She was so overcome with fright and joy, she could hardly speak—and it warn't a trifle that would toggle her tongue, that's a fact. It was some time after she arrived at the house afore she could up and tell the story onderstandable; and when she did, she had to tell it twice over, first in short hand, and then in long metre, afore she could make out the whole bill o' parcels. Indeed, she hante done tellin' it yet, and wherever she is, she works round, and works round, till she gets Europe spoke of, and then she begins, 'That reminds me of a most remarkable fact. Jist after I was married to Mr. Lot, we was to the Alps.'

"If ever you see her, and she begins that way, up hat and cut stick, double quick, or you'll find the road over the Alps to Umbagog a little the longest you've ever travelled, I know.

"Well, she had no sooner done than Cranbery jumps up on eend, and says he to the guide, 'Uncle,' sais he, 'jist come along with me, that's a good feller, will you? We must return that good Samaritan's cane to him; and as he must be considerable cold there, I'll jist warm his hide a bit for him, to make his blood sarculate. If he thinks I'll put that treatment to my wife, Miss Lot, into my pocket, and walk off with it, he's mistaken in the child, that's all, Sir. He may be stubbeder than I be, Uncle, that's a fact; but if he was twice as stubbed, I'd walk into him like a thousand of

bricks. I'll give him a taste of my breed. Insultin' a lady is a weed we don't suffer to grow in our fields to Umbagog. Let him be who the devil he will, log-leg or leather-breeches—green-shirt or blanket-coat—land-trotter or river-roller, I'll let him know there is a warrant out arter him, I know.'

"'Why,' sais the guide, 'he couldn't help himself, no how he could work it. He is a friar, or a monk, or a hermit, or a pilgrim, or somethin' or another of that kind, for there is no eend to them, they are so many different sorts; but the breed he is of, have a vow never to look at a woman, or talk to a woman, or touch a woman, and if they do, there is a penance, as long as into the middle of next week.'

"'Not look at a woman?' sais Cran. 'Why, whart sort of a guess world would this be without petticoats? What a superfine superior tarnation fool he must be, to jine such a tee-total society as that. Mint julip I could give up, I *do* suppose, though I had a plaguy sight sooner not do it, that's a fact; but as for woman-kind, why the angeliferous little torments, there is no livin' without *them*. What do you think, stranger?'

"'Sartainly,' said Squatter; 'but seein' that the man had a vow, why it warn't his fault, for he couldn't do nothin' else. Where *he* did wrong, was *to look back;* if he hadn't a *looked back*, he wouldn't have sinned.'

"'Well, well,' sais Cran, 'if that's the case, it is a hoss of another color, that. I won't look back nother, then. Let him be. But he is erroneous considerable.'

"So you see, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "where there is nothin' to be gained, and harm done, by this retrospection, as you call it, why I think lookin' a-head is far better than—*lookin' back.*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CROSSING THE BORDER.

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for me to go to Scotland for a few days. I had two very powerful reasons for this excursion:—first, because an old and valued friend of mine was there, whom I had not met for many years, and whom I could not think of leaving this country without seeing again; and secondly, because I was desirous of visiting the residence of my forefathers on the Tweed, which, although it had passed out of their possession many years ago, was still endeared to me as *their* home, as

the scene of the family traditions; and above all, as their burial-place.

The grave is the first stage on the journey, from this to the other world. We are permitted to escort our friends so far, and no further. It is there we part for ever. It is there the human form is deposited, when mortality is changed for immortality. This burial-place contains no one that I have ever seen or known; but it contains the remains of those from whom I derived my lineage and my name. I therefore naturally desired to see it.

Having communicated my intention to my two American companions, I was very much struck with the different manner in which they received the announcement.

"Come back soon, Squire," said Mr. Slick; "go and see your old friend, if you must, and go to the old campin' grounds of your folks; though the wigwam I expect has gone long ago, but don't look at anythin' else. I want we should visit the country together. I have an idea, from what little I have seed of it, Scotland is overrated. I guess there is a good deal of romance about their old times; and that, if we knowed all, their old lairds warn't much better, or much richer, than our Ingian chiefs; much of a muchness, kinder sorter so, and kinder sorter not so, no great odds. Both hardy, both fierce; both as poor as Job's Turkey, and both tarnation proud—at least that's my idea to a notch.

"I have often axed myself what sort of a gall that splenderiferous, 'Lady of the Lake' of Scott was, and I kinder guess she was a red-headed Scotch heifer, with her hair filled with heather, and feather, and lint, with no shoes and stockings to her feet; and that

'Her lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,'

meant that she stared with her eyes and mouth wide open, like other county galls that never seed nothing before—a regilar screetch owl in petticoats. And I suspicion, that Mr. Rob Roy was a sort of thievin' devil of a white Mohawk, that found it easier to steal cattle, than raise them himself; and that Loch Katrin, that they make such a touss about, is jist about equal to a good sizeable duck-pond in our country; at least, that's my idea. For I tell you, it does not do to follow arter a poet, and take all he says for gospel.

"Yes, let's go and see Sawney in his 'Ould *Reeky*.' Airth and seas! if I have any nose at all, there never was a place so well named as that. Phew! let me light a cigar to get rid of the fogo of it.

"Then let's cross over the sea, and see 'Pat at Home;' let's look into matters and things there, and see what 'Big Dan' is about, with his 'association' and 'agitation' and 'repail' and

'teetotals.' Let's see whether it's John Bull or Patlander that's to blame, or both on 'em; six of one and half-a-dozen of tother. By Gosh! Minister would talk more sense in one day to Ireland, than has been talked there since the rebellion; for common sense is a word that don't grow like Jacob's ladder, in them diggins, I guess. It's about as stunted as Gineral Nichodemus Ott's corn was.

"The Gineral was takin' a ride with a southerner one day over his farm to Bangor in Maine, to see his crops, fixin mill privileges, and what not, and the southerner was a turning up his nose at everything amost, proper scorney, and braggin' how things growed on his estate down south. At last the Gineral's ebenezer began to rise, and he got as mad as a hatter, and was intarmed to take the rise out of him.

"'So,' says he, 'stranger,' says he, 'you talk about your Indgian corn, as if nobody else raised any but yourself. Now I'll bet you a thousand dollars, I have corn that's growd so wonderful, you can't reach the top of it a standin' on your horse.'

"'Done,' sais Southener, and 'Done,' sais the General, and done it was.

"'Now,' sais the Gineral, 'stand up on your saddle like a circus rider, for the field is round that corner of the wood there.' And the entire stranger stood up as stiff as a poker. 'Tall corn, I guess,' sais he, 'if I can't reach it, any how, for I can e'en a'most reach the top o' them trees. I think I feel them thousand dollars of yourn, a marchin' quick step into my pocket, four deep. Reach your corn, to be sure I will. Who the plague ever see'd corn so tall, that a man couldn't reach it a horseback?'

"'Try it,' sais the Gineral, as he led him into the field, where the corn was only a foot high, the land was so monstrous mean, and so beggarly poor.

"'Reach it,' sais the Gineral.

"'What a damned Yankee trick!' sais the Southerner. 'What a take in is this, ain't it?' and he leapt, and hopt, and jumped like a snappin' turtle, he was so mad. Yes, common sense to Ireland, is like Indgian corn to Bangor, it ain't overly tall growin', that's a fact. We must see both these countries together. It is like the nigger's pig to the West Indies, 'little, and dam old.'

"Oh, come back soon, Squire, I have a thousand things I want to tell you, and I shall forget one half o' them, if you don't; and besides," said he in an under tone, "*he*," (nodding his head towards Mr. Hopewell,) "will miss you shockingly. He frets horridly about his flock. He says, ''Mancipation and Temperance have superseded the Scriptures in the States. That formerly they preached religion there, but now they only preach about niggers and rum.' Good bye, Squire."

"You do right, Squire," said Mr. Hopewell, "to go. That which has to be done, should be done soon, for we have not always the command of our time. See your friend, for the claims of friendship are sacred; and see your family tomb-stones also, for the sight of them will awaken a train of reflections in a mind like yours, at once melancholy and elevating; but I will not deprive you of the pleasure you will derive from first impressions, by stripping them of their novelty. You will be pleased with the Scotch; they are a frugal, industrious, moral and intellectual people. I should like to see their agriculture, I am told it is by far the best in Europe.

"But, Squire, I shall hope to see you soon, for I sometimes think duty calls me home again. Although my little flock has chosen other shepherds and quitted my fold, some of them may have seen their error, and wish to return. And ought I not to be there to receive them? It is true, I am no longer a laborer in the vineyard, but my heart is there. I should like to walk round and round the wall that encloses it, and climb up, and look into it, and talk to them that are at work there. I might give some advice that would be valuable to them. The blossoms require shelter, and the fruit requires heat, and the roots need covering in winter. The vine, too, is luxuriant, and must be pruned, or it will produce nothing but wood. It demands constant care and constant labor. I had decorated the little place with flowers, too, to make it attractive and pleasant. But, ah me! dissent will pull all these up like weeds, and throw them out; and skepticism will raise nothing but gaudy annuals. The perennials will not flourish without cultivating and enriching the ground; *their roots are in the heart.* The religion of our Church, which is the same as this of England, is a religion which inculcates love: filial love towards God; paternal love to those committed to our care; brotherly love to our neighbor, nay, something more than is known by that term in its common acceptation, for we are instructed to love our neighbor as ourselves.

"We are directed to commence our prayer with 'Our Father.' How much of love, of tenderness, of forbearance, of kindness, of liberality, is embodied in that word—children of the same father, members of the same great human family! Love is the bond of union—love dwelleth in the heart; and the heart must be cultivated, that the seeds of affection may germinate in it.

"Dissent is cold and sour; it never appeals to the affections, but it scatters denunciations, and rules by terror. Skepticism is proud and self-sufficient. It refuses to believe in mysteries, and deals in rhetoric and sophistry, and flatters the vanity, by exalting human reason. My poor lost flock will see the change, and I fear, feel it too. Besides, absence is a temporary death. Now I am gone from them, they will forget my frailties and infirmities, and dwell on what little good might have been in me, and, perhaps, yearn towards me.

"If I was to return, perhaps I could make an impression on the minds of some, and recall two or three, if not more, to a sense of duty. What a great thing that would be, wouldn't it? And if I did, I would get our bishop to send me a pious, zealous, humble-minded, affectionate, able young man, as a successor; and I would leave my farm, and orchard, and little matters, as a glebe for the Church. And who knows but the Lord may yet rescue Slickville from the inroads of ignorant fanatics, political dissenters, and wicked infidels?

"And besides, my good friend, I have much to say to you, relative to the present condition and future prospects of this great country. I have lived to see a few ambitious lawyers, restless demagogues, political preachers, and unemployed local officers of provincial regiments, agitate and sever thirteen colonies at one time from the government of England. I have witnessed the struggle. It was a fearful, a bloody, and an unnatural one. My opinions, therefore, are strong in proportion as my experience is great. I have abstained on account of their appearing like preconceptions from saying much to you yet, for I want to see more of this country, and to be certain that I am quite right before I speak.

"When you return, I will give you my views on some of the great questions of the day. Don't adopt them, hear them and compare them with your own. I would have you think for yourself, for I am an old man now, and sometimes I distrust my powers of mind.

"The state of this country you, in your situation, ought to be thoroughly acquainted with. It is a very perilous one. Its prosperity, its integrity, nay its existence as a first-rate power, hangs by a thread, and that thread but little better and stronger than a cotton one. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* I look in vain for that constitutional vigor, and intellectual power, which once ruled the destinies of this great nation.

"There is an aberration of intellect, and a want of self-possession here that alarms me. I say, alarms me, for American as I am by birth, and republican as I am from the force of circumstances, I cannot but regard England with great interest, and with great affection. What a beautiful country! What a noble constitution! What a high-minded, intelligent, and generous people! When the Whigs came into office, the Tories were not a party, they were the people of England. Where and what are they now? Will they ever have a lucid interval, or again recognize the sound of their own name? And yet, Sam, doubtful as the prospect of their recovery is, and fearful as the consequences of a continuance of their malady appear to be, one thing is most certain, *a Tory government is the proper government for a monarchy, a suitable one for any country, but it is the only one for England.* I do not mean an ultra one, for I am a moderate man, and all extremes are equally to be avoided. I mean a

temperate, but firm one: steady to its friends, just to its enemies, and inflexible to all. When compelled to yield, it should be by force of reason, and never by the power of agitation. Its measures should be actuated by a sense of what is right, and not what is expedient, for to concede is to recede—to recede is to evince weakness—and to betray weakness is to invite attack.

"I am a stranger here. I do not understand this new word, Conservatism. I comprehend the other two, Toryism and Liberalism. The one is a monarchical, and the other a republican word. The term, Conservatism, I suppose, designates a party formed out of the moderate men of both sides, or rather, composed of Low-toned Tories and High Whigs. I do not like to express a decided opinion yet, but my first impression is always adverse to mixtures, for a mixture renders impure the elements of which it is compounded. Everything will depend on the preponderance of the wholesome over the deleterious ingredients. I will analyse it carefully, see how one neutralizes or improves the other, and what the effect of the compound is likely to be on the constitution. I will request our Ambassador, Everett, or Sam's friend, the Minister Extraordinary, Abednego Layman, to introduce me to Sir Robert Peel, and will endeavor to obtain all possible information from the best possible source.

"On your return I will give you a candid and deliberate opinion."

After a silence of some minutes, during which he walked up and down the room in a fit of abstraction, he suddenly paused, and said, as if thinking aloud—

"Hem, hem—so you are going to cross the border, eh? That northern intellect is strong. Able men the Scotch, a little too radical in politics, and a little too illiberal, as it is called, in a matter of much greater consequence; but a superior people, on the whole. They will give you a warm reception, will the Scotch. Your name will ensure that; and they are clannish; and another warm reception will, I assure you, await you here, when, returning, you again *Cross the Border.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE OLD AND THE NEW WORLD.

THE first series of this work had scarcely issued from the press, when I was compelled to return to Nova Scotia, on urgent private affairs. I was fortunately not detained long, and arrived again at Liverpool, after an absence of three months. To my surprise, I found Mr. Slick at the Liner's Hotel. He was evidently out of spirits, and even the excitement of my unexpected return did not

wholly dissipate his gloom. My fears were at first awakened for the safety of my excellent friend Mr. Hopewell, but I was delighted to find that he was in good health, and in no way the cause of Mr. Slick's anxiety. I pushed my inquiries no further, but left it to him to disclose, as I knew he would in due time, the source of his grief. His outer man was no less changed than his countenance. He wore a dress-coat and pantaloons, a gaudy-figured silk waistcoat, black satin stock, and Parisian hat. A large diamond brooch decorated his bosom, and a heavy gold chain, suspended over his waistcoat, secured his watch; while one of very delicate texture and exquisite workmanship supported an eye-glass. To complete the metamorphosis, he had cultivated a very military moustache, and an imperial of the most approved size finished the picture. I was astonished and grieved beyond measure to find that three short months had effected such a total change in him. He had set up for a man of fashion, and in his failure had made himself, what he in his happier days would have called "a caution to sinners." His plain, unpretending attire, frank rough manners, and sound practical good sense, had heretofore always disarmed criticism, and rendered his peculiarities, if not attractive, at least inoffensive and amusing, inasmuch as altogether they constituted a very original and a very striking character. He had now rendered himself ridiculous. It is impossible to express the pain with which I contemplated this awkward, over-dressed, vulgar caricature; and the difficulty with which I recognized my old friend the Clockmaker in dandy Slick. Dress, however, can be put on or laid aside with ease, but fortunately a man's train of thinking is not so readily changed. It was a source of great satisfaction to me, therefore, to find, as soon as he began to converse, that, with the exception of a very great increase of personal vanity, he was still himself.

"Well, I am glad to see you again, too, Squire," he said, "it railly makes me feel kinder all-overish to shake hands along with you oncet more; and won't Minister feel hand-over-foot in a twitteration when he hears you've come back. Poor dear old critter, he loves you like a son; he says you are the only man that has done us justice, and that though you rub us pretty hard sometimes, you touch up the blue noses, and the British, too, every mite and mossel as much, and that it is all done good-natured, and no spite or prejudice in it nother. There is no abuse in your books, he says. Yes, I am glad to see you, 'cause now I *have* got some one to talk to, that *has* got some sense, and *can* understand me, for English don't actilly know nothin' out of their own diggins. There is a great contrast atween the Old and the New World, ain't there? I was talking to John Russel the other day about it."

"Who is *he*?" I said; "is he a skipper of one of the liners?"

"Lord love you, no; he is the great noble—Lord Russel—the

leadin' Whig statesman. It's only about a week ago I dined with him to Norfolk's—no, it warn't to Norfolk's, it was to Normamby's."

"Is that the way," I again asked, "that you speak of those persons?"

"Isn't it the way they speak to each other?" said he; "doesn't Wellington say, 'Stanley, shall I take wine with you?' and if *they* do, why shouldn't I? It mayn't be proper for a common Britisher to say so, because they ain't equal; but it's proper for us, for we *are*, that's a fact; and if it wa'n't boastin', superior, too, (and look at here, who are these bigs bugs now, and what was they originally?) for we have natur's nobility. Lord, I wish you could hear Steverman talk of them and their ceremonies."

"Don't you follow Steverman's example, my good friend," I said: "he has rendered himself very ridiculous by assuming this familiar tone. It is very bad taste to talk that way, and no such absurd ceremony exists of creating peers, as I understand he says there is; that is a mere invention of his to gratify democratic prejudice. Speak of them and to them as you see well-bred people in this country do, neither obsequiously nor familiarly, but in a manner that shows you respect both them and yourself."

"Come, I like that talk," said Mr. Slick; "I'm a candid man, I am, indeed, and manners is a thing I rather pride myself on. I ha'n't had no great schoolin' that way in airly days, but movin' in high life, as I do, I want to sustain the honor of our great nation abroad; and if there is a wrong figur', I'm for spitten' on the slate, rubbin' it out, and puttin' in a right one. I'll ask Minister what he thinks of it, for he is a book; but you, ('xcuse me, Squire, no offence I hope, for I don't mean none,) but you are nothin' but a colonist, you see, and don't know everything. But, as I was sayin', there is a nation sight of difference, too, ain't there, atween an old and a new country? but come, let's go into the coffee-room and sit down, and talk, for sittin' is just as cheap as standin' in a general way."

This spacious apartment was on the right hand of the entrance hall, furnished and fitted in the usual manner. Immediately behind it was the bar-room, which communicated with it in one corner by an open window, and with the hall by a similar aperture. In this corner, sat or stood the bar-maid, for the purpose of receiving and communicating orders.

"Look at that gall," said Mr. Slick, "ain't she a smasher? What a tall, well-make, handsome piece of furniture she is, ain't she? Look at her hair, ain't it neat? and her clothes fit so well, and are so nice, and her cap so white, and her complexion so clear, and she looks so good-natured, and smiles so sweet, it does one good to look at her. She is a whole team and a horse to spare, that gall—that's a fact. I go and call for two or three glasses of brandy-cocktail more than I want every day, just for the sake of talking to her. She

always says, 'What will you be pleased to have, Sir?' 'Somethin',' says I, 'that I can't have,' lookin' at her pretty mouth about the wickedest; well, she laughs, for she knows what I mean; and says, 'P'r'aps you will have a glass of bitters, Sir?' and she goes and gets it. Well, this goes on three or four times a day, every time the identical same tune, only with variations.

"About an hour afore you came in, I was there agin. 'What will you be pleased to have, Sir?' says she agin, laughin'. Somethin' I can't get,' sais I, a laughin', too, and a smackin' of my lips and a lettin' off sparks from my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney. 'You can't tell that till you try,' says she; 'but you can have your bitters, at any rate,' and she drawed a glass and gave it to me. It tan'te so bad that, is it? Well, now she has seed you before, and knows you very well; go to her, and see how nicely she will courtshy, how pretty she will smile, and how lady-like she will say, 'How do you do, Sir? I hope you are quite well, Sir; have you just arrived?—Here, chambermaid, show this gentleman to No. 200.—Sorry, Sir, we are so full, but to-morrow we will move you into a better room.—Thomas, take up this gentleman's luggage;' and then she'd courtshy agin, and smile hansome. Don't that look well now? do you want anything better nor that, eh? if you do, you are hard to please, that's all. But stop a bit, don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry; think afore you speak; go there agin—set her a smilin' once more, and look close. It's only skin deep—just on the surface, like a cat's paw on the water, it's nothin' but a rimple like, and no more; then, look closer still, and you will desearn the color of it.

"I see you laugh at the color of a smile, but still watch and you'll see it. Look now, don't you see the color of the shilling there, it's white, and cold, and silvery,—*it's a bought smile*, and a bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it. There is no natur—it's a cheat—it's a pretty cheat—it don't ryle you none, but still it's a cheat. It's like whipt cream; open your mouth wide, take it all in, and shut your lips down on it tight, and it's nothin'—it's only a mouthful of moonshine; yes, it's a pretty cheat, that's a fact. This ain't confined to the women nother. Petticoats have smiles and courtshys, and the trowsers bows and scrapes, and my-lords for you, there ain't no great difference that way; so, send for the landlord. 'Lardner,' says you, 'Sir,' says he, and he makes you a cold, low, deep, formal bow, as much as to say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy sarvent is a dog.' 'I want to go to church to-morrow,' says you; 'what church do you recommend?' Well, he eyes you all over, careful, afore he answers, so as not to back up a wrong tree. He sees you are from t'other side of the water; he guesses, therefore, you can't be a churchman, and must be a radical: and them that calculate that way miss a figure as often as not, I can tell you. So, he takes

his cue to please you. 'St. Luke's, Sir, is a fine church, and plenty of room, for there ain't no congregation; M'Neil's church has no congregation nother, in a manner; you can only call it a well-dressed mob,—but it has no room; for folks go there to hear politics.' 'Why, what is he?' says you. 'Oh, a churchman,' says he, with a long face as if he was the devil. 'No,' says you, 'I don't mean that; but what is his politics?' 'Oh, Sir, I am sorry to say, violent—' 'Yes; but what are they?' 'Oh,' says he, lookin' awful shocked, 'Tory, Sir,' 'Oh, then,' says you, 'he's just the boy that will suit me, for I am Tory, too, to the back-bone.' Lardner seems whamble-cropt, scratches his head, looks as if he was delivered of a mistake, bows, and walks off, a sayin' to himself, 'Well, if that don't pass, I swear; who'd a thought that cursed long-backed, long-necked, punkin-headed colonist was a Churchman and a Tory? The ugly devil is worse than he looks, d—n him.'

"Arter takin' these two samples out of the bulk, now go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and streak it off to Windsor, hot foot. First stage is Bedford Basin. Poor, dear old Marm Bedford, the moment she sets eyes on you, is out to meet you in less than half no time. Oh, look at the color of that smile. It's a good wholesome reddish-color, fresh and warm from the heart, and it's more than skin-deep, too, for there is a laugh walking arm-in-arm with it, lock and lock, that fetches her sides up with a hitch at every jolt of it. Then that hand ain't a ghost's hand, I can tell you, it's good solid flesh and blood, and it gives you a shake that says, 'I'm in rail, right down airnest.' 'Oh, Squire, is that you?—well, I am glad to see you; you are welcome home agin:—we was most afeered you was goin' to leave us; folks made so much of you t'other side of the water. Well, travellin' agrees with you—it does, indeed—you look quite hearty agin.'

"'But, come,' says you, 'sit down, my old friend, and tell me the news, for I have seen nobody yet; I only landed two hours ago. 'Well,' she'll say, 'the Admiral's daughter's married, and the Commissioner's daughter is married;' and then, shuttin' the door, 'they do say Miss A. is to be married to Colonel B., and the widow X. to lawyer V., but I don't believe the last, for she is too good for him: he's a low, radical fellow, that, and she has too much good sense to take such a creature as him.' 'What bishop was that I saw here, just now?' says you. 'A Westindgy bishop,' sais she; 'he left half-an-hour ago, with a pair of hosses, two servants, three pounds of butter, a dozen of fresh eggs, and a basket of blue berries.' But Miss M., what do you think, Squire? she has given Captain Tufthunt the mitten, she has, indeed, upon my word!—fact, I assure you.' Ain't it curious, Squire, weddin's is never out of women's heads. They never think of nothin' else. A young gall is alwais thinkin' of her own; as soon as she is married, she is a match makin' for her companions, and when she is a little grain older, her darter's

weddin' is uppermost agin. Oh, it takes great study to know a woman,—how cunnin' they are! Ask a young gall all the news, she'll tell you of all the deaths in the place, to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriages. Ask an old woman, she'll tell you of all the marriages, to make you think she is takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They sartainly do beat all, do women. Well, then, Marm will jump up all of a sudden, and say, 'But, dear me, while I am a sitten' here a talkin', there is no orders for your lunch; what will you have, Squire?' 'What you can't get anywhere in first chop style,' says you, 'but in Nova Scotia, and never here in perfection, but at your house—a broiled chicken and blue-nose potatos.' 'Ah!' says she, puttin' up her finger, and lookin' arch, 'now, you are makin' fun of us, Squire?' 'Upon my soul I am not,' says you, and you may safely swear to that, too, I can tell you; for that house has a broiled chicken and a potato for a man that's in a hurry to move on, that may stump the world. Well, then, you'll light a cigar, and stroll out to look about the location, for you know every tree, and stone, and brook, and hill, about there, as well as you know beans, and they will talk to the heart as plain as if they was gifted with gab. Oh, home is home, however homely, I can tell you. And as you go out, you see faces in the bar-room you know, and it's, 'Oh, Squire, how are you?—Welcome home agin,—glad to see you once more; how have you had your health in a general way? Saw your folks driven out yesterday—they are all well to home.'

"They don't take their hats off, them chaps, for they ain't dependants, like tenants here: most of them farmers are as well off as you be, and some on 'em better; but they jist up and give you a shake of the daddle, and ain't a bit the less pleased; your books have made 'em better known, I can tell you. They are kinder proud of 'em, that's a fact. Then the moment your back is turned, what's their talk?—why it's 'Well, it's kinder nateral to see him back here again among us, ain't it? He is lookin' well, but he is broken a good deal, too; he don't look so cheerful as he used to did, and don't you mind, as he grows older, he looks more like his father, too?' 'I've heered a good many people remark it,' says they. 'Where on airth,' says one, 'did he get all them queer stories he has sot down in his books, and them Yankee words—don't it beat all natur?' 'Get them,' says another; 'why, he is a sociable kind of man, and as he travels round the circuits, he happens on a purpose, accidentally like, with folks, and sets 'em a talkin', or makes an excuse to light a cigar, goes in, sets down and hears all and sees all. I mind, I drove him to Liverpool, to court there oncet, and on our way we stopt at Sawaway village. Well, I stays out to mind the horse, and what does he do but goes in, and scrapes acquaintance with Marm—for if there is a man and a woman in the room, petti-

from the frost, and protected from the storm, and watered with tears, and warmed with the heat of the heart, and the soil be kept free from weeds; and it must have support to lean on, and be tended with care day and night, or it pines, grows yaller, fades away, and dies. It's a tender plant, is love, or else I don't know human natur, that's all. Well, the parents don't love them nother. *Mothers can get weaned as well as babies.* The same causes a'most makes folks love their children, that makes their children love them. Whoever liked another man's flower-garden as well as his own? Did you ever see one that did? for I never did. He haint tended it, he haint watched its growth, he haint seed the flowers bud, unfold, and bloom. *They haint growd up under his eye and hand, he haint attached to them, and don't care who plucks 'em.*

"And then, who can teach religion but a mother? Religion is a thing of the affections. Lord! parsons may preach, and clerks may make 'sponses for ever, but they won't reach the little heart of a little child. All *I* got, I got from mother, for father was so almighty impatient; if I made the leastest mistake in the world in readin' the Bible, he used to fall to and swear like a trooper, and that spiled all. Minister was always kind and gentle, but he was old, and old age seems so far off from a child, that it listens with awe, scary like, and runs away screamin' with delight as soon as it's over, and forgets all. Oh! it's an onnateral thing to tear a poor little gall away from home, and from all she knows and loves, and shove her into a house of strangers, and race off and leave her. Oh! what a sight of little chords it must stretch, so that they are never no good arterwards, or else snap 'em right short off. How it must harden the heart and tread down all the young sproutin' feelin's, so that they can never grow up and ripen!

"Why, a gall ought to be nothin but a lump of affection, as a Mother Carey's chicken is nothin' but a lump of fat; not that she has to love so much, but to endure so much; not that she has to bill and coo all day, for they plaguy soon get tired of that; but that she has to give up time and give up inclination, and alter her likes and alter her dislikes, and do everythin' and bear everythin', and all for affection. She ought to love, so that duty is a pleasure, *for where there is no love there will be no duty done right.* You wouldn't hear of so many runaway matches if it warn't for them cussed boardin'-schools, I know. A young chap sees one of these angeliferous galls a goin' a walkin', and inquires who she is and what she is. He hears she has a great forten', and he knows she has great beauty—splendid gall she is, too. She has been taught to stand straight and walk straight, like a drill-sarjeant. She knows how to get into a carriage and show no legs, and to get out o' one as much onlike a bear and as much like a lady as possible, never starn fust, but like a diver, head fust. She can stand in fust, second, or third position to

church, and hold her book and her elbous graceful—very important church lessons them too, much more than the lessons parsons reads. Then she knows a little tiny prayer-book makes a big hand look hugeaceous, and a big one makes it look small; and, besides, she knows all about smiles, the smile to set with or walk with, the smile to talk with, the smile o' surprise, the smile scorney, and the smile piteous. She is a most accomplished gall, that's a fact, how can it be otherwise in natur? Aint she at a female seminary, where, though the mistress don't know nothin', she can teach everythin', 'cause it's a fashionable school, and very aristocratic and very dear. It must be good, it costs so much; and you can't get nothin' good without a good price, that's a fact.

"Well, forten'-hunter watches and watches till he attracts attention, and the moment she looks at him his eye tells her he loves her. Creation, man! you might as well walk over a desert of gunpowder, shod with steel soles and flint heels, as to tell that to a gall for the fust time, whose heart her school-mistress and her mother had both made her feel was empty, and that all her education went to write on a paper and put in its window 'Lodgin's to let here for a single man.' She is all in a conflustugation in a minute—a lover!—a real lover too, not a school-boy, but an elegant young man, just such a one as she had heerd tell of in novels. How romantic, ain't it? and yet, Squire, how nateral too, for this poor desarted gall to think like a fool fust, and act like a fool arterwards, ain't it? She knows she warn't made to grow alone, and that like a vine she ought to have sunthin' to twine round for support; and when she sees this man, the little tendrils of her heart incline right that way at oncet.

"But then love never runs smooth. How in the world are they ever to meet, seein' that there is a great high brick wall atween them, and she is shot up most o' the time? Ah! there is the rub. Do you know, dear? There is but one safe way, loveliest of women, only one,—run away. Run away! that's an awful word, it frightens her most to death; she goes right off to bed and cries like anything, and that clears her head and she thinks it all over, for it won't do to take such a step as that without considerin', will it? 'Let me see,' says she, 'suppose I do go, what do I leave? A cold, formal, perlite mistress, horrid pitikelar, and horrid vexed when men admire her boarders more than her; a taunten' or a todyin' assistant, and a whole regiment of dancin' masters, music masters, and French masters. Lessons, lessons, lessons, all for the head and nothin' for the heart; hard work and a prison-house, with nothin' to see but feller prisoners a pinin' through the bars like me. And what do I run *for*? Why, an ardent, passionate, red-hot lover, that is to love me all my life, and more and more every day of my life, and who will shoot himself or drown himself if I don't, for he can't live without me, and who has glorious plans of happiness, and is sure of success

in the world, and all that. It taint racin' off from father and mother nother, for they ain't here; an' besides, I am sure and sartain they will be reconciled in a minute, when they hear what a splendid match I have made, and what a dear beautiful man I have married.' It is done.

"Ah! where was old marm then, that the little thing could have raced back and nestled in her bosom, and throw'd her arms round her neck, and put her face away back to her ears to hide her blushes? and say 'dear ma', I am in love;' and that she agin could press her up to her heart, and kiss her, and cry with her, and kind o' give way at fust, so as not to snub her too short at oncet, for fear of rearin', or kickin', or backin', or sulkin', but gentle, little by little, jist by degrees get her all right agin. Oh! where was mother's eye when fortin'-hunter was a scalin' the brick-wall, that it might see the hawk that was a threatenin' of her chicken; and where was old father with his gun to scare him off, or to wing him so he could do no harm? Why, mother was a dancin' at Almack's, and father was a huntin'; then it sarves 'em right, the poacher had been into the presarve and snared the bird, and I don't pity 'em one mossel.

"Well, time runs away as well as lovers. In nine days puppies and bridegrooms begin to get their eyes open in a general way. It taint so easy for brides, they are longer about it; but they do see at last, and when they do, it's about the clearest. So, one fine day, poor little miss begins to open her peepers, and the fust thing she disarns is a tired, lyin' lover—promises broke that never was meant to be kept,—hopes as false as vows, and a mess of her own makin', that's pretty considerable tarnation all over. Oh! how she sobs, and cries, and guesses she was wrong, and repents; and then she writes home, and begs pardon, and, child-like, says she will never do so again. Poor crittur, it's one o' them kind o' things that can't be done agin—oncet done, done for ever; yes, she begs pardon, but father won't forgive, for he has been larfed at; mother won't forgive, 'cause she has to forgive herself fust, and that she can't do; and both won't forgive, for it's settin' a bad example. All doors behind the poor little wretch are closed, and there is but one open before her, and that looks into a churchyard. They are nice little places to stroll in, is buryin'-grounds, when you ain't nothin' to do but read varses on tomb-stones; but it taint every one likes to go there to sleep with the silent folks that's onder ground, I can tell you. It looks plaguy like her home that's prepared for her though, for there is a little spot on the cheek, and a little pain in the side, and a little hackin' cough, and an eye sometimes watery, and sometimes hectic bright, and the sperits is all gone. Well, I've seed them signs so often, I know as well what follows, as if it was rain arter three white frosts, melancholy—consumption—a broken heart, and the grave.—*This is the fruit of a boardin'-school; beautiful fruit, ain't it? It*

ripened afore its time, and dropt off the tree airly. The core was eaten by a worm, and that worm was bred in a boardin'-school.

"Lord, what a world this is! We have to think in harness as well as draw in harness. We talk of this government being free, and that government being free, but fashion makes slaves of us all. If we don't obey we ain't civilized. You must think with the world, or go out of the world. Now, in the high life I've been movin in lately, we must swear by Shakspeare whether we have a taste for plays or not,—swaller it in a lump, like a bolus, obscene parts and all, or we have no soul. We must go into fits if Milton is spoke of, though we can't read it if we was to die for it, or we have no tastes; such is high life, and high life governs low life.

"Every Englishman and every American that goes to the Continent must admire Paris, its tawdry theatres, its nasty filthy parks, its rude people, its cheaten' tradesmen; its horrid formal parties, its affected politicians, its bombastical braggin' officers and all. If they don't they are vulgar wretches that don't know nothin', and can't tell a fricaseed cat from a stewed frog. Let 'em travel on and they darsn't say what they think of them horrid, stupid, oncomfortable, gamblin' Garman waterin'-places nother. Oh, no! fashion says you can't.

"It's just so with these cussed boardin'-schools; you must swear by 'em, or folks will open their eyes and say, 'Where was you raird, young man? Does your mother know you are out?' Oh, dear! how many gals they have ruined, how many folks they have fooled, and how many families they have capsised, so they never was righted agin. It tante no easy matter, I can tell you, for folks of small forten to rig a gall out for one o' these seminaries that have the sign 'man-traps set here,' stuck over the door. It costs a considerable of a sum, which in middlin' life is a little forten like. Well, half the time a gall is allowed to run wild 'till she is fourteen years old, or thereabouts, browsin' here and browsin' there, and jumpin' out of this pastur' into that pastur' like mad. Then she is run down and catched: a bearin' rein put on her to make her carry up her head well; a large bit put atween her teeth to give her a good mouth, a cersingle belt strapt tight round her waist to give her a good figur', and a dancin'-master hired to give her her paces, and off she is sent to a boardin'-school to get the finishin' touch. There she is kept for three, or four, or five years, as the case may be, till she has larnt what she ought to have knowed at ten. Her edication is then slicked off complete; a manty-maker gets her up well, and she is sent back to home with the Tower stamp on her, 'edicated at a boardin'-school.' She astonishes the natives round about where the old folks live, and makes 'em stare agin, she is so improved. She plays beautiful on the piano, two pieces, they were crack pieces, larned onder the eye and ear of the master; but there is a secret nobody knows but her,

she can't play nothin' else. She sings two or three songs, the last lessons larnt to school, and the last she ever will larn. She has two or three beautiful drawin's, but there is a secret here, too; the master finished 'em and she can't do another. She speaks French beautiful, but it's fortunate she aint in France now, so that secret is safe. She is a very agreeable gal, and talks very pleasantly, for she has seen the world.

"She was to London for a few weeks; saw the last play, and knows a great deal about the theatre. She has been to the opera oncet, and has seen Celeste and Fanny Estler, and heard La Blache and Grisi, and is a judge of dancin' and singin'. She saw the Queen a horseback in the Park, and is a judge of ridin'; and was at a party at Lady Syllabub's, and knows London life. This varnish lasts a whole year. The two new pieces wear out, and the songs get old, and the drawin's everybody has seed, and the London millinery wants renewin', and the Queen has another Princess, and there is another singer at the Opera, and all is gone but the credit, 'she was edicated at a boardin'-school.'

"But that ain't the wust nother, she is never no good arterwards. If she has a great forten, it ain't so much matter, for rich folks can do what they please; but if she ain't, why, a head oncet turned like a stifle-joint oncet put out in a horse, it ain't never quite right agin. It will take a sudden twist agin when you least expect it. A taste for dress—a taste for company—a taste for expense, and a taste for beaux was larnt to boardin'-school, and larnt so well it's never forgot. A taste for no house-keepin', for no domestic affairs, and for no anythin' good or useful, was larnt to boardin'-school, too, and these two tastes bein' kind o' rudiments, never wear out and grow rusty.

"Well, when Miss comes home, when old father and marm go to lay down the law, she won't take it from 'em, and then 'there is the devil to pay and no pitch hot.' She has been away three years, may be five, and has larned 'the rights o' women,' and the duties of 'old fogeys' of fathers, and expects to be her own mistress, and theirn, too. Obey, indeed! Why should *she* obey?—Haint she come of age?—Haint she been to a female seminary and got her edication finished? It's a runnin' fight arter that; sometimes she's brought to, and sometimes, bein' a clipper, she gets to windward herself, and larfs at the chase. She don't answer signals no more, and why? all young ladies voted it a bore at 'the boardin'-school?

"What a pretty wife that critter makes, don't she?—She never heerd that husband and wives was made for each other, but only that husbands was made for wives.—She never heerd that home meant anything but a house to see company in, or that a puss had any eend to it but one, and that was for the hand to go in. Heavens and airth! the feller she catches will find her a man-trap, I know—

and one, too, that will hold on like grim death to a dead nigger,—one that he can't lose the grip of, and can't pull out of, but that's got him tight and fast for ever and ever. If the misfortunate wretch has any children, like their dear mamma, they, in their turn, are packed off to be edicated and ruined,—to be finished and bedeviled, body and soul, to *a boardin'-school.*"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

The following morning, Mr. Slick, who always made much greater despatch at his meals than any man I ever saw, called for the daily newspaper before I had half finished my breakfast. "Cotton's ris," said he, "a penny a pound, and that's a'most four dollars a bale or so; I'm five thousand dollars richer than I was yesterday mornin'. I knowd this must be the case in course, for I had an account of last year's crop, and I larnt what stock was on hand here, so I spekilated the other day, and bought a considerable passel. I'll put it off to-day on the enemy. Gauliopilus! if here ain't the Great Western a comin' in;" and he threw down the paper with an air of distress, and sat for some time wholly absorbed with some disagreeable subject. After a while, he rose and said, "Squire, will you take a walk down to the docks along with me, if you've done breakfast. I'll introduce you to a person you've often heerd tell of, but never saw afore. Father's come.—I never was so mad in all my life.—What on airth shall I do with the old man here—but it sarves me right, it all comes of my crackin' and boastin' so, in my letters to sister Sal, of my great doings to London. Dear, dear, how provokin' this is! I ain't a critter that's easy scared off, but I swear to man I feel vastly more like scooterin' off than spunkin' up to face him, that's a fact. You know, Squire, I am a man of fashion now;" and here he paused for a while and adjusted his shirt collar, and then took a lingering look of admiration at a large diamond ring on his forefinger, before its light was extinguished by the glove—"I'm a man of fashion, now; I move in the first circles; my *po*sition in so-ci*e*ty is about as tall as any citizen of our country ever had; and I must say I feel kinder proud of it.

"But, heavens and airth, what shall I do with father? I warn't broughten up to it myself, and if I hadn't a been as soople as moose wood, I couldn't have gotten the inns and outs of high life as I have. As it was, I most gi'n it up as a bad job: but now I guess I am as

well dressed a man as any you see, use a silver fork as if it was nothin' but wood, wine with folks as easy as the best on 'em, and am as free and easy as if I was to home. It's ginirally allowed I go the whole figure, and do the thing genteel. But father, airth and seas! he never see nothin' but Slickville, for Bunkerhill only lasted one night and a piece of next day, and continental troops warn't like Broadway or west-eend folks, I tell you. Then, he's considerable hard of heerin', and you have to yell a thing out as loud as a trainin'-gun afore he can understand it. He swears, too, enough for a whole court-house when he's mad. He larnt that in the old war, it was a fashion then, and he's one o' them that won't alter nothin'. But that ain't the worst nother, he has some o' them country-fied ways that ryle the Britishers so much. He chaws tobaccy like a turkey, smokes all day long, and puts his legs on the table, and spits like an enjine. Even to Slickville these revolutionary heroes was always reckoned behind the age; but in the great world like New York, or London, or Paris, where folks go a-head in manners as well as everthin' else, why it won't go down no longer. I'me a peacable man when I'me good-natured, but I'me ugly enough when I'me ryled, I tell you. Now folks will stuboy father, and set him on to make him let out jist for a laugh, and if they do, I'me into them as sure as rates. I'll clear the room, I'll be switched if I don't. No man shall insult father, and me standin' by, without catchin' it, I know. For old, deaf, and rough as he is, he is father, and that is a large word when it is spelt right.—Yes, let me see the man that will run a rigg on him, and by the Tarnal—"

Here he suddenly paused, and, turning to a man that was passing, said, "What do you mean by that?" "What?" "Why, runnin' agin me; you had better look as if you didn't, hadn't you?" "You be hanged!" said the man, "I didn't touch you." "D—n you!" said Mr. Slick, "I'll knock you into the middle of next week." "Two can play at that game," said the stranger; and in a moment they were both in attitude. Catching the latter's eye, I put my finger to my forehead, and shook my head. "Ah!" said he, "poor fellow! I thought so," and walked away. "You thought so," said Mr. Slick, "did you? Well, it's lucky you found it out afore you had to set down the figures, I can tell you."

"Come, come," I said, "Mr. Slick, I thout you said you were a man of fashion, and here you are trying to pick a quarrel in the street."

"Fashion, Sir," said he, "it is always my fashion to fight when I'me mad; but I do suppose, as you say, a street quarrel ain't very genteel. Queen might hear it, and it would lower our great nation in the eyes of foreigners. When I'm ready to bust, tho', I like to let off steam, and them that's by must look our for scaldings, that's all. I am ryled, that's a fact, and it's enough to put a man out of

sorts to have this old man come a trampousin' here, to set for a pictur to Dickens or some other print maker, and for me to set by and hear folks a snickering at it. If he will go a bull-draggin' of me about, I'll resign and go right off home agin, for he'll dress so like old Scratch, we shall have a whole crowd arter our heels whichever way we go. I'me a gone sucker, that's a fact, and shall have a muddy time of it. Pity, too, for I am gettin' rather fond of high life; I find I have a kinder nateral taste for good society. A good tuck out every day, for a man that has a good appetite, ain't to be sneezed at, and as much champagne, and hock, and madeiry as you can well carry, and cost you nothin' but the trouble of eatin' and drinkin', to my mind is better than cuttin' your own fodder. At first, I didn't care much about wine; it warn't strong enough, and didn't seem to have no flavor, but taste improves, and I am a considerable judge of it now. I always used to think champaigne no better nor mean cider, and p'r'aps the imertation stuff we make to New York ain't, but if you get the clear grit, there is no mistake in it. Lick, it feels handsome, I tell you. Sutherland has the best I've tasted in town, and it's iced down to the exact p'int better nor most has it."

"Sutherland's," I said, "is that the hotel near Mivart's?"

"Hotel, indeed!" said he, "whoever heer'd of good wine at an hotel? and if he did hear of it, what a fool he'd be to go drink it there and pay for it, when he can dine out and have it all free gratis for nothin'. Hotel, indeed!!—no, it's the great Duke of Sutherland's. The 'Socdolager' and I dine there often."

"Oh! the Duke of Sutherland," said I; "now I understand you."

"And I," he replied, "understand you now, too, Squire. Why, in the name of sense, if you wanted to c'rect me, did you go all round about, and ax so many questions? Why didn't you come straight up to the mark, and say that word 'Sutherland' has slipt off its handle, and I'd a fixt the helve into the eye, and put a wedge into it to fasten it in my memory? I do like a man to stand up to his lick log, but no matter.

"Well, as I was a sayin', his champagne is the toploftiest I've seen. His hock ain't quite so good as Bobby Peel's (I mean Sir Robert Peel). Lord, he has some from Joe Hannah's—Bug Metternich's vineyard on the Rhine. It is very sound, has a tall flavor, a good body, and a special handsome taste. It beats the *Bug's*, I tell you. High life is high life, that's a fact, especially for a single man, for it costs him nothin' but for his bed, and cab-hire, and white gloves. He lives like a pet rooster, and actilly saves his board. To give it all up ain't no joke; but if this old man will make a show—for I shall feel as striped as a rainbow—of himself, I'me off right away, I tell you—I won't stand it, for he is my father, and what's more, I can't, for (drawing himself up, com-

posing his moustache, and adjusting his collar) *I* am 'Sam Slick.'"

"What induced him," I said, "at his advanced age, to 'tempt the stormy deep,' and to leave his comfortable home, to visit a country against which I have often heard you say he had very strong prejudices?"

"I can't just 'xactly say what it is," says he, "it's a kind of mystery to me,—it would take a great bunch of cipherin' to find that out,—but I'me afeerd it's my foolish letters to sister Sal, Squire, for I'll tell you candid, I've been braggin' in a way that ain't slow to Sal, cause I knowed it would please her, and women do like most special to have a crane to hang their pot-hooks on, so I thought 'my brother Sam' would make one just about the right size. If you'd a-seen my letters to her, you wouldn't a-scolded about leaving out titles, I can tell you, for they are all put in at tandem length. They are full of Queen and Prince, and Lords and Dukes, and Marquisas and Markees, and Sirs, and the Lord knows who. She has been astonishin' the natives to Slickville with Sam and the Airl, and Sam and the Dutchess, and Sam and the Baronet, and Sam and the Devil, and I intended she should; but she has turned poor old father's head, and that I didn't intend she should. It sarves me right though,—I had no business to brag, for though brag is a good dog, hold-fast is a better one. But Willis bragged, and Rush bragged, and Stephenson bragged, and they all bragged of the Lords they knowed to England; and then Cooper bragged of the Lords he refused to know there; and when they returned every one stared at them, and said 'Oh, he knows nobility,—or he is so great a man he wouldn't touch a noble with a pair of tongs.' So I thought I'd brag a little, too, so as to let poor Sal say my brother Sam went a-head of them all. There was no great harm in it arter all, Squire, was there? You know, at home, in a family where none but household is by, why we do let out sometimes, and say nobody is good enough for Sal, and nobody rich enough for Sam, and the Slicks are the first people in Slickville, and so on. It's innocent and nateral too, for most folks think more of themselves in a gineral way than any one else does. But, Lord love you, there is no calculatin' on women—they are the cause of all the evil in the world. On purpose, or on accident, in temper or in curiosity, by hook or by crook, some how or another, they do seem as if they couldn't help doin' mischief. Now, here is Sal, as good and kind-hearted a crittur as ever lived, has gone on boastin' till she has bust the byler. She has made a proper fool of poor old father, and e'en a-jist ruined me. I'me a gone coon now, that's a fact. Jist see this letter of father's, tellin' me he is a-comin' over in the 'Western.' If it was any one else's case, I should haw-haw right out; but now it's come home, I could boo-hoo with spite a-most. Here it is—no that's not it nother, that's

an invite from Melb.—Lord Melbourne—no, this is it,—no it tainte nother, that's from Lord Brougham,—no, it's in my trunk,—I'll show it to you some other time. I can't 'xactly fathom it: it's a ditch I can't jist pole over; he's got some crotchet in his head, but the Lord only knows what. I was proud of father to Slickville, and so was every one, for he was the makin' of the town, and he was one of our old veterans too; but here, somehow or another, it sounds kinder odd to have a man a crackin' of himself up as a Bunker Hill, or a revolutionary hero."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE EYE.

As soon as the 'Great Western' was warped into dock I left Mr. Slick, and returned to the hotel. His unwillingness to meet his father I knew arose from the difference of station in which they were adventitiously placed; his pride was evidently wounded, and I was reluctant to increase his mortification by witnessing their first interview. I did not see them until the following day, when we were about to depart for London. It was evident, from the appearance of the Colonel, that his son had caused his whole attire to be changed, for it was perfectly new, and not unlike that of most persons of his age in England. He was an uncultivated man, of rough manners and eccentric habits, and very weak and vain. He had not kept pace with the age in which he lived, and was a perfect specimen of a colonist of the rural districts of Connecticut sixty years ago. I had seen many such persons among the loyalists, or refugees as they were called, who had followed the troops at the peace of 1784 to Nova Scotia. Although quite an original therefore in England, there was but little of novelty either in his manner, appearance, or train of thought, to me. Men who have a quick perception of the ludicrous in others, are always painfully and sensitively alive to ridicule themselves. Mr. Slick, therefore, watched his father with great uneasiness during our passage in the train to town, and to prevent his exposing his ignorance of the world, engrossed the whole conversation.

"There is a change in the fashion here, Squire," said he; "black stocks aint the go no longer for full dress, and white ones aint quite up to the notch nother; to my mind they are a leetle sarvanty. A man of fashion must 'mind his eye' always. I guess I'll send and get some white muslins, but then the difficulty is to tie them neat. Perhaps nothin' in natur' is so difficult as to tie a white cravat so

as not to rumfoozle it or sile it. It requires quite a slight of hand, that's a fact. I used to get our beautiful little chamber-help to do it when I first come, for women's fingers aint all thumbs like men's; but the angeliferous dear was too short to reach up easy, so I had to stand her on the foot-stool, and that was so tottlish I had to put one hand on one side of her waist, and one on t'other, to steedy her like, and that used to set her little heart a beatin' like a drum, and kinder agitated her, and it made me feel sort of all-overish too, so we had to ginn it up, for it took too long; we never could tie the knot under half an hour. But then, practice makes perfect, and that's a fact. If a feller 'minds his eye' he will soon catch the nack, for the eye must never be let go asleep, except in bed. Lord, it's in little things a man of fashion is seen in! Now how many ways there be of eatin' an orange. First, there's my way when I'm alone; take a bite out, suck the juice, tear off a piece of the hide and eat it for digestion, and role up the rest into a ball and give it a shy into the street; or, if other folks is by, jist take a knife and cut it into pieces; or if gals is present, strip him down to his waist, leavin' his outer garment hanging graceful over his hips, and his upper man standin' in his beautiful shirt; or else quartern him, with hands off, neat, scientific, and workmanlike; or, if it's forbidden fruit's to be carved, why tearin' him with silver forks into good sizeable pieces for helpin'. All this is larnt by *mindin' your eye.* And now, Squire, let me tell you, for nothin' 'scapes me a'most, though I say it that shouldn't say it, but still it taint no vanity in me to say that nothin' never escapes me. *I mind my eye.* And now let me tell you there aint no maxim in natur' hardly equal to that one. Folks may go crackin' and braggin' of their knowledge of Phisionomy, or their skill in Phrenology, but it's all moonshine. A feller can put on any phiz he likes and deceive the devil himself; and as for a knowledge of bumps, why natur' never intended them for signs, or she wouldn't have covered 'em all over with hair, and put them out of sight. Who the plague will let you be puttin' your fingers under their hair, and be a foozlin' of their heads? If it's a man, why he'll knock you down, and if it's a gal, she will look to her brother, as much as to say, if this sassy feller goes a feelin' of my bumps, I wish you would let your foot feel a bump of his'n, that will teach him better manners, that's all. No, it's 'all in my eye.' You must look there for it. Well, then, some fellers, and especially painters, go a ravin, and a pratin' about the mouth, the expression of the mouth, the seat of all the emotions, the speakin' mouth, the large print of the mouth, and such stuff; and others are for everlastingly a lecturin' about the nose, the expression of the nose, the character of the nose, and so on, jist as if the nose was anything else but a speekin' trumpet that a sneeze blows thro', and the snuffles gives the rattles to, or that cant uses as a flute; I wouldn't give a piece of

tobacky for the nose, except to tell me when my food was good; nor a cent for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue. But the eye is the boy for me; there's no mistake there; study that well, and you will read any man's heart, as plain as a book. 'Mind your eye' is the maxim you may depend, either with man or woman. Now I will explain this to you, and give you a rule, with examples, as Minister used to say to night-school, that's worth knowing, I can tell you. 'Mind your eye' is the rule; now for the examples. Furst, let's take men, and then women. Now, Squire, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by natur'. It runs from the heart to the eye, and it goes so almighty fast, it can't be compared to nothin' but iled lightening. The moment the heart opens its doors, out jumps an emotion, whips into a car, and offs like wink to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lantern in his hand as bright as an Argand lamp; you can see him ever so far off. Look, therefore, to the eye, if there aint no lamp there, no soul leaves the heart that hitch; there ain't no train runnin', and the station-house is empty. It taint every one as knows this, but as I said before, nothin' never 'scapes me, and I have proved it over and over agin. Smiles can be put on and off like a wig; sweet expressions come and go like shades and lights in natur; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap; the body bends most graceful; the ear will be most attentive; the manner will flatter, so you're enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil—but *the eye, never.* And yet there are all sorts of eyes. There's an onmeanin' eye, and a cold eye; a true eye, and a false eye; a sly eye, a kickin' eye, a passionate eye, a revengeful eye, a manœuvering eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye; a squinting eye, and the evil eye; and, above all, the dear little loving eye, and so forth. They must be studied to be larnt, but the two important ones to be known are the true eye and the false eye. Now what do you think of that statesman that you met to dinner yesterday, that stuck to you like a burr to a sheep's tail, a-takin' such an interest in your books and in colony governments and colonists as sweet as sugar-candy? What did you think of him, eh?"

"I thought him," I said, "a well-informed gentlemanlike man, and I believe him to be a sincere friend of mine. I have received too many civilities from him to doubt his sincerity, especially as I have no claims upon him whatever. I am an unknown, obscure, and humble man; above all, I am a stranger and a colonist; his attentions, therefore, must be disinterested."

"That's all you know, Squire," said he, "he is the greatest humbug in all England. I'll tell you what he wanted:—He wanted to tap you; he wanted information; he wanted your original views for his speech for Parliament; in short, he wanted to know if Nova Scotia was in Canada or New Brunswick, without the trouble of

looking it out in the map. You didn't mind his eye; it warn't in tune with his face; the last was up to consart pitch, and t'other one several notes lower. He was readin' you. His eye was cold, abstracted, thoughtful: it had no Argand lamp in it. He'll use you, and throw you away. You can't use him, if you was to try. You are one of the sticks used by politicians; he is the hand that holds you. You support him, he is of no good to you. When you cease to answer his purpose he lays you aside and takes another. He has 'a *manœvring* eye.' The eye of a politician is like that of an old lawyer, a sort of spider-eye. Few things resembles each other more in natur', than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web in a corner with no light behind him to show the thread of his nest, but in the shade like, and then he waits in the dark office to receive visitors. A buzzin', burrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings, and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumblin' head over heels into the net. 'I beg your pardon,' says fly, 'I reely didn't see this net-work of yours; the weather is so foggy, and the streets so confounded dark—they ought to burn gas here all day. I am afraid I have done mischief.' 'Not at all,' says spider, bowin' most gallus purlite, 'I guess it's all my fault; I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray don't move or you *may* do dammage. Allow me to assist you.' And then he ties one leg and then t'other, and furls up both his wings, and has him as fast as Gibraltar. 'Now,' says spider, 'my good friend (a phrase a feller always uses when he's a-goin' to be tricky), I am afeared you have hurt yourself a considerable sum; I must bleed you.' 'Bleed me,' says fly, 'excuse me, I am much obliged to you, I don't require it.' 'Oh, yes, you do, my dear friend,' he says, and he gets ready for the operation. 'If you dare to do that,' says fly, 'I'll knock you down, you scoundrel, and I'me a man that what I lay down I stand on.' 'You had better get up first, my good friend,' says spider a-laughin'. 'You must be bled; you must pay damages;' and he bleeds him, and bleeds him, and bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' come on. 'Let me go, my good feller,' says poor fly, 'and I will pay liberally.' 'Pay,' says spider; 'you miserable oncircumcised wretch, you have nothin' left to pay with; take that,' and he gives him the last dig, and fly is a gone coon—bled to death.

"The politician, the lawyer, and the spider, they are all alike, they have the *manœvering eye*. Beware of these I tell *you*. *Mind your eye*. Women is more difficulter still to read than man, because smilin' comes as nateral to them as suction to a snipe. Doin' the agreeable is part of their natur', specially afore folks (for sometimes they do the Devil to home). The eye tho' is the thing to tell 'em by, it's infallible, that's a fact. There is two sorts of women that have the 'manœvering eye'—one that's false and imprudent, and t'other that's

false and cautious. The first is soon found out, by them that live much with them; but I defy old Scratch himself to find the other out without 'mindin' his eye.' I knowed two such women to Slickville, one was all smiles and graces, oh! she was as sweet as candy; oh! dear, how kind she was. She used to kiss me, and oncet gave me the astmy for a week, she hugged me so. She called me dear Sam, always.

"'Oh! Sammy dear,' says she, 'how do you do? How is poor dear old Minister, and the Colonel, your father, is he well? Why don't you come as you used to did to see us? Will you stay dinner to-day?—do, that's a good fellow. I thought you was offended, you staid away so long.' 'Well, I don't care if I do,' says I, 'seein' that I have nothin' above particular to do; but I must titivate up a leetle first, so I'll jist go into the boy's room and smarten a bit.' Well, when I goes in, I could hear her, thro' the partition, say, 'What possesses that critter to come here so often? he is for ever a botherin' of us; or else that stupid old Minister comes a prosin' and a potterin' all day: and as for his father, he is the biggest fool in the whole State, eh?' Heavens and airth, how I curled inwardly! I felt all up an eend. Father the biggest fool in the State, eh? 'No, you are mistaken there, old crocodile,' says I to myself. 'Father's own son is the tallest fool for allowing of himself to be tooken in this way by you. But keep cool, Sam,' says I to myself, 'bite in your breath, swaller it all down, and sarve her out her own way. Don't be in debt, pay all back, principal and interest; get a receipt in full, and be a free man.' So when I went back, oh! didn't I out-smile her, and out-compliment her; and when I quit, didn't I return her kiss so hard, she said, 'oh!' and looked puzzled, as if I was goin' to be a fool and fall in love. 'Now,' says I, 'Sam, study that screech-owl in petticoats, and see how it was you was so took in.' Well, I watched, and watched, and at last I found it out. It bust on me all at once, like. I hadn't 'minded her eye.' I saw the face and manner was put on so well, it looked quite nateral, but the eye had no passengers from the heart. Truth warn't there. There was no lamp, it was '*a manœvering eye.*' Such critters are easy found out by those as see a good deal of them, because they see they talk one way to people's faces, and another way to their backs. They ain't cautious, and folks soon think; well, when I'm gone my turn will come next, and I'll get it too, and they take care not to give 'em a chance. But a cautious false woman can never be found out but by the eye. I know'd a woman once that was all caution, and a jinniral favorite with every one, every one said what a nice woman she was, how kind, how agreeable, how sweet, how friendly, and all that, and so she was. She looked so artless, and smiled so pretty, and listened so patient, and defended any one you abused, or held her tongue, as if she wouldn't jine you; and jist looked like a dear sweet love of a

woman that was all goodness, good-will to man, charity to woman, and smiles for all. Well, I thought as everybody did. I ain't a suspicious man, at least I usn't to did to be, and at that time I didn't know all the secrets of the eye as I do now. One day I was there to a quiltin' frolic, and I was a-tellin' of her one of my good stories, and she was a lookin straight at me, a takin' aim with her smiles so as to hit me with every one on 'em, and a laughin' like anythin'; but she happened to look round for a pair of scissors that was on t'other side of her, jist as I was at the funnyist part of my story, and lo and behold! her smiles dropt right slap off like a petticoat when the string's broke, her face looked vacant for a minute, and her eye waited till it caught some one else's, and then it found its focus, looked right straight for it, all true agin, but she never looked back for the rest of my capital story. *She had never heard a word of it.* 'Creation!' says I, 'is this all a bamm?—what a fool I be.' I was stumped, I tell you. Well, a few days arterwards, I found out the eye secret from t'other woman's behaviour, and I applied the test to this one, and I hope I may never see daylight agin if there wasn't 'the manœvering eye' to perfection. If I had know'd the world then as I do now, I should have had some misgivings sooner. *No man, nor woman nother, can be a general favorite, and be true.* It don't stand to natur' and common sense. *The world is divided into three classes; the good, the bad, and the indifferent. If a woman is a favorite of all, there is somethin' wrong. She ought to love the good, to hate the wicked, and let the indifferent be. If the indifferent like, she has been pretendin' to them; if the bad like, she must have assented to them; and if the good like, under these circumstances, they are duped. A general favorite don't desarve to be a favorite with no one.* And besides that, I ought to have know'd, and ought to have asked, does she weep with them that weep, because that is friendship, and no mistake. Anybody can smile with you, for it's pleasant to smile, or romp with you, for romping is fine fun; but will they lessen your trouble by takin' some of the load of grief off your shoulders for you and carryin' it? That's the question, for that ain't a pleasant task; but it's the duty of a friend though, that's a fact. Oh! cuss your univarsal favorites, I say! Give me the rael Jeremiah.

"But Lord love you! obsarvin' is larning. This ain't a deep subject arter all, for this eye study is not rit in cypher like treason, nor in the dead languages, that have been dead so long ago, there is only the hair and the bones of them left. Nor foreign languages, that's only fit for singin', swarin', braggin' and blowin' soup when it's hot, nor any kind of lingo. It's the language of natur', and the language of natur' is the voice of Providence. Dogs and children can larn it, and half the time know it better nor man; and one of the first lessons and plainest laws of natur' is, '*to mind the eye.*'"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE QUEEN.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, according to appointment, called to-day upon Mr. Hopewell, and procured for him the honor of a private audience with the Queen. Her Majesty received him most graciously, and appeared to be much struck with the natural grace and ease of his manner, and the ingenuousness and simplicity of his character. Many anxious inquiries were made as to the state of the Episcopal Church in the States, and the Queen expressed herself much gratified at its extraordinary increase and prosperity of late years. On his withdrawing, her Majesty presented him with a very beautiful snuff-box, having her initials on it set in brilliants, which she begged him to gratify her by accepting, as a token of respect for his many virtues, and of the pleasure she had derived from this interview with the only surviving colonist of the United States she had ever seen.

Of such an event as an introduction at Court, the tale is soon told. They are too short and too uniform to admit of incident, but they naturally suggest many reflections. On his return, he said, "I have had the gratification, to-day, of being presented to the Queen of England. Her Majesty is the first and only monarch I have ever seen. How exalted is her station, how heavy her responsibilities, and how well are her duties performed! She is an incomparable woman, an obedient daughter, an excellent wife, an exemplary mother, an indulgent mistress, and an intelligent and merciful Sovereign. The women of England have great reason to be thankful to God, for setting before them so bright an example for their imitation: and the men of England that their allegiance is due to a Queen who reigns in the hearts and affections of the people. My own opinion is, that the descent of the sceptre to her Majesty, at decease of the late King, was a special interposition of Providence, for the protection and safety of the empire. It was a time of great excitement. The Reformers, availing themselves of the turbulence of the lower orders whose passions they had inflamed, had, about that period, let loose the midnight incendiary to create a distress that did not exist, by destroying the harvests that were to feed the poor; had put the masses into motion, and marched immense bodies of unemployed and

seditious men through the large towns of the kingdom, in order to infuse terror and dismay through the land; to break asunder the ties between landlord and tenant, master and servant, parishioner and rector, and subject and sovereign.

"Ignorant and brutal as these people were, and furious and cruel as were their leaders, still they were men and Englishmen, and when they turned their eyes to their youthful sovereign, and their virgin Queen, her spotless purity, her sex, her personal helplessness, and her many virtues, touched the hearts of even these monsters; while the knowledge that for *such a Queen*, millions of swords would leap from their scabbards, in every part of the empire, awakened their fears, and the wave of sedition rolled back again into the bosom of the deep, from which it had been thrown up by Whiggery, Radicalism, and Agitation. Had there at that juncture been a Prince upon the throne, and that Prince unfortunately not been popular, there would, in all probability, have been a second royal martyr, and a Robespierre, or a Cromwell, would have substituted a reign of terror for the mild and merciful government of a constitutional and legitimate sovereign. The English people owe much to their Queen. The hereditary descent of the crown, the more we consider it and the more experienced we become, is, after all, Squire, the best, the safest, and the wisest mode possible of transmitting it.

"Sam is always extolling the value of a knowledge of human nature. It is, no doubt, of great use to the philosopher, and the lawgiver; but, at last, it is but the knowledge of the cunning man. The artful advocate, who plays upon the prejudices of a jury; the unprincipled politician, who addresses the passions of the vulgar; and the subtle courtier, who works upon the weaknesses and foibles of Princes, may pride themselves on their knowledge of human nature, but, in my opinion, the only knowledge necessary for man, in his intercourse with man, is written in a far different book—the Book of Life.

"Now, as respects the subject we are talking of, an hereditary monarchy, I have often and often meditated on that beautiful parable, the first and the oldest, as well as one of the most striking, impressive, and instructive of all that are to be found in the Bible. It occurs in the ninth chapter of Judges. Abimelech, you may recollect, induced his kindred to prepare the way for his ascent to the throne by a most horrible massacre, using those affectionate words, that are ever found in the mouths of all demagogues, for remember, he said, 'I am *your* bone and *your* flesh?' His followers are designated in the Holy record as 'vain and light persons,' who, when they accepted their bribe to commit that atrocious murder, said, *surely he is our brother*. Regicides and rebels use to this day the same alluring language; they call themselves 'the friends of the people,' and those that are vile enough to publish seditious tracts,

and cowardly enough not to avow them, always subscribe themselves 'one of the People.' The perpetrators of this awful murder gave rise to the following parable:

"'The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said unto the oliver-tree, Reign thou over us.'

"'But the oliver-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"'And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou and reign over us.'

"'But the fig-tree said unto them, 'Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"'Then, said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us.'

"'And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"'Then, said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us.'

"And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.'"

"What a beautiful parable, and how applicable is it to all time and all ages. The oliver, the fig, and the vine had their several duties to perform, and were unwilling to assume those for which nature had not designed them. They were restrained alike by their modesty and their strong sense of rectitude.

"But the worthless bramble, the poorest and the meanest plant in the forest, with the presumptuous vanity so peculiar to weak and vulgar men, caught at once at the offer, and said, 'Anoint me your king, and repose in my shadow;' and then, with the horrible denunciations which are usually uttered by these lowbred tyrants, said, 'if not, let fire issue from me and destroy all the noble cedars of Lebanon.'

"The shadow of a bramble!!—How eloquent is this vainglorious boast, of a thing so humble, so naked of foliage, so pervious to the sun, as a bramble!!—of one, too, so armed, and so constituted by nature, as to destroy the fleece and lacerate the flesh of all animals incautious enough to approach it. As it was with the trees of the forest, to whom the option was offered to elect a king, so it is with us in the States to this day, in the choice of our chief magistrate. The olive, the fig, and the vine decline the honor. Content to remain in the sphere in which Providence has placed them, performing their several duties in a way creditable to themselves, and useful to the public, they prefer pursuing the even tenor of their way to being transplanted into the barren soil of polities, where a poisonous atmosphere engenders a feeble circulation, and a sour and deterior-

ated fruit. The brambles alone contend for the prize; and how often are the stately cedars destroyed to make room for those worthless pretenders. Republicanism has caused our country to be overrun by brambles. The Reform Bill has greatly increased them in England, and responsible government has multiplied them tenfold in the colonies. May the offer of a crown never be made to one here, but may it descend, through all time, to the lawful heirs and descendants of this noble Queen.

"What a glorious spectacle is now presented in London—the Queen, the Nobles, and the Commons, assembling at their appointed time, aided by the wisdom, sanctified by the prayers, and honored by the presence, of the prelates of the Church, to deliberate for the benefit of this vast empire! What a union of rank, of wealth, of talent, of piety, of justice, of benevolence, and of all that is good and great, is to be found in this national council. The world is not able to shake an empire whose foundation is laid like that of England. But treason may undermine what force dare not assault. The strength of this nation lies in the union of the Church with the state. To sever this connection, then, is the object of all the evil disposed in the realm, for they are well aware that the sceptre will fall with the ruin of the altar. The brambles may, then, as in days of old, have the offer of power. What will precede, and what will follow, such an event, we all full well know. All Holy Scripture was written, we are informed, 'that we might read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it;' and we are told therein that such an offer was not made in the instance alluded to till the way was prepared for it by the murder of all those lawfully entitled to the throne, and that it was followed by the most fearful denunciations against all the aristocracy of the land. The *brambles*, then, as now, were *levellers;* the tall cedars were objects of their hatred.

"It is a holy and blessed union. Wordsworth, whom, as a child of nature I love, has beautifully expressed my ideas on this subject:

> "'Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped to gird
> An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
> Whereon *she* sits! whose deep foundations lie
> In veneration and the people's love;
> Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law,
> Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
> With this a salutation as devout,
> Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church,
> Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom
> Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
> In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
> Decent and unreproved. The voice that greets
> The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
> That mutually protected and sustained,
> They may endure as long as sea surrounds
> This favored land, or sunshine warms her soil.'"

After repeating these verses, to which he gave great effect, he slowly rose from his seat—drew himself up to his full height—and lifted up both his hands, in a manner so impressive as to bring me at once upon my feet. I shall ever retain a most vivid recollection of the scene. His tall erect figure, his long white hair descending on his collar, his noble forehead, and intelligent and benevolent countenance, and the devout and earnest expression of his face, was truly Apostolical. His attitude and manner, as I have before observed, caused me involuntarily to rise, when he gave vent to his feelings in those words, so familiar to the ear, and so dear to the heart of every churchman, that I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of transcribing them, for the benefit of those whose dissent precludes them from the honor, and the gratification of constantly uniting with us in their use:

"'Almighty God, whose kingdom is everlasting and power infinite, have mercy upon the whole Church, and so rule the heart of thy chosen servant, Victoria, Queen and Governor, of England, that she, *knowing whose minister she is*, may, above all things, seek thy honor and glory, and that all her subjects, *duly considering whose authority she hath*, may faithfully serve, honor, and humbly obey her, in thee, and for thee, according to thy blessed word and ordinance.—Amen.'"

CHAPTER XXXV.

SMALL TALK.

"SQUIRE," said Mr. Slick, "I am a-goin' to dine with Palm—Lord Palmerston, I mean, to-day, and arter that I'me for a grand let off to Belgrave Square," and then throwing himself into a chair, he said, with an air of languor, "these people will actually kill me with kindness; I feel e'en a'most used up,—I want rest, for I am up to the elbows,—I wish you was a-going, too, I must say, for I should like to show you high life, but, unfortunately, you are a colonist. The British look down upon you as much as we look down upon them, so that you are not so tall as them, and a shocking sight shorter than us.—Lord, I wonder you keep your temper sometimes, when you get them compliments I've heerd paid you by the Whigs. 'We'd be better without you by a long chalk,' they say, 'the colonies cost more than they are worth. They only sarve to involve us in disputes,' and all such scorny talk; and then to see you coolly sayin', Great Britain without her colonies would be a mere trunk without

arms or legs, and then cypherin' away at figures, to show 'em they are wrong, instead of givin' 'em back as good as they send, or up foot and let 'em have it; and this I will say for the Tories, I have never heer'd them talk such everlastin' impudent nonsense, that's a fact, but the Whigs is——Whigs, I tell you. But to get back to these parties, if you would let me or your colonial minister introduce you to society, I would give you some hints that would be useful to you, for I have made high life a study, and my knowledge of human natur' and soft sawder has helped me amazingly. I know the inns and outs of life from the palace to the log hut. And I'll tell you now what I call general rules for society. First, it ain't one man in a hundred knows any subject thorough, and if he does, it ain't one time in a thousand he has an opportunity, or knows how to avail it. Secondly, a smatterin' is better nor deeper knowledge for society, for one is small talk, and the other is lecturin'. Thirdly, pretendin' to know, is half the time as good as knowin', if pretendin' is done by a man of the world cutely. Fourthly, if any crittur axes you if you have been here or there, or know this one or that one, or seen this sight, or t'other sight, always say yes, if you can without lyin', and then turn right short round to him, and say, 'What's your opinion on it? I should like to hear your views, for they are always so original.' That saves you makin' a fool of yourself by talking nonsense, for one thing, and when a room ain't overly well furnished, it's best to keep the blinds down in a general way; and it tickles his vanity, and that's another thing. Most folks like the sound of their own voices better nor other peoples', and every one thinks a good listener and a good laugher, the pleasantest crittur in the world. Fifthly, lead where you know, when you don't, foller, but soft sawder always. Sixthly, never get cross in society, especially where the galls are, but bite in your breath, and swaller all down. When women is by, fend off with fun; when it's only men, give 'em a taste of your breed, delicately like, jist hintin' in a way they can't mistake, for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Oncet or twice here to London, I've had the rig run on me and our great nation, among men till I couldn't stand it no longer. Well, what does I do,—why, instead of breakin' out into an uprorious passion, I jist work round, and work round, to turn the talk a little, so as to get a chance to give 'em a guess what sort of iron I'me made of, and how I'me tempered, by sayin' naterally and accidentally like, 'I was in Scotland the other day, goin' from Kelso to Edinboro'. There was a good many men folk on the top of the coach, and as I didn't know one, I jist outs with a cigar, and begins to smoke away all to myself, for company like. Well, one feller began grumblin' and growlin' about smokin', how ongenteel it was, and what a nuisance it was, and so on, and all that, and more, too, and then looked right straight at me, and said it hadn't ought to be allowed. Well, I jist took a squint round, and,

as I seed there was no women folks present—for if there had a-been I'd a-throwed it right away in a minit—but as there warn't, I jist smoked on, folded my arms, and said nothin'. At last, the crittur, findin' others agreed with him, and that I didn't give lip, spunks up to me, bullyin' like, and sais, 'What would you think, Sir,' sais he, 'if I was to pull that cigar from your mouth and throw it right down on the ground.' 'I'll tell you,' sais I, quite cool, 'what I'd think, and that is, that it would be most partekilarly d—d odd if you didn't touch ground before the cigar. Try it,' sais I, puttin' my head forward, so he might take it, 'and I'll bet you five pounds you are off the coach before the cigar.' I gave the feller but one look, and that was wicked enough to kill the coon, and skin him, too. It cut his comb, you may depend; he hauled in his horns, mumbled a leetle, and then sat as silent as a pine stump, and looked as small as if he was screwed into an auger hole. Arter tellin' of this story, I jist add, with a smile, 'Since the Judges have given out here they intend to hang for duellin', some folks think they can be rude; but it never troubles me. I'me a good-natered man, and always was. I never could carry malice till next day, since I was born, so I punish on the spot.' A leetle anecdote like that, with a delicate elegant leetle hint to the eend on't, stops impudence in a minit. Yes, that's a great rule, never get cross in society; it tante considered good breedin'.

"Now, as for small change in society, you know, Squire, I ain't a deep larned man, but I know a leetle of everything, a'most, and I try to have a curious fact in each, and that is my stock to trade with. Fust thing in company is dress, no man can pass muster unless he is fust chop in that. Hat, gloves, shoes, from Paris; cloths from Stultz, and so on, and then your outer man is as good as Count Dorsey's. Second thing is talk. Now, suppose I call on a lady, and see her at rug-work, or worsteds, or whatever you call it. Well, I take it up, coolly, and say, this is very beautiful, and very difficult, too, for that is the double cross stitch with a half slant, and then suggest about tent stich, satin stich, and so on; but above all I swear her stich is the best in the world, whatever it is, and she looks all struck up of a heap, as much as to say, where on airth did you larn all that. 'And where did you larn it?' I said in some surprise. 'From mother,' she replied. When she was a gal rug-work was all the edication female women had, besides house-keepin', so, in course, she talked for ever of the double cross stich, with the half slant, the fine fern stich, the finny stich, the brave bred stich, the smarting whip stich, and the Lord knows how many stiches; and it's a pity they hadn't a stich to it, Squire, for one half on 'em have had all their natur' druv out of them and no art put into them, 'xcept the art of talking, and acting like fools. *I like natur' myself, and always did, but if we are so cussed fashionable, we must put a dress of our own*

on it, for goodness gracious sake, let it be somethin' transparent, that we may get a little peep through it sometimes, at any rate.

"Well, then, sposin' its picturs that's on the carpet, wait till you hear the name of the painter. If it is Rupees, or any one of the old ones,"—"Rubens you mean," I said.—"Oh, yes; cuss that word, I seldom use it," he replied, "for I am sure to make that mistake, and therefore I let others pronounce it fust. If its Rubens, or any o' them old boys, praise, for its agin the law to doubt them; but if its a new man, and the company ain't most special judges, criticise. A leetle out of keepin' sais you, he don't use his grays enough, nor glaze down well; that shadder wants depth; gineral effect is good, tho' parts ain't; those eye-brows are heavy enough for stucco, says you, and other unmeanin' terms like them. It will pass, I tell you, your opinion will be thought great. Them that judged the Cartoon, at Westminster Hall, knew plaguy little more nor that. But if there is a portrait of the lady of the house hangin' up, and its at all like enough to make it out, stop—gaze on it—walk back—close your fingers like a spy-glass, and look thro' 'em amazed like—enchanted—chained to the spot. Then utter, unconscious like, 'that's a 'most a beautiful pictur';—by Heavens that's a speakin' portrait. Its well painted, too; but, whoever the artist is, he is an onprincipled man.' 'Good gracious,' she'll say, 'how so?' 'Because, Madam, he has not done you justice, he pretends to have a conscience, and says he won't flatter. The cantin' rascal knew he could not add a charm to that face if he was to try, and has, therefore, basely robbed your countenance to put it on to *his* character. Out on such a villain,' sais you. 'O Mr. Slick,' she'll say, blushin', but lookin' horrid pleased all the time, 'what a shame it is to be so severe, and, besides, you are not just, for I am afeered to exhibit it, it is so flattered.' 'Flattered!' sais you, turnin' round, and lookin' at her, with your whole soul in your face, all admiration like:—'flattered! —impossible, Madam.' And then turn short off, and say to yourself, aloud, 'Heavens, how unconscious she is of her own power!'

"Well, sposin' its roses; get hold of a moss-rose tree, and say, 'these bushes send up few suckers; I'll tell you how to propagate 'em:—Lay a root bare; insert the blade of a penknife lengthwise, and then put a small peg into the slit, and cover all up again, and it will give you a new shoot there.' 'Indeed,' she'll say, 'that's worth knowin'.' Well, if its annuals, say, 'mix sawdust with the airth and they'll come double, and be of a better color.' 'Dear me!' she'll say, 'I didn't know that.' Or if its a tree-rose, say, 'put a silver-skinned onion to its roots, and it will increase the flavor of the roses, without givin out the leastest mossel in the world of its own.' Or if its a tulip, 'run a needleful of yarn thro' the bulb, to variegate it, or some such little information as that.' Oh! its a great thing to have a gineral little assortment, if its only one thing of a kind, so

that if its called for, you needn't send your friend to another shop for it. There is nothin' like savin' a customer where you can. In small places they can sound your depth, and tell whether you are a deep nine, or a quarterless six, as easy as nothin'; but here they can't do any such a thing, for circles are too large, and that's the beauty of London. You don't always meet the same people here, and, in course, can use the same stories over and over agin', and not ear-wig folks; nothin' is so bad as tellin' the same story twice. Now, that's the way the Methodists do. They divide the country into circuits, and keep their preachers a movin' from place to place. Well, each one has three or four crack sermons. He puts them into his port manter, gallops into a town, all ready cocked and primed, fires them off, and then travels on afore he is guaged and his measure took; and the folks say what a'most a grand preacher that is, what a pleasin' man he is, and the next man fust charms, and then breaks their hearts by goin' away agin'. The Methodists are actilly the most broken hearted-people I ever see. They are doomed for ever to be partin' with the cleverest men, the best preachers, and the dearest friends in the world. I actilly pity them. Well, these little things must be attended to; colored note-paper, filagreed envelopes, with musk inside and gold wafer outside: delicate, refined, and uppercrust. Some fashionable people don't use those things, and laugh at them little finikin forms. Now men, and, above all, colony men, that's only half way between an African and a white man can't. *I* could but *you* couldn't, that's the difference. Yes, Squire, these are rules worth knowin', they are founded on experience, and experience tells me that fashionable people, all the world over, are, for the most part, as soft as dough; throw 'em agin' the wall and they actilly stick, they are so soft. But, soft as they be, they won't stick to you if you don't attend to these rules, and, above all things, lay in a good stock of *soft sawder* and *small talk*."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHITE BAIT.

"I HAVE been looking about all the mornin' for you, Squire," said Mr. Slick, "where on airth have you packed yourself! We are a goin' to make up a party to Blackwall, and eat white bait, and we want you to go along with us. I'll tell you what sot me on the notion. As I was a browsin' about the park this forenoon, who should I meet but Euclid Hogg of Nahant. 'Why, Slick,'

says he, 'how do you do? it's a month of Sundays a'most since I've seed you, sposin' we make a day of it, and go to Greenwich or Blackwall; I want to hear you talk, and that's better nor your books at any time.' 'Well,' says I, 'I don't care if I do go, if Minister will, for you know he is here, and so is father, too.' 'Your father!' said he, a-startin' back—'your father! Land of Goshen! what can you do with *him?*' and his eyes stood still, and looked inward, as if reflecting, and a smile shot right across his cheek, and settled down in the corner of his mouth, sly, funny, and wicked. Oh! how it cut me to the heart, for I knowed what was a passin' in his mind, and if he had a let it pass out, I would have knocked him down—I would, I sware. 'Your father!' said he. 'Yes,' sais I, 'my father, have you any objections, Sir?' sais I, a-clinchin' of my first to let him have it. 'Oh, don't talk that way, Sam,' said he, 'that's a good feller, I didn't mean to say nothin' offensive, I was only a thinkin' what under the sun fetched him here, and that he must be considerable in your way, that's all. If repeatin' his name after that fashion hurt you, why I feel as ugly about it as you do, and beg your pardon, that's all.' Well, nothin' mollifies me like soft words; so says I, 'It was me that was wrong, and I am sorry for it; come, let's go and start the old folks.' 'That's right,' says he, 'which shall it be, Greenwich or Blackwall?' 'Blackwall,' says I, 'for we have been to t'other one.' 'So it shall be, old feller,' said he, 'we'll go to Lovegrove's and have white bait.' 'White bait,' says I, 'what's that, is it gals? for they are the best bait I know on.' Well I thought the critter would have gone into fits, he larfed so. 'Well, you do beat all, Sam,' said he; 'what a droll feller you be! White bait! well, that's capital—I don't think it would have raised the idea of gals in any other soul's head but your own, I vow.' I knowd well enough what he was a-drivin' at, for in course a man in fashionable life, like me, had eat white bait dinners, and drank iced punch, often and often, tho' I must say I never tasted them any where but on that part of the Thames, and a'most a grand dish it is too, there ain't nothin' equal to it hardly. Well, when Euclid had done larfin', says I, 'I'll tell you what put it into my head. When I was last to Nova Scotia, on the Guelph shore, I put up to a farmer's house there, one Gabriel Gab's. All the folks was a haulin' in fish, hand over hand, like anything. The nets were actilly ready to break with mackerel, for they were chock full, that's a fact. It was a good sight for sore eyes, I tell you, to see the poor people catchin' dollars that way, for a good haul is like fishin' up money, it's so profitable.—Fact I assure you. 'So,' says I, 'Uncle Gabe Gab,' says I, 'what a'most grand haul of fish you have.' 'Oh, Mr. Slick!' sais he, and he turned up the whites of his eyes handsum, 'Oh!' said he, (and he looked good enough to eat a'most) 'oh, Mr. Slick! I'm a fisher of men, and not a fisher of

fish.' Well, it made me mad, for nothin' ryles me so like cant, and the critter was actilly too infarnal lazy to work, and had took to strollin' preachin' for a livin'. 'I'me a fisher of men and not a fisher of fish,' says he. 'Are you?' sais I. 'Then you ought to be the most fortinate one in these diggins, *I* know.' 'How so?' said he. 'Why,' sais I, 'no soul ever fished for men that had his hook sot with such beautiful bait as yours,' a-pinetin' to his three splenderiferous gals. Lord, how the young heifers screamed, and larfed, and tee-heed, for they was the rompinest, forredest, tormentenest, wildest, devils ever you see. It's curous, Squire, ain't it? But a hypocrite father like Gabe Gab is shure to have rollickin' frolickin' children. They do well enough when in sight; but out of that they beat all natur.' Takin' off restraint is like takin' off the harness of a hoss; how they race about the field, squeel, roll over and over on the grass, and kick up their heels, don't they? Gabe Gab's darters were proper sly ones, and up to all sorts of mischief when his back was turned. I never seed them I didn't think of the old song—

'The darter of a fisherman
That was so tall and slim,
Lived over on the other side,
Just opposite to him.
He saw her wave her handkercher
As much as for to say,
It's grand time for courtin now,
For daddy's gone away.

Yes, hypocrasy his enlisted more folks for old Scratch than any recruitin' sergeant he has, that's a fact. But to get back to the white bait, we went and roused out old Minister and father, but father said he had most special business (tho' what onder the sun he is arter, I can't make out for the life of me), and Minister said he wouldn't go without you, and now it's too late for to-day. So what do you say to-morrow, Squire? Will you go? That's right; then we'll all go to-morrow, and I'll show you what '*white bait*' is."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CURLING WAVE AND THE OLD OAK TREE.

ACCORDING to the arrangements made, as related in the last chapter, we went to Blackwall. Upon these excursions, when we all travelled together, I always ordered private apartments, that the conversation might be unrestrained, and that the freedom of remark,

in which we indulged, might neither attract attention nor give offence. Orders having been given for "white bait," Mr. Slick and his father walked into the garden, while the "Minister" and myself were engaged in conversation on various topics suggested by the moving scene presented by the river. Among other things, he pointed to the beautiful pile of buildings on the opposite side of the Thames, and eulogised the munificent provision England had made for the infirmities and old age of those whose lives had been spent in the service of the country. "That palace, Sir," he said, "for disabled sailors, and the other at Chelsea, for decrepid soldiers, splendid as they are, if they were the only charitable institutions of England, might perhaps be said to have had their origin, rather in state policy than national liberality; but fortunately they are only part of an universal system of benevolence here. Turn which way you will, you find Orphan Asylums, Magdalen Hospitals, Charity Schools, Bedlams, places of refuge for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the deformed, the destitute, for families reduced by misfortune, and for those whom crime or profligacy have punished with infamy or disease. For all classes of sufferers charity has provided a home, and kindness a nurse, while funds have been liberally bestowed to encourage talent, and educate, promote, and reward merit.

"The amount of capital, permanently invested and annually supplied by voluntary contribution, for those objects, is incredible. What are the people who have done all this? and whence does it flow? They are Christians, Sir. It is the fruit of their religion; and as no other country in the world can exhibit such a noble spectacle—so pleasing to God, and so instructive and honorable to man, it is fair to infer that that religion is better taught, better understood, and better exemplified here than elsewhere. You shall know a tree by its productions, and this is the glorious fruit of the Church of England.

"Liberals and infidels may ridicule its connexion with the State, and Dissenters may point to the Bench of Bishops, and ask with ignorant effrontery, whether their usefulness is commensurate with their expense. I point to their own establishments and say, let their condition and their effects be your answer. I point to Owen and Irvin, whom they impiously call their apostles, and while declining a comparison, repose myself under the shadow of the venerable hierarchy of the Church. The spires and hospitals and colleges so diffusely spread over this great country, testify in its behalf. The great Episcopal Church of America raises its voice in the defence and praise of its parent; and the colonies of the east and the west, and the north and the south, and the heathen everywhere implore the blessing of God on a Church, to whose liberality alone they owe the means of grace they now possess. But this is not all. When asked, where do you find a justification for this connexion, the

answer is short and plain, *I find it written in the character of an Englishman.* With all his faults of manner, Squire (and it is his manner that is chiefly reprehensible, not his conduct), show me a foreigner from any nation in the world, under any other form of Church government, whose character stands so high as *an Englishman's.* How much of greatness and goodness—of liberality, and of sterling worth, is conveyed by that one word. And yet, Squire," he said, "I would not attribute all the elements of his character to his Church, although all the most valuable ones unquestionably must be ascribed to it; for some of them are to be traced to the political institutions of England. There are three things that mould and modify national character—the religion—the constitution—and the climate of a country. There are those who murmur against their God, and would improve their climate if they could, but this is impious; and there are those who would overthrow the altar and the throne, in their reckless thirst for change, and this also is wicked. Avoid the contamination of both.

"May man support the Church of God as here established, for it is the best that is known to the human race; and may God preserve and prosper the constitution as here formed, for it is the perfection of human wisdom."

He then took up his chair, and placing it directly in front of the open window, rested his head on his hands, and seemed to be absorbed in some speculation. He continued in this state of abstraction for some time. I never disturbed him when I saw him in these meditating moods, as I knew that he sought them either as a refuge, or as a resource for the supply of conversation.

He was soon doomed, however, to be interrupted by Mr. Slick, who, returning with his father at once walked up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Come, Minister, what do you say to the white bait now? I'm getting considerable peckish, and feel as if I could tuck it in in good style. A slice of nice brown bread and butter, the white bait fried dry and crisp, jist laid a-top of it, like the naked truth, the leastest mossel in the world of cayenne, and then a squeeze of a lemon, as delicate as the squeeze of a gal's hand in courtin' time, and lick! it goes down as slick as a rifle-ball; it fairly makes my mouth water! And then arter laying in a solid foundation of that, there's a glass of lignum-vity for me, a bottle of genuine old cider for you and father, and another of champagne for Squire and me to top off with, and then a cigar all round, and up killock and off for London. Come, Minister, what do you say? Why, what in airth ails him, Squire, that he don't answer? He's off the handle again as sure as a gun. Come, Minister," he said, again, tapping him on the shoulder, "won't you rise to my hook, it's got white bait to the eend on't?

"Oh!" said he, "is that you, Sam?"

"Sartain," he replied, "at least what's left of me. What under the sun have you been a thinkin' on so everlastin' deep? I've been a-standin' talking to you here these ten minits, and I believe in my soul, you haven't heerd one blessed word."

"I'll tell you, Sam," he said, "sit down on this chair. Do you see that 'curling wave?' behold it how it emerges out of the mass of water, increases as it rolls on, rises to a head, and then curls over, and sinks again into the great flood from which it was forced up, and vanishes from sight forever. That is an emblem of a public man in America. Society there has no permanency, and therefore wants not only the high polish that the attrition of several generations gives, but one of the greatest stimulants and incentives to action next to religion that we know of—pride of name, and the honor of an old family. Now don't interrupt me, Sam; I don't mean to say that we haven't polished men, and honorable men, in abundance. I am not a man to undervalue my countrymen; but then I am not so weak as you and many others are, as to claim all the advantages of a republic, and deny that we have the unavoidable attendant evils of one. Don't interrupt me. I am now merely stating one of the effects of political institutions on character. We have enough to boast of; don't let us claim all, or we shall have everything disputed. With us a low family amasses wealth, and educates its sons; one of them has talent, and becomes a great public character. He lives on his patrimony, and spends it; for, politics with us, though they make a man distinguished, never make him rich. He acquires a great name that becomes known all over America, and is everywhere recognized in Europe. He dies and leaves some poor children, who sink under the surface of society from which he accidentally arose, and are never more heard of again. The pride of his name is lost after the first generation, and the authenticity of descent is disputed in the second. Had our institutions permitted his perpetuating his name by an entailment of his estate (which they do not and cannot allow), he would have preserved his property during his life, and there would have arisen among his descendants, in a few years, the pride of name—that pride which is so anxious for the preservation of the purity of its escutcheon, and which generates, in process of time, a high sense of honor. We lose by this equality of ours a great stimulant to virtuous actions. Now look at that oak, it is the growth of past ages. Queen Elizabeth looked upon it as we now do. Race after race have beheld it, and passed away. They are gone, and most of them are forgotten; but there is that noble tree, so deep rooted, that storms and tempests cannot move it. So strong and so sound, that ages seem rather to have increased its solidity than impaired its health. That is an emblem of the hereditary class in England—permanent, useful, and

ornamental; it graces the landscape, and affords shelter and protection under its umbrageous branches."

"And pysons all the grain onderneath it," said Mr. Slick, "and stops the plough in the furror, and spiles the ridges, and attracts the lightning, and kills the cattle that run under it from the storm."

"The cattle, Sam," he mildly replied, "sometimes attract the lightning that rends the branches. The tree does not destroy the grass beneath its shelter; but nature, while it refuses to produce both in one spot, increases the quantity of grain that is grown at a distance, in consequence of the protection it enjoys against the wind. Thus, while the cultivation of the soil affords nurture for the tree, and increases its size, the shelter of the tree protects the grain. What a picture of a nobleman and his tenants! What a type of the political world is to be found here in the visible objects of nature! Here a man rises into a great public character—is ennobled, founds a family, and his posterity, in time feel they have the honor of several generations of ancestors in their keeping, and that if they cannot increase, they must at least not tarnish, the lustre of their name. What an incentive to virtuous action! What an antidote to dishonor! But here is the white bait; after dinner we will again discourse of the *Curling Wave* and *the Old Oak Tree*."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

After dinner Mr. Hopewell resumed the conversation referred to in the last chapter. "I observed to you just now, Squire, that there were three things that moulded national character; climate, political institutions, and religion. These are curious speculations, my children, and well worthy of study, for we are too apt in this world to mistake effect for cause. Look at the operation of climate on an Englishman. The cloudy sky and humid atmosphere in this country renders him phlegmatic, while the uncertain and variable weather, by constantly driving him to shelter, induces him to render that shelter as commodious and agreeable as possible. Hence *home* is predominant with him. Operating on all his household equally with himself, the weather unites all in the *family circle*. Hence his *domestic virtues*. Restricted by these circumstances, over which he has no control, to his own fireside, and constitutionally phlegmatic, as I have just observed, he becomes, from the force of habit, unwilling to enlarge or to leave that circle. Hence a *reserve* and *coldness*

of manner towards strangers, too often mistaken for the *pride* of home or purse. His habits are necessarily those of business. The weather is neither too hot for exertion, nor too cold for exposure, but such as to require a comfortable house, abundance of fuel, and warm clothing. His wants are numerous, and his exertions must correspond to them. He is, therefore, both *industrious and frugal.* Cross the channel, and a sunny sky produces the reverse. You have a volatile excitable Frenchman; he has no place that deserves the name of a home. He lives in the gardens, the fields, in the public houses, and the theatres. It is no inconvenience to him to know all the world. He has all these places of public resort to meet his acquaintances in, and they meet on equal terms. The climate is such as to admit of light clothing, and slight shelter; food is cheap, and but little more fuel is required than what suffices to dress it; but little exertion is requisite, therefore, to procure the necessaries of life, and he is an idle, thoughtless, merry fellow. So much for climate, now for political institutions that affect character.

"I need only advert to the form of this government, a limited monarchy, which is without doubt the best that human wisdom has yet discovered, or that accidental circumstances have ever conspired to form. Where it is absolute, there can be no freedom; where it is limited, there can be no tyranny. The regal power here (notwithstanding our dread of royalty), varies very little from what is found in the United States conducive to the public good, to delegate to the President. In one case the sceptre is inherited and held for life, in the other it is bestowed by election, and its tenure terminates in four years. Our upper legislative assembly is elective, and resembles a large lake into which numerous and copious streams are constantly pouring, and from which others of equal size are perpetually issuing. The President, the Senators, and the Representatives, though differently chosen, all belong to one class; and are in no way distinguishable one from the other. The second branch of the legislature in England is composed of nobility, men distinguished alike for their learning, their accomplishments, their high honor, enormous wealth, munificence, and all those things that constitute, in the opinion of the world, greatness. The Queen, then, and all the various orders of nobility, are not only in reality above all others, but it is freely, fully, and cheerfully conceded that they are so.

"With us all religions are merely tolerated, as a sort of necessary evil; no one church is fostered, protected, or adopted by the State. Here they have incorporated one with the State, and given the name of the kingdom to it, to distinguish it from all others—the Church of England. Excuse my mentioning these truisms to you, but it is necessary to allude to them, not for the purpose of instruction, for no one needs that, but to explain their effect on character. Here, then, are permanent orders and fixed institutions, and here is a reg-

ular well-defined gradation of rank, from the sovereign on the throne to the country squire; known to all, acknowledged by all, and approved by all. This political stability necessarily imparts stability to the character, and the court and the peerage naturally infuse through society, by the unavoidable influence of the models they present, a high sense of honor, elegance of manners, and great dignity of character and conduct. An English gentleman, therefore, is kind and considerate to his inferiors, affable to his equals, and respectful (not obsequious, for servility belongs to an absolute, and not a limited monarchy, and is begotten of power, not of right) to his superiors. What is the case where there are no superiors and no inferiors? Where all strive to be first and none are admitted to be so; where the law, in direct opposition to all nature, has declared those to be equal who are as unequal in their talents as they are in their pecuniary means? In such a case the tone may be called *an average one*, but what must the average of the masses be in intelligence, in morals, in civilization? to use another mercantile phrase, it must inevitably be '*below par*.' All these things are elements in the formation of character, whether national or individual. There is great manliness, great sincerity, great integrity, and a great sense of propriety in England, arising from the causes I have enumerated. One extraordinary proof of the wholesome state of the public mind here is, the condition of the press.

"By the law of the land, the liberty of the press is here secured to the subject. He has a right to use it, he is punishable only for its abuse. You would naturally suppose, that the same liberty of the press in England and America, or in Great Britain and Russia, would produce the same effect, but this is by no means the case. Here it is safe, but no where else, not even in the Colonies. Here a Court, an Established Church, a peerage, an aristocracy, a gentry, a large army ond navy, and last, though not least, an intelligent, moral, and highly respectable middle class, all united by one common interest, though they have severally a distinct sphere, and are more or less connected by ties of various kinds, constitute so large, so powerful, and so influential a body, that the press is restrained. It may talk boldly, but it cannot talk licentiously; it may talk freely, but not seditiously. *The good feeling of the country is too strong.* The law of itself is everywhere unequal to the task. There are some liberal papers of a most demoralizing character, but they are the exceptions that serve to show how safe it is to entrust Englishmen with this most valuable but most dangerous engine. In France these checks, though nominally the same, scarcely exist. To the great body of the people a different tone is acceptable. *The bad feeling of the country is too strong.*

"In the United States and in the Colonies these checks are also wanting. Here a newspaper is often a joint-stock property. It is

worth thousands of pounds. It is edited by men of collegiate education and first rate talents. It sometimes reflects, and sometimes acts, upon the opinions of the higher classes. To accomplish this, its tone must be equal, and its ability, if possible, superior to that of its patrons. In America, a bunch of quills and a paper, with the promise of a grocer to give his advertisements for insertion, is all that is necessary to start a newspaper upon. The checks I have spoken of are wanting. This I know to be the case with us, and I am certain your experience of colonial affairs will confirm my assertion that it is the case in the provinces also. Take up almost any (I won't say all, because that would be a gross libel on both my country and yours); but take up almost any transatlantic newspaper, and how much of personality, of imputation, of insolence, of agitation, of pandering to bad passions, is there to regret in it? *The good feeling of the country is not strong enough for it.* Here it is safe. With us it is safer than in any other place perhaps, but from a totally different cause—from the enormous number that are published, which limits the circulation of each, distracts rather than directs opinion, and renders unity of design as well as unity of action impossible. Where a few papers are the organs of the public, the public makes itself heard and understood. Where thousands are claiming attention at the same time, all are confounded, and in a manner disregarded. But to leave illustrations, Squire, which are endless, let us consider the effect of religion in the formation of character.

"The Christian religion is essentially the same everywhere; but the form of Church government, and the persons by whom tt is administered, modify national character in a manner altogether incredible to those who have not traced these things up to their source and down to their consequences. Now, it will startle you no doubt when I say, only tell me the class of persons that the clergy of a country are taken from, and I will tell you at once the stage of refinement it is in.

"In England the clergy are taken from the gentry, some few from the nobility, and some few from the humbler walks of life, but mainly from the gentry. *The clergy of the Church of England are gentlemen and scholars.* What an immense advantage that is to a country! What an element it forms in the refinement of a nation! when a high sense of honor is superadded to the obligation of religion. France, before the Revolution, had a most learned and accomplished clergy of gentry, and the high state of civilization of the people testified to their influence. In the Revolution the altar was overturned with the throne—the priesthood was dispersed, and society received its tone from a plebeian army. What a change has since come over the nation. It assumed an entirely new character. Some little improvement has taken place of late; but years must pass away before France can recover the loss it sustained in the long-continued ab-

sence of its amiable and enlightened hierarchy. A mild, tolerant, charitable, gentle, humble, creed like that of a Christian, should be taught and exemplified by a gentleman; for nearly all his attributes are those of a Christian. This is not theory. An Englishman is himself a practical example of the benefits resulting from the union between the Church and the State, and the clergy and the gentry.

"Take a country, where the small farmers furnish the ministers. The people may be moral, but they are not refined; they may be honest, but they are hard; they may have education, but they are coarse and vulgar. Go lower down in the scale, and take them from the peasantry. Education will not eradicate their prejudices, or remove their vulgar errors. They have too many feelings and passions in common with the ignorant associates of their youth, to teach those, from whom they are in no way distinguished but by a little smattering of languages. While they deprecate the æra of darkness, their conversation, unknown to themselves, fans the flame because their early training has made them regard their imaginary grievances as real ones, and induce them to bestow their sympathy where they should give their counsel—or to give their counsel where they should interpose their authority. A thoroughly low-bred, ignorant clergy, is a sure indication of the ignorance and degradation of a nation. What a dreadful thing it is when any man can preach, and when any one that preaches, as in Independent or Colonial America, can procure hearers; where no training, no learning is required—where the voice of vanity, or laziness is often mistaken for a sacred call, where an ignorant volubility is dignified with the name of inspiration—where pandering to prejudices is popular, and where popular preaching is lucrative! How deleterious must be the effect of such a state of things on the public mind.

"It is easy for us to say, this constitution or that constitution is the perfection of reason. We boast of ours that it confers equal rights on all, and exclusive privileges on none, and so on; but there are other things besides rights in the world. In our government we surrender certain rights for the protection yielded by government, and no more than is necessary for this purpose; but there are some important things besides protection. In England they yield more to obtain more. Some concession is made to have an hereditary throne, that the country may not be torn to pieces, as ours is every five years, by contending parties, for the office of chief magistrate; or that the nation, like Rome of old, may not be at the mercy of the legions. Some concession is made to have the advantage of an hereditary peerage, that may repress the power of the crown on one side, and popular aggressions on the other;—and further concession is made to secure the blessings of an Established Church, that the people may not be left to themselves to become the prey of furious fanatics like Cromwell, or murderous infidels like Robespierre; and

that superstitious zeal and philosophical indifference may alike be excluded from the temple of the Lord. What is the result of all this concession that Whigs call expensive machinery, Radicals the ignorant blunders of our poor old forefathers, and your wholesale Reformers the rapacity of might. What is the result? Such a moral, social, and political state, as nothing but the goodness of God could have conferred upon the people in reward for their many virtues. With such a climate—such a constitution, and such a church, is it any wonder that the national character stands so high that, to insure respect in any part of the world, it is only necessary to say, 'I am an Englishman.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

It was late when we returned to London, and Mr. Hopewell and Colonel Slick being both fatigued, retired almost immediately for the night.

"Smart man, Minister," said the Attaché, "ain't he? You say smart, don't you? for they use words very odd here, and then fancy it is us talk strange, because we use them as they be. I met Lady Charlotte West to-day, and sais I, 'I am delighted to hear your mother has grown so clever lately.' 'Clever?' sais she, and she colored up like anythin', for the old lady, the duchess, is one of the biggest noodles in all England—'clever, Sir?' 'Yes,' sais I, 'I heerd she was *layin'* all last week, and is *a-settin'* now.' Oh, Soliman! how mad she looked. 'Layin' and settin', Sir? I don't understand you.' 'Why,' sais I, 'I heerd she kept her bed last week, but is so much better now, she sot up yesterday and drove out to-day.' 'Oh! better?' sais she, 'now I understand, oh yes! thank you, she is a great deal better:' and she looked as chipper as possible, seein' that I warn't a pokin' fun at her. I guess I used them words wrong, but one good thing is, she won't tell the story, I know, for old marm's sake. I don't know whether smart is the word or no, but clever, I suppose, is.

"Well, he's a clever old man, old Minister, too, ain't he? That talk of his'n about the curling wave and national character, to-day, is about the best I've heern of his since you come back agin. The worst of it is, he carries things a leetle too far. A man that dives so deep into things is apt to touch bottom sometimes with his head, stir the mud, and rile the water so, he can hardly see his way out

himself, much less show others the road. I guess he went a leetle too low that time, and touched the sediment, for I don't 'xactly see that all that follows from his pre*my*ses at all. Still he is a book, and what he says about the pulpit and the press is true enough, that's a fact. Their influence beats all natur'. The first time I came to England was in one of our splendid liners. There was a considerable number of passengers on board, and among them two outlandish, awkward, ongainly looking fellers, from Tammer Squatter, in the State o' Maine. One on 'em was a preacher, and the other a literary gentleman, that published a newspaper. They was always together a'most like two oxen in a parstur, that are used to be worked together. Where one was t' other warn't never at no great distance. They had the longest necks and the longest legs of any fellers I ever see—reg'lar cranes. Swaller a frog whole at a gulp, and bein' temperance chaps, would drink cold water enough arter for him to swim in. The preacher had a rusty suit of black on, that had grown brown by way of a change. His coat had been made by a Tammer Squatter tailor, that carried the fashions there forty years ago, and stuck to 'em ever since. The waist was up atween the shoulders, and the tails short like a boy's jacket; his trousers was most too tight to sit down comfortable, and as they had no straps, they wriggled, and wrinkled, and worked a'most up to his knees. Onderneath were a pair of water-proof boots, big enough to wade across a lake in a'most. His white cravat looked as yaller as if he'd kept it in the smoke-house where he cured his hams. His hat was a yaller white, too, enormous high in the crown, and enormous short in the rim, and the nap as close fed down as a sheep pastur'—you couldn't pull enough off to clot your chin, if you had scratched it in shavin'. Walkin' so much in the woods in narrow paths, he had what we call the surveyor's gait; half on him went first to clear the way thro' the bushes for t' other half to follow—his knees and his shoulders bein' the best part of a yard before him. If he warn't a droll boy it's a pity. When he warn't a talkin' to the editor, he was walkin' the deck and studyin' a book for dear life, sometimes a lookin' at it, and then holdin' it down and repeatin', and then lookin' agin for a word that had slipt thro' his fingers. Confound him, he was always runnin' agin me, most knockin' me down; so at last, 'stranger,' sais I, 'you always talk when you sit, and always read when you walk; now jist revarse the thing, and make use of your eyes, or some of them days you'll break your nose.' 'I thank you for the hint, Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'I'll take your advice.' 'Mr. Slick,' sais I, 'why, how do you know me?' 'Oh,' sais he, 'everybody knows you, I was told when I came on board you was the man that wrote the Clockmaker, and a very cute book it is too; a great deal of human natur' in it. Come, s'pose we sit down and talk a leetle.' Sais I, 'that must be an entertainin' book you are

a-readin' of—what is it?' 'Why,' sais he, 'it's a Hebrew Grammar.' 'A Hebrew Grammar,' sais I, 'why what on airth do you larn Hebrew for?' Says he, 'I'm a-goin' to the Holy Land for the sake of my health, and I want to larn a leetle of their gibberish afore I go.' 'Pray,' sais I, ''xcuse me, stranger, but what line are you in?' 'I'm,' sais he, 'a leader of the Christian band at Tammer Squatter.' 'Can you play the key bugle?' sais I, 'I have one here, and it sounds grand in the open air; it's loud enough to give a polecat the ague. What instruments do you play on? Oh, lord!' sais I, 'let's have the gals on deck, and get up a dance. Have you a fiddle?' 'Oh,' sais he, 'Mr. Slick, don't bamm, I'm a minister.' 'Well, why the plague didn't you say so,' sais I, 'for I actilly misunderstood you, I did indeed. I know they have a black band at Boston, and a capital one it is too, for they have most excellent ears for music has those niggers, but then they pyson a room so, you can't set in it for five minutes; and they have a white band, and they *are* Christians, which them oncircumcised imps of darkness ain't; and I swear to man, I thought you meant you was a leader of one of those white Christian bands.' 'Well,' sais he, 'I used that word leader because it's a humble word, and I am a humble man; but minister is better, 'cause it ain't open to such a droll mistake as that.' He then up and told me he was in delicate health, and the Tammer Squatter ladies of his congregation had subscribed two thousand dollars for him to take a tower to Holy Land, and then lecturin' on it next winter for them. 'Oh!' sais I, 'I see you prefer bein' paid for omission better than a mission.' 'Well,' says he, 'we airn it, and work awful hard. The other day as I passed thro' Bosting, the reverend Mr. Funnyeye sais to me—Hosia, sais he, I envy you your visit. I wish I could get up a case for the women too, for they would do it for me in a minnit; but the devil of it is, sais he, I have a most ungodly appetite, and am so distressin' well, and look so horrid healthy, I am afeerd it won't go down. Do give me a receipt for lookin' pale.—Go to Tammer Squatter, sais I, and do my work in my absence, and see if the women won't work you off your legs in no time; women haven't no marcy on hosses and preachers. They keep 'em a goin' day and night, and think they can't drive 'em fast enough. In long winter nights, away back in the country there, they ain't content if they havn't strong hyson tea, and preachin' every night; and no mortal man can stand it, unless his lungs was as strong as a blacksmith's bellows is. They ain't stingy though, I tell *you*, they pay down handsome, go the whole figur', and do the thing genteel. Two thousand dollars is a pretty little sum, ain't it? and I needn't come back till it's gone. Back-wood preachin' is hard work, but it pays well if there ain't too many feedin' in the same pastur'. There ain't no profession a'most in all our country that gives so much power, and so much influence as preachin.' A

pop'lar preacher can do anything, especially if he is wise enough to be a comfort, and not a caution to sinners.'

"Well, the Editor looked like a twin-brother. He wore a long loose brown great-coat, that hung down to his heels. Once on a time it had to mount guard over an under-coat; now it was promoted. His trowsers was black, and shined in the sun as if they had been polished by mistake for his boots. They was a leetle of the shortest, too, and show'd the rim of a pair of red flannel drawers, tied with white tape, and a pair of thunder and lightning socks. He wore no shoes, but only a pair of Indian Rubbers, that was too big for him, and every time he took a step, it made two beats, one for the rubber, and the other for the foot, so that it sounded like a four-footed beast.

"They were whappers, you may depend. They actilly looked like young canoes. Every now and then he'd slip on the wet deck, pull his foot out of the rubber, and then hop on one leg to t'other side, 'till it was picked up and handed to him. His shirt collar nearly reached his ear, and a black stock buckled tight round his throat, made his long neck look as if it had outgrown its strength, and would go into a decline, if it didn't fill out as it grew older. When he was in the cabin he had the table covered with long strips of printed paper that looked like columns cut out of newspapers. He, too, had got on a mission. He was a delegate from the Tammer Squatter Anti-Slavery Society that had subscribed to send him to attend the general meetin' to London. He was full of importance, and generally sat armed with two steel pens; one in his hand, for use, and another atween his ear and his head, to relieve guard when the other was off duty. He was a composin' of his speech. He would fold his arms, throw himself back in his chair, look intently at the ceiling, and then suddenly, as if he had caught an idea by the tail, bend down and write as fast as possible, until he had recorded it for ever. Then, relapsin' again into a brown study, he would hum a tune until another bright thought again appeared, when he'd pounce upon it like a cat, and secure it. If he didn't make faces, it's a pity, workin' his lips, twitchin' his face, winkin' his eye, lightin' up his brows, and wrinklin' his forehead, awful. It must be shocking hard work to write, I tell you, if all folks have such a time on it as he had. At last, he got his speech done, for he ginn over writin', and said he had made up his mind. He supposed it would cost the Union the loss of the Southern States, but duty must be done. Tammer Squatter was not to be put down and terrified by any power on airth. One day, as I was a laying on the seats, taking a stretch for it, I heerd him say to the Preacher, 'You have not done your duty, Sir. The Pulpit has left abolition to the Press. The Press is equal to it, Sir; but, of course, it will require longer time to do it in. They should have gone together, Sir, in the great

cause. I shall tell the Christian ministry in my speech, they have not sounded the alarm as faithful sentinels. I suppose it will bring all the churches of the Union on me, but the Press is able to bear it alone. It's unfair, tho', Sir, and you don't know your power. The Pulpit and the Press can move the world. That, Sir, is the Archimedean lever.' The crittur was right, Squire, if two such gonies as them could talk it into 'em, and write it into 'em, at such an outlandish place as Tammer Squatter, that never would have been heerd of to the sea-board, if it hadn't a-been the boundary question made it talked of; and one on 'em got sent to Holy Land, 'cause he guessed he looked pale, and know'd he felt lazy, and t'other sent to have a lark to London, on a business all the world knows London hante got nothin' to do with: I say then, there can't be better proof of the power of the Pulpit and the Press than that. Influence is one thing, and power another. Influence is nothin', any man can get votes; with us, we give them away, for they ain't worth sellin'. But power is shown in makin' folks shell out their money; and more nor half the subscriptions in the world are preached out of folks, or 'pressed' out of 'em—that's a fact. I wish they would go in harness together always, for we couldn't do without either on them; but the misfortune is, that the Pulpit, in a gineral way, pulls agin' the Press, and if ever it succeeds, the world, like old Rome, will be all in darkness, and bigotry and superstition will cover the land. Without the Pulpit, we should be heathens; without the Press, we should be slaves. It becomes us Protestants, to support one, and to protect the other. Yes! they are great engines, are *the Pulpit and the Press.*"

CHAPTER XL.

WATERLOO AND BUNKER-HILL.

As soon as breakfast was over this morning, Colonel Slick left the house, as usual alone. Ever since his arrival in London, his conduct has been most eccentric. He never informs his son where he is going, and very seldom alludes to the business that induced him to come to England, and when he does, he studiously avoids any explanation. I noticed the distress of the Attaché, who evidently fears that he is deranged; and to divert his mind from such a painful subject of conversation, asked him if he had not been in Ireland during my absence.

"Ah," said he, "you must go to Ireland, Squire. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world,—few people see it, because

they fear it. I don't speak of the people, for agitation has ruined them: but I speak of the face of natur', for that is the work of God. It is splendid—that's a fact. There is more water there than in England, and, of course, more light in the landscape. Its features are bolder, and, of course, more picturesque. Oh, you must see Killarney,—we haven't nothin' to compare to it. The Scotch lakes ain't fit to be named on the same day with it,—our'n are longer and broader, and deeper and bigger, and everything but prettier. I don't think there is nothin' equal to it. Loch Katrein and Loch Lomond have been bedeviled by poets, who have dragged all the world there to disappoint 'em, and folks come away as mad as hatters at bein' made fools of, when, if they had been let alone, they'd a-lied as bad perhaps as the poets have, and overpraised them themselves most likely. If you want a son not to fall in love with any splenderiferous gall, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that: the moment the crittur sees her, he is a little grain disappointed, and says, 'Well, she *is* handsome, that's a fact, but she *is* not so *very, very* everlastin' pretty arter all.' Then, he criticises her:—'Her foot is too thick in the instep—her elbow bone is sharp—she rouges—is affected, and so on;' and the more you oppose him, the more he abuses her, till he swears she is misreported, and ain't handsome at all;—say nothin' to him, and he is spooney over head and ears in a minute; he sees all beauties and no defects, and is for walkin' into her affections at oncet. Nothin' damages a gall, a preacher, or a lake, like over-praise; a hoss is one of the onliest things in natur' that is helpet by it. Now Killarney ain't overpraised—it tante praised half enough;—the Irish praise it about the toploftiest, the Lord knows—but then nobody minds what they say—they blarney so like mad. But it's safe from the poets. My praise won't hurt it, 'cause if I was to talk till I was hoarse, I couldn't persuade people to go to a country where the sting was taken out of the snakes, and the pyson out of the toads, and the venom out of reptiles of all kinds, and given to whigs, demagogues, agitators, radicals, and devils of all sorts and kinds, who have biled it down to an essence, and poured it out into the national cup, until all them that drink of it foam at the mouth and rave like madmen. But you are a stranger, and no one there will hurt the hair of a stranger's head. It's only each other they're at. Go there and see it. It was Minister sent me there. Oh, how he raved about it! 'Go,' said he, 'go there of a fine day, when the Lake is sleeping in the sunbeams, and the jealous mountain extends its shadowy veil, to conceal its beautiful bosom from the intrusive gaze of the stranger. Go when the light silvery vapor rises up like a transparent scarf, and folds itself round the lofty summit of Mangerton, till it is lost in the fleecy clouds of the upper regions. Rest on your oars, and drift slowly down to the base of the cliff, and give utterance to the emo-

tions of your heart, and say, 'Oh, God, how beautiful!' and your voice will awaken the sleeping echoes from their drowsy caverns, and every rock and every cave, and every crag, and every peak of the mountain will respond to your feelings, and echo back in a thousand voices, 'Oh, God, how beautiful!' Then trim your bark to the coming breeze, and steer for Muckross Abbey. Pause here again, to take a last, long, lingering took at this scene of loveliness—and with a mind thus elevated and purified, turn from nature to nature's God, and, entering upon the awful solitude that reigns over this his holy temple, kneel on its broken altar, and pray to Him that made this island so beautiful, to vouchsafe in his goodness and mercy to make it also tranquil and happy. Go,' he said, 'and see it as I did, at such a time as this, and then tell me if you were not reminded of the Garden of Eden, and the passage of light whereby Angels descended and ascended,—when man was pure and woman innocent.'"

"Well done, Mr. Slick," I said, "that's the highest flight I ever heard you undertake to commit to memory yet. You are really quite inspired, and in your poetry have lost your provincialism."

"My pipe is out, Squire," he said, "I forgot I was talkin' to you; I actilly thought I was a talkin' to the galls; and they are so romantic, one must give 'em a touch above common, 'specially in the high circles I'me in. Minister always talks like a book, and since you've been gone I have been larnin' all our own n*ative* poets over and over, so as to get pieces by heart, and quote 'em, and my head runs that way like. I'll be hanged if I don't think I could write it myself, if it would pay, and was worth while, which it ain't, and I had nothin' above partickelar to do, which I have. I am glad you checked me, tho'. It lowers one in the eyes of foreigners to talk gallish that way to men. But raelly it is a fust chop place; the clear thing, rael jam, and no mistake; you can't ditto Killarney nowhere, I know."

Here the Colonel entered abruptly, and said, "I have seed him, Sam, I have seed him, my boy."

"Seen whom?" said the Attaché.

"Why Gineral Wellington, to be sure, the first man of the age, and well worth seein' he is too, especially to a military man like me. What's a prize ox to him, or a calf with two heads, or a caravan, or any other living show?"

"Why surely, father, you haven't been there to his house, have you?"

"To be sure I have. What do you think I came here for, but to attend to a matter of vast importance to me and you, and all of us; and, at spare time, to see the Tunnel, and the Gineral, and the Queen, and the Tower, and such critturs, eh? Seen him, why, in

course I have; I went to the door of his house, and a good sizable one it is too, most as big as a state-house, (only he has made the front yard look like a pound, with them horrid nasty great ugly barn-yard gates,) and rung the bell, and sais a gentleman that was there, 'Your name, Sir, if you please;' Lieutenant-Colonel Slick,' sais I, 'one of the Bunker Hill heroes.' 'Walk in here, Sir," sais he, 'and I'll see if his Grace is at home,' and then in a minute back he comes, and treats me most respectful, I must say, bowin' several times, and sais 'this way, Sir,' and he throws open a door and bawls out, 'Lieutenant-Colonel Slick.' When I come in, the Gineral was a sittin' down, readin', but as soon as he heerd *my* name, he laid down the paper and rose up, and I stood still, threw up old Liberty, (you know I call this here old staff old Liberty, for it is made out of the fust liberty pole ever sot up in Slickville,)—and stood on the salute, as we officers do in reviews on Independence day, or at gineral trainin's. When he seed that, he started like. 'Don't be skeered,' sais I, 'Gineral, don't be skeered; I ain't a goin' for to hurt you, but jist to salute you as my senior officer, for it tante often two such old heroes like you and me meet, I can tell you. You fit at Waterloo, and I fit at Bunker's Hill; you whipt the French, and we whipt the English; p'raps history can't show jist two such battles as them; they take the rag off, quite. I was a Sargint, then,' sais I. 'So I should think,' sais he. 'Strange, Squire, ain't it, a military man can tell another milit*a*ry with half an eye?—'So I should think,' sais he.—There ain't no deceivin' of them. They can tell by the way you stand, or walk, or hold your head; by your look, your eye, your voice; by everythin; there is no mistake in an old veteran. 'So I should think' sais he. 'But pray be seated. I have seen your son, Sir,' sais he, 'the Attaché; he has afforded us a great deal of amusement.' 'Sam is a cute man, Gineral,' sais I, 'and always was from a boy. It's ginerally allowed a man must rise airly in the mornin' to catch him asleep, I can tell you. Tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, seein' that I am his father; he is a well-informed man in most things. He is a'most a grand judge of a hoss, Gineral: he knows their whole shape, make, and breed; there's not a p'int about one he don't know; and when he is mounted on 'Old Clay,' the way he cuts dirt is cautionary; he can make him pick up miles with his feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than any hoss that ever trod on iron. He made them stare a few in the colonies, I guess. It ain't every corn-field you can find a man in 'xactly like him, I can tell you. He can hoe his way with most any one I ever see. Indeed few men can equal him in horned cattle, either; he can lay an ox with most men; he can actilly tell the weight of one to five pounds. There is no horned cattle here, tho', for it's all housen.' 'There are more in the high circles he moves in,' sais the Gineral, smilin', 'than you would suppose.' Oh,

he smiled pretty! he don't look so fierce as you'd guess that an old hero would. It's only ensigns do that, to look big. 'There are more in the high circles he moves in,' sais the Gineral smilin', 'than you would suppose.' 'There mought be,' sais I, 'but I don't see none on 'em, for the high circles are all big squares here, and the pastur's are all built over, every inch on 'em, with stone and brick. I wonder if I could get some of the calves, they would improve the breed to Slickville amazingly. Sam sent me a Bedford-pig, last year, and raelly it was a sight to behold; small bone, thick j'int, short neck, broad on the back, heavy on the ham, and took next to nothin to feed him, nother; I sold the young ones for twenty dollars a-piece, I did upon my soul, fact, I assure you, not a word of a lie in it.

"'Well, well,' says I, 'only think, that I, a hero of Bunker Hill, should have lived to see the hero of Waterloo. I wish you would shake hands along with me, Gineral, it will be somethin to brag of, I can tell you; it will show our folks you have forgiven us.' 'Forgiven you?' said he, lookin' puzzled. 'Yes,' says I, 'forgiven us for the almighty everlastin' whippin' we give you in the Revolutionary war.' 'Oh!' said he, smilin' again, 'now I understand—oh! quite forgiven, I assure you,' sais he, 'quite.' 'That's noble,' sais I, 'none but a brave man forgives—a coward, Gineral, never does; a brave man knows no fear, and is above all revenge. That's very noble of you, it shows the great man and the hero. It was a tremendous fight that, at Bunker Hill. We allowed the British to come on till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let 'em have it. Heaven and airth! what capers the first rank cut, jumpin', rearin', plungin', staggerin', fallin'; then, afore they formed afresh, we laid it into 'em agin and agin, till they lay in winrows like. P'raps nothin' was ever seen done so beautiful in this blessed world of our'n. There was a doctor from Boston commanded us, and he was unfortunately killed there. Tho' it's an ill wind that don't blow somebody good; if the doctor hadn't got his flint fixed there, p'raps you'd never a-heerd of Washington. But I needn't tell you, in course you know all about Bunker Hill; every one has heerd tell of that sacred spot.' 'Bunker Hill! Bunker Hill!' sais the Gineral, pretendin' to roll up his eyes, Bunker Hill?—I think I have—where is it?' 'Where is it, eh?' sais I. 'So you never heerd tell of Bunker Hill, eh? and p'raps you never heerd tell of Lexington, nother?' 'Why,' sais he, 'to tell you the truth, Colonel Slick, the life I have led has been one of such activity, I have had no time to look into a lexicon since I give up schoolin', and my Greek is rather rusty I confess.' Why, damnation! man,' sais I, 'Lexington ain't in any of them Greek republics at all, but in our own everlastin' almighty one.' 'P'raps you mean Vinegar Hill,' sais he, 'where the rebels fought, in Ireland? It is near Inniscorthy. 'Vinegar devil,' says I, for I began to get wrathy for to come for to go for to pertend that way.

I don't wonder it is sour to you, and the Vinegar has made your memory a little mothery. No, it ain't in Ireland at all, but in Massachusetts, near Boston.' 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' he sais, 'Oh, yes! I do recollect now; Oh yes! the Americans fought well there, very well indeed.' 'Well, Sir,' sais I, 'I was in that great and glorious battle; I am near about the sole survivor—the only one to tell the tale. I am the only man, I guess, that can say,—I have seed Waterloo and Bunker Hill—Wellington and Washington. (I put them too forrard first, tho' our'n was first in time and first in renown, for true politeness always says to the stranger, after you, Sir, is manners.) And I count it a great privilege too, I do indeed, Gineral. I heerd of you afore I come here, I can tell you; your name is well known to Slickville, I assure you.' 'Oh, I feel quite flattered!' said Duke. 'Sam has made you known, I can assure you. Indeed,' sais he, smilin', (there ain't nothin' ferocious about that man, I can tell you), 'I am very much indebted to your son.' He did upon my soul, them were his very words, 'I am very much indebted to your son.' I hope I may be darned to darnation if he didn't, 'very much indebted,' he said. 'Not at all,' sais I, 'Sam would do that, and twice as much for you any day. He writes to my darter all his sayin's and doin's, and I am proud to see you and he are so thick, you will find him a very cute man, and if you want a hoss, Sam is your man. You've heern tell of Doctor Ivory Hovey, Gineral, hante you, the tooth-doctor of Slickville?' 'No,' sais he, 'no!' 'Not hear of Doctor Ivory Hovey, of Slickville?' sais I. 'No; I never heern of him,' he sais. 'Well, that's strange too,' sais I, 'I thought everybody had heerd tell of him. Well, you've sartainly heern of Deacon Westfall, him that made that grand spec at Alligator's Lick?' 'I might,' sais he, 'but I do not recollect.' 'Well, that's 'cussed odd,' sais I, 'for both on 'em have heern of you and Waterloo too, but then we are an enlightened people. Well, they are counted the best judges of hoss-flesh in our country, but they both knock under to Sam. Yes! if you want a hoss, ax Sam, and he'll pick you out one for my sake, that won't stumble, as your'n did t'other day, and nearly broke your neck. Washington was fond of a hoss; I suppose you never seed him? you mought, for you are no chicken now in age—but I guess not. 'I never had that honor,' he said. He said 'honor,' he did upon my soul. Heroes are never jealous; it's only mean, low-spirited scoundrels that are jealous. 'I never had that honor,' he said.

"Now I must say I feel kinder proud to hear the fust man in the age call it an 'honor' jist to have seed him—for it's an honor, and no mistake: but it ain't every one, especially a Britisher, that is high-minded enough to say so. But Wellington is a military man, and that makes the hero, the statesman, and the gentleman—it does, upon my soul. Yes, I feel kinder proud, I tell you. 'Well,' sais I,

'Washington was fond of a hoss, and I'll tell you what Gineral Lincoln told me that he heard Washington say himself with his own lips,—Show me a man that is fond of a hoss, and I'll show you the makins of a good dragoon.

"'Now, Sam always was fond of one from a boy. He *is* a judge, and no mistake, he caps all, that's a fact. Have you ever slept with him Gineral?' sais I. 'What, Sir?' said he. 'Have you ever slept with him?' says I. 'I have nev—,'"

"Oh, heavens and airth!" said his son; "surely, father, you didn't say that to him, did you?" And then turning to me he said in a most melancholy tone, "Oh, Squire, Squire, ain't this too bad? I'm a ruined man, I'm a gone sucker, I am up a tree, you may depend. Creation! only think of his saying that, I shall never hear the last of it. Dickens will hear of it; H. B. will hear of it, and there will be a caricature, 'Have you slept with him, Gineral?" "Speak a little louder," said the Colonel, "I don't hear you." "I was a sayin', Sir," said the Attaché, raising his voice; "I hoped to heavens you hadn't said that."

"Said it! to be sure I did, and what do you think he answered? 'I never had that honor, Sir,' he said, a-drawin' himself up, and lookin' proud-like, as if he felt hurt you hadn't axed him—he did, upon my soul! 'I never had that honor,' he said. So you see where you stand, Sam, letter A, No. 1, you do, indeed. 'I never had *the honor*, Sir, to see Washington. I never had *the honor* to sleep with Sam.' Don't be skeered, boy, your fortin is made. I thought you might have bragged and a-boasted a leetle in your letters, but I now see I was mistakened. I had no notion you stood so high, I feel quite proud of your *po*sition in *so*ciety.

"'As for the honor,' sais I, 'Gineral, it will be all the other way, though the advantage will be mutual, for he can explain Oregon territory, right of sarch, free trade, and them things, better nor you'd s'pose; and now,' sais I, 'I must be a-movin', Duke, for I guess dinner is waitin', but I am happy to see you. If ever you come to Slickville, I will receive you with all due military honors, at the head of our Volunteer Corps, and show you the boys the Bunker Hill heroes have left behind 'em, to defend the glorious country they won for 'em with the sword. Good-bye, good-bye. I count it a great privilege to have seed you,' and I bowed myself out. He is a great man, Sam, a very great man. He has the same composed, quiet look, Washington had, and all real heroes have. I guess he is a great man all through the piece, but I was very sorry to hear you hadn't slept with him—very sorry indeed. You might sarve our great nation, and raise yourself by it too. Daniel Webster slept with the President all the time he was to Slickville, and he made him Secretary of State; and Deacon Westfall slept with Van Buren at Alligator's Lick, and talked him over to make him Postmaster

General. Oh! the next time you go to Duke's party, sais you, 'Gineral,' sais you, 'as there is no Miss Wellington, your wife, now livin', I'll jist turn in with you to-night, and discuss national matters, if you ain't sleepy.'"

"Airth and seas!" said the Attaché to me, "did ever any one hear the beat of that? Oh dear, dear! what will folks say to this poor dear old man? I feel very ugly, I do indeed." "I don't hear you," said the Colonel. "Nothin', Sir," said the Attaché, "go on." "Sleep with him, Sam, and if he is too cautious on politics, why ax him to tell you of *Waterloo*, and do you tell him all about *Bunker Hill*."

CHAPTER XLI.

HOOKS AND EYES.—PART I.

After our return from dinner to-day, Mr. Slick said, "Squire, what do you think of our host?" I said, "I thought he was a remarkably well informed man, and a good talker, although he talked rather louder than was agreeable."

"That feller," said he, "is nothin' but a cussed Hook, and they are critturs that it ought to be lawful to kick to the north-eend of creation, wherever you meet 'em as it is to kick a dog, an ingian or a nigger." "A Hook," I said, "pray what is that?" "Did you never hear of a Hook," he replied; and, upon my answering in the negative, he said, "Well, p'raps you hante, for I believe 'hooks and eyes' is a tarm of my own; they are to be found all over the world; but there are more on 'em to England, p'raps, than any other part of the globe a'most. I got that wrinkle, about hooks and eyes, when I was just one and twenty, from a gall, and since then I find it goes thro' all natur'. There are Tory hooks, and Whig hooks, and Radical hooks, and rebel hooks, and so on, and they are all so mean it tante easy to tell which is the dirtiest or meanest of 'em. But I'll tell you the fust thing sot me to considerin' about hooks and eyes, and then you will see what a grand lesson it is.

"I was always shockin' fond of gunnin', and p'raps to this day there ain't no one in all Slickville as good at shot, or bullet as I be. Any created thing my gun got a sight of was struck dead afore it knew what was the matter of it. Well, about five miles or so from our house, there was two most grand duck-ponds, where the blue-winged duck and the teal used to come, and these ponds was on the farm of Squire Foley. Sometimes, in the wild-fowl season, I used

to go over there, and stay at the Squire's three or four days at a time, and grand sport I had too, I can tell you. Well, the Squire had but one child, and she was a darter, and the most beautiful crittur that ever trod in shoe-leather. Onion county couldn't ditto her nowhere, nor Connecticut nother. It would take away your breath a'most to look at her, she was so handsum. Well, in course, I was away all day and didn't see much of Lucy, except at feedin' times, and at night, round the fire. Well, what does Lucy do, but say she should like to see how ducks was shot, and that she would go with me some day and look on. Well, we went the matter of three different mornin's, tho' not hand runnin', and sot down in the spruce thickets, that run out in little points into the ponds, which made grand screens for shootin' from, at the birds. But old Marm Foley —Oh! nothin' never escapes a woman;—old Marm obsarved whenever Lucy was with me, I never shot no birds, for we did nothin' but talk, and that frightened 'em away; and she didn't half like this watchin' for wild ducks so far away from home. 'So,' sais she (and women know how to find excuses beautiful, it comes nateral to 'em), 'so,' sais she, 'Lucy dear, you mustn't go a-gunnin' no more. The dew is on the grass so airly in the mornin', and the bushes is wet, and you are delicate yourself; your great grandmother, on your father's side, died of consumption, and you'll catch your death a-cold, and besides,' sais she, 'if you must go, go with some one that knows how to shoot, for you have never brought home no birds yet.' Lucy, who was as proud as Lucifer, understood the hint at oncet, and was shockin' vext, but she wouldn't let on she cared to go with me, and that it was young Squire Slick she wanted to see, and not the ducks. 'So,' she sais, 'I was a thinkin' so too, Ma, for my part, I can't see what pleasure there can be settin' for hours shiverin' under a wet bush jist to shoot a duck. I shan't go no more.' Well, next mornin' arter this talk, jist as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the keepin'-room, with both arms behind her head a-fixin' of the hooks and eyes. 'Man alive,' sais she, 'are you here yet, I thought you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you was here?' 'Gunnin?' says I, 'Lucy, my gunnin' is over, I shan't go no more now, I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet bush for hours is no fun; but if Lucy was there'——'Get out,' sais she, 'don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just fasten the upper hook and eye of my frock, will you?' She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other; but airth and seas! my eyes fairly snapped agin; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out o' the breast and shoulder, full and round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's, and the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that ever was seen. Lick, it made me all eyes! I jist stood stock still, I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. 'What

ails you, Sam,' sais she, 'that you don't hook it?' 'Why,' says I, 'Lucy dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that's a fact, I can't handle such little things as fast as you can.' 'Well, come,' sais she, 'make haste, that's a dear, mother will be a-comin' directly;' and at last I shot too both my eyes, and fastened it, and when I had done, sais I, 'there is one thing I must say, Lucy.' 'What's that?' sais she. 'That you may stump all Connecticut to show such an angeliferous neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—it's the most'——'And you may stump the State, too,' sais she, 'to produce such another bold, forward, impedent, onmannerly, tongue as you have,—so there now—so get along with you.'—'Well, sais I, 'if——'

"'Hold your tongue,' sais she, 'this moment, or I'll go right out of the room now.' 'Well,' sais I, 'now I am mad, for I didn't mean no harm, and I'll jist go and kill ducks out of spite.' 'Do,' sais she, 'and p'raps you'll be in good humor at breakfast.' Well, that night I bid 'em all good bye, and said I should be off airly and return to my own home to breakfast, as there was some considerable little chores to attend to there; and in the mornin' as I was rakin' out the coals to light a cigar, in comes Lucy agin, and sais she, 'good bye, Sam, take this parcel to Sally; I had to git up a-purpose to give it to you, for I forgot it last night. I hope you will bring Sally over soon, I am very lonesome here.' Then she went to the glass and stood with her back to it, and turned her head over her shoulders and put both hands behind her, a-tryin' to fix the hooks and eyes agin, and arter fussin' and fumblin' for awhile, sais she, 'I believe I must trouble you agin, Sam, for little Byney is asleep and mother won't be down this half hour, and there is no one to do it; but don't talk nonsense now as you did yesterday.' 'Sartinly,' sais I, 'but a cat may look at a king, I hope, as grandfather Slick used to say, mayn't he?' 'Yes, or a queen either,' sais she, 'if he only keeps his paws off.' 'Oh, oh!' sais I to myself, sais I, 'mother won't be down for half an hour, little Byney is asleep, and it's paws off, is it?' Well, I fastened the hooks and eyes, though I was none of the quickest about it nother, I tell you, for it warn't easy to shut out a view of such a neck as that, and when I was jist finishin', 'Lucy,' sais I, 'don't ask me to fasten that are agin.' 'Why not?' sais she. 'Why, because if you do, I'll, I'll, I'll—'What will you do?' sais she—'I'll, I'll, I'll do that,' sais I, puttin' my arms round her neck, turnin' up her face, and givin' her a smack that went off like a pistol. 'Well, I never!' sais she, 'mother heard that as sure as you are born! you impudent wretch you! I'll never speak to you agin the longest day I ever live. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to act that way, so you ought. So there now. Oh, I never in all my life! Get out of my sight, you horrid impedent crittur, go out this minute, or I'll call mother.' Well, faith, I began to think I had car-

ried it too far, so sais I, 'I beg pardon, Lucy, I do indeed; if you only knew all, you wouldn't keep angry, I do assure you.' 'Hold your tongue,' sais she, 'this very minit; don't you ever dare to speak to me agin.' 'Well,' sais I, 'Lucy, I don't return no more—I shall go home—we never meet again, an in course if we don't meet, we can't speak.' I saw her color up at that like anything, so, sais I to myself, it's all right, try a leetle longer, and she'll make it up. 'I had something,' sais I, 'to say, but it's no use now. My heart' —'Well I don't wan't to hear it,' sais she, faintly. 'Well, then, I'll lock it up in my own breast for ever,' sais I, 'since you are so cruel —it's hard to part that way. My heart, Lucy,'—'Well, don't tell me now, Sam,' sais she, 'you frightened me most to death.' 'Oh, I shall never tell you, you are so cruel,' says I. 'I have a proposal to make. But my heart—but never mind, good bye;' and I put my hat on, and moved to the door. 'Had you heerd my proposal, I might have been happy; but its past now. I shall sail for Nova Scotia to-morrow; good bye.' 'Well, what is it then?' sais she, 'I'm in a tittervation all over.' 'Why, Lucy, dear,' sais I, 'I confess I was very very wrong, indeed, I humbly axe your pardon, and I have a proposal to make, as the only way to make amends.' 'Well,' sais she, a-lookin' down and colorin' all over, and a twistin' o' the corner of her apron-frill, 'well,' sais she, 'what is it, what is it, for mother will be here directly?' 'No,' sais I, 'my lips is sealed for ever; I know you will refuse me, and that will kill me quite.' 'Refuse you, dear Sam,' sais she, how can you talk so unkind? Speak, dear, what is it?' 'Why,' sais I my proposal is to beg pardon and restore what I have stolen. S'posin' I give you that kiss back again; will you make up and be friends?' Oh, Lord, I never saw anythin' like her face in all my life; there was no pretence there; she raelly was all taken a-back, for she thought I was a-goin' to offer to her in airnest, and it was nothin' but to kiss her agin. She was actually bung fungered. 'Well, I never!' sais she: and she seemed in doubt for a space, whether to be angry or good-natured, or how to take it; at last she sais, 'Well, I must say you desarve it, for your almighty everlastin' imperence, will you promise never to tell if I let you?' 'Tell!' sais I, 'I scorn it as I do a nigger.' 'Well, there then,' said she, standin', with her face lookin' down, and I jist put my arm round her, and if I didn't return that kiss with every farthin' of interest that was due, and ten per cent. of premium too, it's a pity, I tell you, that's all! It was like a seal on wax; it left the impression on her lips all day. 'Ah! sais she, 'Sam, it's time we did part, for you are actin' foolish now; come, here's your powder-horn and shot-bag, take your gun and be off. I hear mother. But, Sam, I rely on your honor; be off.' And she pushed me gently on the shoulder, and said, 'what a sarcy dear you be,' and shot to the door arter me, and then opened it agin

and called arter me, and said, 'Mind you bring Sally over to see me soon, I'm very lonely here. Bring her soon, Sam.' As I went home, I began to talk to myself.—Sam, sais I, 'hooks and eyes' is dangerous things, do you jist mind what you are about, or a sartin young lady with a handsome neck will clap a hook on you, as sure as you're born. So mind your eye.—This was a grand lesson; it has taught me to watch *hooks* and *eyes* of all kinds, I tell *you*."

"Sam," said Colonel Slick, rising from his chair with some difficulty, by supporting himself with both hands on its arms; "Sam you are a d—d rascal."

"Thank you, Sir," said his son, with a quick and inquisitive glance at me, expressive of his impatience and mortification. "Thank you, Sir, I am obleeged to you for your good opinion."

"You are welcome, Sir," said his father, raising himself to his full height. "To take advantage of that young lady and kiss her, Sir, as you did, was a breach of good manners, and to kiss her under her father's roof was a breach of hospitality; but to talk of your havin' a proposal to make, and so on, to induce her to let you repeat it, was a breach of honor. You must either marry that girl or fight her father, Sir."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Slick, "considerin' I am the son of a Bunker Hill hero and one, too, that fought at Mud Creek and Peach Orchard, for the honor of the name, I will fight her father."

"Right," said the Colonel, "Seein' she despises you, as I'm sure she must, p'raps fightin' is the best course."

"Oh, I'll fight him," said his son, "as soon as we return. He's a gone 'coon, is the old Squire, you may depend."

"Give me your hand, Sam," said his father, "a man desarves to kiss a gall that will fight for her, that's a fact. That's a military rule, lovin' and fightin', Sir, is the life of a soldier. When I was a-goin' to Bunker Hill there was a gall—"

"Hem!" said Mr. Hopewell, turning restlessly in his chair. "Sam, give me a pipe, I hardly know which to disapprove of most, your story or your father's comments. Bring me a pipe, and let us change the subject of conversation. I think we have had enough to-day of '*hooks and eyes.*'"

CHAPTER XLII.

HOOKS AND EYES.—PART II.

"If you recollect," said Mr. Slick, "I was a-tellin' of you yesterday about hooks and eyes, and how I larnt the fust lesson in that worldly wisdom from Lucy Foley. Now, our friend that entertained us yesterday, is a hook, a Tory hook, and nothin' else, and I must say if there is a thing I despise and hate in this world, it is one of them critturs. The Tory party here, you know, includes all the best part of the upper crust folks in the kingdom—most o' the prime o' the nobility, clargy, gentry, army, navy, professions and real marchants. It has, in course, a vast majority of all the power, talent, virtue, and wealth of the kingdom a'most. In the natur' of things, therefore, it has been in power most o' the time, and always will be in longer than the Whigs, who are, in fact, in a gineral way not Liberals on principle, but on interest—not in heart, but in profession.

"Well, such a party is 'the eye,' or the power, and the 'hook' is a crooked thing made to hitch on to it. Every Tory jungle has one or more of these beasts of prey in it. Talk of a tiger hunt, heavens and airth! it would be nothin' to the fun of huntin' one of these devils. Our friend is one; he is an adventurer in politics and nothin' else—he talks high Tory, and writes high Tory, and acts high Tory, about the toploftiest; not because he is one, for he is nothin', but because it curries favor, because it enables him to stand where he can put his hook in when a chance offers. He'll stoop to anythin', will this wretch. If one of his tory patrons writes a book, he writes a review of it, and praises it up to the skies. If he makes a speech, he gets a leadin' article in its favor inserted in a paper. If his lady has a lap-dog, he takes it up and fondles it, and swears it is the sweetest one he ever seed in his life; and when the cute leetle divil, smellin' deceit on his fingers, snaps at 'em and half bites 'em off, he gulps down the pain without winkin', and says, oh! you are jealous, you little rogue, you know'd I was a goin to import a beautiful one from Cuba for your mistress. He is one o' them rascals that will crouch but not yelp when he is kicked—he knows the old proverb, that if a feller gets a rap from a jackass, he hadn't ought to tell of it. If 'the eye' has an old ugly darter,

he dances with her, and takes her in to dinner; whatever tastes her'n is, his'n is the same. If she plays he goes into fits, turns up the whites of his eyes, twirls his thumbs, and makes his foot move in time. If she sings, then it's a beautiful song, but made twice as sweet by the great effect she gives to it. After dinner he turns up his nose at cotton lords, and has some capital stories to tell of their vulgarity; talks of the Corn-law League people havin' leave to hold their meetin's in Newgate; speaks of the days of Eldon and Wetherall as the glorious days of old England, and the Reform Bill as its sunset. Peel wants firmness, Stanley wants temper, Graham consistency, and all want somethin' or another, if 'the eye' only thinks so. If there is anythin' to be done, but not talked of, or that can be neither done nor talked of, he is jist the boy for the dirty job, and will do it right off. That's the way you know the hook when the eye is present. When the eye ain't, there you will know him by his arrogance and impedence, by his talkin' folks down, by his overbearin' way, by his layin' down the law, by his pretendin' to know all state secrets, and to be oppressed by the weight of 'em; and by his pretendin' things ain't good enough for him by a long chalk. He talks big, walks big, and acts big. He never can go anywhere with you, for he is engaged to the Duke of this, and the Marquis of that, and the Airl of t'other. He is jist a nuisance, that's a fact, and ought to be indited. Confound him, to-day he eyed me all over, from head to foot, and surveyed me like, as much as to say, what a Yankee scarecrow you be, what standin' corn, I wonder, was you taken out of? When I seed him do that I jist eyed him the same way, only I turned up my nose and the corner of my mouth a few, as much as to say, I'me a sneeser, a reg'lar ring-tailed roarer, and can whip my weight in wild cats, so look out for scaldin's, will you. When he seed that, he was as civil as you please. Cuss him, how I longed to feel his short ribs, and tickle his long ones for him. If folks could only read men as I can, there wouldn't be many such cattle a browsin' about in other men's pastur's, I know. But then, as Minister says, all created critturs have their use, and must live, I do suppose. The toad eats slugs, the swaller eats muskeeters, and the hog eats rattle-snakes; why shouldn't these leeches fasten on to fat old fools, and bleed them when their habit is too full.

"Well, bad as this crittur is, there is a wus one, and that is a Whig hook. The Whigs have no power of themselves, they get it all from the Radicals, Romanists, Republicans, Dissenters, and lower orders, and so on. Their hook, therefore, is at t'other eend, and hooks up. Instead of an adventurer, therefore, or spekelator in politics, a Whig hook is a statesman, and fastens on to the leaders of these bodies, so as to get their support. Oh, dear! it would make you larf ready to split if you was to watch the menovres of these critturs to do the thing, and yet not jist stoop too low nother, to keep

their own position as big bugs and gentlemen, and yet flatter the vanity of these folks. The decentest leaders of these bodies they now and then axe to their tables, takin' care the company is all of their own party, that they mayn't be larfed at for their popularity-huntin'. If they ain't quite so decent, but jist as powerful, why they take two or three on 'em at a time, bag 'em, and shake 'em out into a room chock full of people, where they rub the dust off their clothes agin other folks afore long, and pop in the crowd. Some on 'em axe a high price. Owen and his Socialists made an introduction to the Queen as their condition. They say Melbourne made awful wry faces at it, like a child takin' physic; but it was to save life, so he shot to his eyes, opened his mouth, and swallered it. Nothin' never shocked the nation like that. They love their Queen, do the English, and they felt this insult about the deepest. It was one o' them things that fixed the flint of the Whigs. It fairly frighten'd folks, they didn't know what onder the sun would come next. But the great body of these animals ain't fit for no decent company whatsomever, but have them they must, cost what it will; and what do you think they do now to countenance, and yet not to associate,—to patronize and not come too familiar? Why, they have a half-way house that sarves the family the vexation and degradation of havin' such vulgar fellers near 'em, and answers the purpose of gratifyin' these critturs' pride. Why, they go to the Reform Club and have a house dinner, to let these men feast their eyes on a lord, and do their hearts good by the sight of a star or a ribbon. Then, they do the civil—onbend—take wine with them—talk about enlightened views—removing restrictions—ameliorating the condition of the people—building an altar in Ireland and sacrificing seven church bishops on it, to pacify the country—free trade—cheap bread, and all other stuff that's cheap talkin'—preach up unity—hint to each man if the party comes in he must have office—drink success to reform, shake hands and part. Follow them out arter dinner, and hear the talk of both 'hooks and eyes.' Says the hook, 'What a vulgar wretch that was; how he smelt of tobacco and gin. I'm glad it's over. I think we have these men though, eh? Staunch reformers, those. 'Gad, if they knew what a sacrifice it was to dine with such brutes, they'd know how to appreciate their good luck.' This, I estimate, is about the wust sight London has to show; rank, fortin, and station, degradin' itself for party purposes. Follow out the 'eyes,' who, in their turn, become 'hooks' to those below 'em. 'Lucky in gainin' these lords, they say. 'We must make use of them; we must get them to help us to pull down the pillars of their own house that's to crush them'. They are as blind as Sampson, it's a pity they ain't quite as strong. Go to public meetin's and hear their blackguard speeches; hear 'em abuse Queen, Albert, nobles, clargy, and all in a boby for it. It wont do for them to except their

friends that honored 'em at the 'House dinner.' They are throwed into a heap together, and called every name they can lay their tongues to. Talk of our stump orators, they are fools to these fellers, they arn't fit to hold a candle to 'em. We have nothin' to pull down, nothin' but party agin party, and therefore envy, especially envy of superiors, which is an awful feelin', don't enter into their heads and pyson their hearts. It's 'great cry and little wool' with us, and a good deal of fun, too; many of these leaders here are bloodhounds; they snuff gore, and are on the trail; many of our'n snuff whiskey and fun, and their talk is Bunkum. I recollect once heerin' one of our western orators, one Colonel Hanibel Hornbeak, of Sea-conch, argue this way: 'Whar was General Jackson, then? a givin' of the British a'most an almighty lickin' at New Orleans, and whar was Harrison? a-fattin' of hogs, makin' bad bacon, and gettin' more credit than he desarved for it; and whar was our friend here; a-drawin' of bills on Baltimore as fast as he could, and a-gettin' of them discounted; and for these reasons I vote for nullification.' But here it is different talk. I heerd one reformer say, 'When the king was brought to the block the work was well begun, but they stopt there; his nobles and his bishops should have shared the same fate. Then, indeed, should we have been free at this day. Let us read history, learn the lesson by heart, and be wise.' Now, don't let these folks talk to us of Bowie knives and Arkansaw toothpicks. In our country they are used in drunken private quarrels; here they are ready to use 'em in public ones. 'Hooks and eyes!!' I'll count the chain for you. Here it is: 1st link,—Masses; 2nd—Republicans; 3rd—Agitators; 4th—Repealers; 5th—Liberals; 6th—Whigs. This is the great reform chain, and a pretty considerable tarnation precious chain it is, too, of 'hooks and eyes.'"

CHAPTER XLIII.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.—PART I.

DESPATCHES having been received from Canada, announcing the resignation of the Local Cabinet, responsible government became, as a matter of course, a general topic of conversation. I had never heard Mr. Hopewell's opinion on this subject, and as I knew no man was able to form so correct a one as himself, I asked him what he thought of it.

"If you will tell me what responsible government is," he said, "then I will tell you what I think of it. As it is understood by the

leaders of the Liberal party in Canada, it is independence and republicanism; as it is understood here, it is a cant term of Whig invention, susceptible of several interpretations, either of which can be put upon it to suit a particular purpose. 'It is a Greek incantation to call fools into a circle.' It is said to have originated from Lord Durham; that alone is sufficient to stamp its character. Haughty, vain, impetuous, credulous, prejudiced, and weak, he imagined that theories of government could be put into practice with as much ease as they could be put upon paper. I do not think myself he attached any definite meaning to the term, but used it as a grandiloquent phrase, which, from its size, must be supposed to contain something within it; and from its popular compound, could not fail to be acceptable to the party he acted with. It appears to have been left to common parlance to settle its meaning, but it is not the only word used in a different and sometimes opposite sense, on the two sides of the Atlantic. All the evil that has occurred in Canada since the introduction of this ambiguous phrase, is attributed to his lordship. But in this respect the public has not done him justice; much good was done during his dictatorship in Canada, which, though not emanating directly from him, had the sanction of his name. He found on his arrival there a very excellent council collected together by Sir John Colborne, and they enabled him to pass many valuable ordinances, which it has been the object of the responsibles ever since to repeal. The greatest mischief was done by Poulett Thompson; shrewd, sensible, laborious, and practical, he had great personal weight, and as he was known to have unlimited power delegated to him, and took the liberty of altering the tenure of every office of emolument in the country, he had the greatest patronage ever known in a British province, at his command, and, of course, extraordinary official influence.

"His object evidently was not to lay the foundation of a permanent system of government there. That would have taken a longer period of time than he intended to devote to it. It was to reorganize the legislative body under the imperial act, put it into immediate operation, carry through his *measures at any cost* and *by any means*, produce a temporary pacification, make a dashing and striking effect, and return triumphant to Parliament, and say, 'I have effaced all the evils that have grown out of years of Tory misrule, and given to the Canadians that which has so long and so unjustly been withheld from them by the bigotry, intolerance, and exclusiveness of that party, 'Responsible Government.' That short and disastrous Administration has been productive of incalculable mischief. It has disheartened and weakened the loyal British party. It has emboldened and strengthened the opposite one, and from the extraordinary means used to compel acquiescence, and obtain majorities, lowered the tone of moral feeling throughout the country.

"He is now dead, and I will not speak of him in the terms I should have used had he been living. The object of a truly good and patriotic man should have been not to create a triumphant party to carry his measures, (because he must have known that to purchase their aid, he must have adopted too many of their views, or modified or relinquished too many of his own,) but to extinguish all party, to summon to his council men possessing the confidence of every large interest in the country, and by their assistance to administer the government with fairness, firmness, and impartiality. No government based upon any other principle will ever give general satisfaction, or insure tranquillity in the Colonies, for in politics as in other things, nothing can be permanent that is not built upon the immutable foundations of truth and justice. The fallacy of this 'Responsibility System' is, that it consists, as the liberals interpret it, of two antagonist principles, Republican and Monarchical, the former being the active, and the latter the passive principle. When this is the case, and there is no third or aristocratic body, with which both can unite, or which can prevent their mutual contact, it is evident the active principle will be the ruling one.

"This is not a remote but an immediate consequence, and as soon as this event occurs, there is but one word that expresses the result —independence. One great error of Poulett Thompson was, in strengthening, on all occasions, the democratic, and weakening the aristocratic, feeling of the country, than which nothing could be more subversive of the regal authority and influence. Pitt wisely designed to have created an order in Canada, corresponding as far as the different situations of the two countries would admit, to the hereditary order in England, but unfortunately listened to Whig reasoning and democratic raillery, and relinquished the plan. The soundness of his views is now apparent in the great want that is felt of such a counterpoise, but I will talk to you of this subject some other time.

"I know of no colony to which Responsible Government, as now demanded, is applicable; but I know of few to which it is so wholly unsuitable as to Canada. If it means anything, it means a government responsible to the people for its acts, and of course pre-supposes a people capable of judging.

"As no community can act for itself, in a body, individual opinion must be severally collected, and the majority of votes thus taken must be accepted as the voice of the people. How, then, can this be said to be the case in a community where a very large portion of the population surrenders the right of private judgment to its priests, and where the politics of the priesthood are wholly subservient to the advancement of their church, or the preservation of their nationality? A large body like this in Canada will always be made larger by the addition of ambitious and unscrupulous men of

other creeds, who are ever willing to give their talents and influence in exchange for its support, and to adopt its views, provided the party will adopt them. *To make the Government responsible to such a party as this, and to surrender the patronage of the Crown to it, is to sacrifice every British and every Protestant interest in the country.*

"The hope and the belief, and indeed the entire conviction that such would be the result, was the reason why the French leaders accepted responsible government with so much eagerness and joy, the moment it was proffered. They felt that they had again, by the folly of their rulers, become sole masters of a country they were unable to reconquer, and were in the singular and anomalous condition of having a monopoly of all the power, revenue, authority, and patronage of the Government, without any possibility of the real owners having any practical participation in it. *The French, aided by others holding the same religious views, and a few Protestant Radicals, easily form a majority; once establish the doctrine of ruling by a majority, and then they are lawfully the government, and the exclusion and oppression of the English, in their own colony, is sanctioned by law, and that law imposed by England on itself. What a monstrous piece of absurdity, cruelty, and injustice!* In making such a concession as this, Poulett Thompson proved himself to have been either a very weak or a very unprincipled man. Let us strive to be charitable, however difficult it be in this case, and endeavor to hope it was an error of the head rather than the heart.

"The doctrine maintained here is, that a governor, who has but a delegated authority, must be responsible to the power that delegates it, namely, the Queen's Government; and this is undoubtedly the true doctrine, and the only one that is compatible with colonial dependence. The Liberals (as the movement party in Canada style themselves) say he is but the head of his executive council, and that that council must be responsible to the people. Where, then, is the monarchical principle? or where is the line of demarcation between such a state and independence? The language of these troublesome and factious men is, 'Every Government ought to be able to possess a majority in the legislature powerful enough to carry its measures;' and the plausibility of this dogmatical assertion deludes many persons who are unable to understand the question properly. *A majority is required, not to carry Government measures, but to carry certain persons into office and power.* A colonial administration neither has, nor ought to have, any government measures. Its foreign policy and internal trade, its post office and customs department, its army and navy, its commissariat and mint, are imperial services provided for here. Its civil list is, in most cases, established by a permanent law. All local matters should be left to the independent action of members, and are generally better for not being interfered with. If they are required, they will be voted, as in times past; if

not, they will remain unattempted. No difficulty was ever felt on this score, nor any complaint ever made, until Lord Durham talked of Boards of Works, Commissionerships, Supervisors, Lord Mayors, District Intendants, and other things that at once awakened the cupidity of hungry demagogues and rapacious patriots, who forthwith demanded a party Government, that they might have party-jobs, and the execution of these lucrative affairs. A Government by a majority has proved itself, with us, to be the worst of tyrannies; but it will be infinitely more oppressive in the Colonies than in the States, for *we have republican institutions to modify its evils.* Neither that presumptuous man, Lord Durham, nor that reckless man, Thompson, appear to have had the slightest idea of this difference. With us, the commission of a magistrate expires of itself in a few years. The upper branch of the legislature is elective, and the members are constantly changed; while everything else is equally mutable and republican. In the Colonies, the magistrates are virtually appointed for life, and so is a legislative councillor, and the principle has been, in times past, practically applied to every office in the country. Responsible Government, then, in the Colonies, where the elective franchise is so low as to make it almost universal suffrage, is a great and unmitigated republican principle introduced into a country, not only dependant on another, but having monarchical institutions wholly incompatible with its exercise. The magistrate, in some of the provinces, has a most extensive judicial as well as ministerial jurisdiction, and I need not say how important the functions of a legislative councillor are. A temporary majority, having all the patronage, (for such is their claim, in whatever way they may attempt to explain it,) is, by this new doctrine, to be empowered to appoint its partisans to all these permanent offices—an evil that a change of party cannot remedy, and therefore one that admits of no cure. This has been already severely felt wherever the system has been introduced, for reform has been so long the cover under which disaffection has sheltered itself, that it seldon includes among its supporters any of the upper class of society. The party usually consists of the mass of the lower orders, and those just immediately above them. Demagogues easily and constantly persuade them that they are wronged by the rich, and oppressed by the great, that all who are in a superior station are enemies of the people, and that those who hold office are living in idle luxury at the expense of the poor. Terms of reproach or derision are invented to lower and degrade them in the public estimation; cliques, family compacts, obstructionists, and other nicknames, are liberally applied; and when facts are wanting, imagination is fruitful, and easily supplies them. To appoint persons from such a party to permanent office, is an alarming evil. To apply the remedy we have, of the elective principle and short tenure of office, is to introduce republicanism into

every department. *What a delusion, then, it is to suppose that Responsible Government is applicable to the North American provinces, or that it is anything else than practical independence as regards England, with a practical exclusion from influence and office of all that is good or respectable, or loyal, or British, as regards the colony?*

"The evil has not been one of your own seeking, but one that has been thrust upon you by the quackery of English statesmen. The remedy is beyond your reach; it must be applied by a higher power. The time is now come when it is necessary to speak out, and speak plainly. If the Secretary for the Colonies is not firm, *Canada is lost for ever!*"

CHAPTER XLIV.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.—PART II.

THE subject of Responsible Government, which had now become a general topic of conversation, was resumed again to-day by Mr. Slick.

"Minister," said he, "I quite concur with you in your idee of that form of colony government. When I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, a few years ago, Poulett Thompson was there, a-waitin' for a steamer to go to St. John, New Brunswick; and as I was a-passin' Mr. Wilcox's inn, who should I see but him. I knowed him the moment I seed him, for I had met him to London the year before, when he was only a member of parliament; and since the Reform Bill, you know, folks don't make no more account of a member than an alderman; indeed, since I have moved in the first circles, I've rather kept out of their way, for they arn't thought very good company in a gineral way, I can tell you. Well, as soon as I met him, I knowed him at once, but I warn't a-goin' for to speak to him fust, seein' that he had become a big bug since, and p'raps wouldn't talk to the likes of me. But up he comes in a minit, and makes a low bow—he had a very curious bow. It was jist a stiff low bend forrard, as a feller does afore he goes to take an everlastin' jump; and sais he, 'How do you do, Mr. Slick? will you do me the favor to walk in and sit down awhile, I want to talk to you. We are endeavorin', you see,' sais he, 'to assimilate matters here as much as possible to what exists in your country.' 'So I see,' sais I; 'but I am ashamed to say, I don't exactly comprehend what responsible government is in a colony.' 'Well,' sais he, 'it ain't easy of definition, but it will work itself out, and adiust itself in practice. I have

given them a fresh hare to run, and that is a great matter. Their attention is taken off from old sources of strife, and fixed on this. I have broken up all old parties, shuffled the cards, and given them a new deal and new partners.' 'Take care,' sais I, 'that a knave doesn't turn up for trump card.' He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then sais, 'Very good hit, Mr. Slick; very good hit, indeed; and, between ourselves, in politics, I am afraid there are everywhere, more knaves than honors in the pack.' I have often thought of that expression since—'a fresh hare to run;' what a principle of action for a statesman, warn't it? But it was jist like him; he thought everybody he met was fools. One half the people to Canada didn't know what onder the sun he meant; but they knowed he was a radical, and agin the Church, and agin all the old English families there, and therefore *they* followed him. Well, he seed that, and thought them fools. If he'd a-lived a little grain longer, he'd a-found they were more rogues than fools, them fellers, for they had an axe to grind as well as him. Well, t'other half seed he was a schemer, and a schemer, too, that wouldn't stick at nothin' to carry out his eends; and *they* wouldn't have nothin' to say to him at all. Well, in course, he called them fools, too; if he'd a-lived a little grain longer, I guess he'd a found out whose head the fool's cap fitted best. 'Well,' sais I, 'it warn't a bad idee that, of givin' 'em 'a fresh hare to run;' it was grand. You had nothin' to do but to start the hare, say 'stuboy,' clap your hands ever so loud, and off goes the whole pack of yelpin' curs at his heels like wink. It's kept them from jumpin' and fawnin', and cryin', and cravin', and pawin' on you for everlastin', for somethin' to eat, and a botherin' of you, and a spilin' of your clothes, don't it? You give 'em the dodge properly that time; you got that lesson from the Indgin dogs on the Mississippi, I guess, didn't you?' 'No,' sais he, lookin' one half out of sorts and t'other half nobsquizzled; 'no, I was never there,' sais he. 'Not there?' sais I, 'why, you don't say so! Not there? well, it passes all; for it's the identical same dodge. When a dog wants to cross the river there, he goes to a p'int of land that stretches away out into the water, and sits down on his hind legs, and cries at the tip eend of his voice, most piteous, and howls so it would make your heart break to hear him. It's the most horrid dismal, solemcoly sound you ever know'd. Well, he keeps up this tune for the matter of half an hour, till the river and the woods ring again. All the crocodiles for three miles up and three miles down, as soon as they hear it, run as hard as they can lick to the spot, for they are very humane boys them, cry like women at nothin' a'most, and always go where any crittur is in distress, and drag him right out of it. Well, as soon as the dog has 'em all collected, at a charity-ball like, a-waitin' for their supper, and a-lickin' of their chops, off he starts, hot foot, down the bank of the river, for a mile or so, and then

souses right in and swims across as quick as he can pull for it, and gives them the slip beautiful. Now, your dodge and the Mississippi dog is so much alike, I'd a bet anything a'most, you took the hint from him.'

"'What a capital story!' sais he; 'how oncommon good! upon my word, it's very apt;' jist then steam-boat bell rung, and he off to the river, too, and give me the dodge.'

"I'll tell you what he put me in mind of. I was to Squire Shears, the tailor, to Boston, oncet, to get measured for a coat. 'Squire, sais I, 'measure me quick, will you, that's a good soul, for I'm in a horrid hurry.' 'Can't,' sais he, 'Sam; the designer is out—sit down, he will be in directly.' 'The designer,' sais I, 'who the devil is that, what onder the sun do you mean?' Well, it raised my curiosity—so I squats down on the counter and lights a cigar. 'That word has made my fortin', Sam,' sais he. 'It is somethin' new. He designs the coat, that is what is vulgarly called—cuts it out;—and a nice thing it is, too. It requires a light hand, great freedom of touch, a quick eye, and great taste. It's all he *can* do, for he couldn't so much as sow a button on. He is an Englishman of the name of Street. Artist is a common word—a foreman is a common word—a measurer is low, very low; but 'a designer,' oh, it's fust chop—it's quite the go. 'My designer!'—Heavens, what a lucky hit that was! Well, Mr. Thompson put me in mind of Street, the designer, he didn't look onlike him in person nother, and he was a grand hand to cut out work for others to do. A capital hand for makin' measures and designin'. But to get back to my story. He said he had given 'em to Canada 'a fresh hare to run.' Well, they've got tired of the chace, at last, arter the hare 'for they hante been able to catch it.' They've returned on the tracks from where they started, and stand starin' at each other like fools. For the fust time they begin to ax themselves the question, what is responsible government? Well, they don't know, and they ax the Governor, and he don't know, and he axes Lord John, the Colonial Secretary, and he don't know. At last Lord John looks wise and sais, 'It's not onlike prerogative—its existence is admitted—it's only its exercise is questioned.' Well, the Governor looks wise and sais the same, and the people repeat over the words arter him—look puzzled, and say they don't exactly onderstand the answer nother. It reminds me of what happened to me oncet to Brussels. I was on the top of a coach there, a-goin' down that dreadful steep hill there, not that it is so awful steep nother; but hills are curiosities there, they are so scarce, and every little sharp pinch is called a high hill—jist as every sizeable hill to Nova Scotia is called a mountain. Well, sais the coachman to me, '*Tournez la mécanique.*' I didn't know what the devil he meant—I didn't onderstand French when it is talked that way, and don't now. A man must speak very slow in

French for me to guess what he wants. 'What in natur' is that?' sais I; but as he didn't onderstand English, he just wrapt it up in three yards more of French, and give it back to me agin. So there was a pair of us, Well, the coach began to go down hill like winky, and the passengers put their heads out of the windows, and bawled out, '*Tournez la mécanique!*' and the coachman roared it out, and so did people on the streets; so, what does I do but screams out, too, '*Tournez la mécanique!*' Well, coachman seein' it war no use talkin', turned right about, put the pole through a pastry cook's window—throwed down his hosses, and upsot the coach, and away we all went, body and bones into the street. When I picked myself up, the coachman comes up and puts his fists into my face, and sais, 'You great lummakin fool, why didn't you *tourné la mécanique?*' and the passengers got all round me shakin' their fists, too, sayin', 'Why didn't you *tourné la mécanique?*' I didn't know what the plague they meant; so, I ups fist and shakes it at them, too, and roars out, 'Why, in the name of sense,' sais I, 'didn't you *tourné la mécanique?*' Well, they began to larf at last, and one on 'em that spoke a little English, sais, 'It meant to turn the handle of a little machine that put a drag on the wheels.' 'Oh!' sais I, 'is that it? What the plague's got into the feller not to speak plain English, if he had a-done that, I should have onderstood him then.'

"Now that's the case with this Responsible Government, *it tante plain English, and they don't onderstand it.* As soon as the state coach begins to run down hill, the people call out to the Governor, '*Tournez la mécanique!*' and he gets puzzled, and roars out to Secretary, '*Tournez la mécanique!*' and he gets mad, and sais, 'D—n you! *tournez la mécanique* yourself!' None on 'em knows the word—the coach runs down the hill like lightnin', upsets and smashes everything. *That comes a not speakin' plain English.* There is only one party pleased, and that's a party that likes to see all governments upsot. They say, 'It's goin' on beautiful. It don't want a turn of the *mécanique* at all,' and sing out, as the boatman did to his son when the barge was a goin' over the falls to Ohio—'Let her went, Peter, don't stop her, she's wrathy.'—What Minister sais is true enough. Government is intended for the benefit of all. All parties, therefore, should, as far as possible, have a voice in the Council—and equal justice be done to all—so that as all pay their shot to its support, all should have a share in its advantages. Them fellers to Canada have been a howlin' in the wilderness for years—'We are governed by a party—a clique—a family compact.' Well, England believed 'em, and the party—the clique—and the family compact was broken up. No sooner said than done—they turn right round, as quick as wink, and say—'*We* want a party government, now—not that party, but our party—not that clique, but this clique—not that family compact, but this family compact. For that old

party, clique, and compact were British in their language—British in their feelings, and British in their blood. Our party clique and compact is not so narrow and restricted, for it is French in its language, Yankee in its feelin', and Republican in its blood.'"

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, with that mildness of manner which was his great characteristic and charm, "that is strong language, very."

"Strong language, Sir!" said the Colonel, rising in great wrath, "it's infamous—none but a scoundrel or a fool would talk that way. D—n me, Sir! what are them poor benighted people strugglin' for, but for freedom and independence? They want a leader, that's what they want. They should fust dress themselves as Indgins—go to the wharves, and throw all the tea in the river, as we did; and then in the dead of the night, seize on the high hill back of Montreal and fortify it, and when the British come, wait till they see the whites of their eyes, as we did at Bunker Hill, and give them death and destruction for breakfast, as we did. D—n me, Sir!" and he seized the poker and waved it over his head, "let them do that, and send for me, and, old as I am, I'll lead them on to victory or death. Let 'em send for me, Sir, and, by the 'tarnal, I'll take a few of my 'north-eend boys' with me, and show 'em what clear grit is. Let the British send Wellington out to command the troops if they dare, and I'll let him know Bunker Hill ain't Waterloo, I know. Rear rank, take open order—right shoulders forward—march;" and he marched round the room and sat down.

"It's very strong language that, Sam," continued Mr. Hopewell, who never noticed the interruptions of the Colonel, "very strong language indeed, too strong, I fear. It may wound the feelings of others, and that we have no right to do unnecessarily. Squire, if you report this conversation, as I suppose you will, leave out all the last sentence or two, and insert this: 'Responsible Government is a term not well defined or understood, and appears to be only applicable to an independent country. But whatever interpretation is put upon it, one thing is certain, the Government of Great Britain over her colonies is one of the *lightest, kindest, mildest, and most paternal in the whole world.*'"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS TRUMPETER.

Mr. Slick's weak point was his vanity. From having risen suddenly in the world, by the unaided efforts of a vigorous, uneducated mind, he very naturally acquired great self-reliance. He undervalued every obstacle, or, what is more probable, overlooked the greater part of those that lay in his way. To a vulgar man like him, totally ignorant of the modes of life, a thousand little usages of society would unavoidably wholly escape his notice, while the selection, collocation, or pronunciation of words were things for which he appeared to have no perception and no ear. Diffidence is begotten by knowledge, presumption by ignorance. The more we know, the more extended the field appears upon which we have entered, and the more insignificant and imperfect our acquisition. The less we know, the less opportunity we have of ascertaining what remains to be learned. His success in his trade, his ignorance, the vulgarity of his early occupations and habits, and his subsequent notoriety as a humorist, all contributed to render him exceedingly vain. His vanity was of two kinds, national and personal. The first he has in common with a vast number of Americans. He calls his country "the greatest nation atween the Poles,"—he boasts "that the Yankees are the most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the airth, and that their institutions are the perfection of human wisdom." He is of his father's opinion, that the battle of Bunker Hill was the greatest battle ever fought; that their naval victories were the most brilliant achievements ever heard of; that New York is superior to London in beauty, and will soon be so in extent; and finally, that one Yankee is equal in all respects to two Englishmen, at least. If the Thames is mentioned, he calls it an insignificant creek, and reminds you that the Mississippi extends inland a greater distance than the space between Nova Scotia and England. If a noble old park tree is pointed out to him, he calls it a pretty little scrub oak, and immediately boasts of the pines of the Rocky Mountains, which he affirms are two hundred feet high. Show him a waterfall, and it is a noisy babbling little cascade compared with Niagara; or a lake, and it is a mere duck-pond in comparison with Erie, Superior, Champlain, or Michigan. It has been remarked by most travellers, that

this sort of thing is so common in the States, that it may be said to be almost universal. This is not *now* the case. It has prevailed more generally heretofore than at present, but it is now not much more obvious than in the people of any other country. *The necessity for it no longer exists.* That the Americans are proud of having won their independence at the point of the sword, from the most powerful nation in the world, under all the manifold disadvantages of poverty, dispersion, disunion, want of discipline in their soldiers, and experience in their officers, is not to be wondered at. They have reason to be proud of it. It is the greatest achievement of modern times. That they are proud of the consummate skill of their forefathers in framing a constitution the best suited to their position and their wants, and one withal the most difficult in the world to adjust, not only with proper checks and balances, but with any checks at all,—at a time too when there was no model before them, and all experience against them, is still less to be wondered at. Nor have we any reason to object to the honest pride they exhibit of their noble country, their enlightened and enterprising people, their beautiful cities, their magnificent rivers, their gigantic undertakings. The sudden rise of nations, like the sudden rise of individuals, begets under similar circumstances similar effects. While there was the freshness of novelty about all these things, there was national vanity. It is now an old story—their laurels sit easy on them. They are accustomed to them, and they occupy less of their thoughts, and of course less of their conversation, than formerly. At first, too, strange as it may seem, *there existed a necessity for it.*

Good policy dictated the expediency of cultivating this self-complacency in the people, however much good taste might forbid it. As their constitution was based on self-government, it was indispensable to raise the people in their own estimation, and to make them feel the heavy responsibility that rested upon them, in order that they might qualify themselves for the part they were called upon to act. As they were weak, it was needful to confirm their courage by strengthening their self-reliance. As they were poor, it was proper to elevate their tone of mind, by constantly setting before them their high destiny; and as their Republic was viewed with jealousy and alarm by Europe, it was important to attach the nation to it, in the event of aggression, by extolling it above all others. The first generation, to whom all this was new, has now passed away; the second has nearly disappeared, and with the novelty, the excess of national vanity which it necessarily engendered will cease also. Personal vanity stands on wholly different grounds. There not only is no necessity, but no justification for it whatever. It is always offensive, sometimes even disgusting. Mr. Hopewell, who was in the habit of admonishing the Attaché whenever he thought admonition necessary, took occasion to-day to enlarge on both points. As to the first,

he observed, that it was an American failing, and boasting abroad, as he often did, in extravagant terms of his country, was a serious injury to it, for it always produced argument, and as those who argue always convince themselves in proportion as they fail to convince others, the only result of such discussions was to induce strangers to search for objections to the United States that they knew not before, and then adopt them forever. But as for personal boasts, he said, they were beneath contempt.

"Tell you what it is, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "I am not the fool you take me to be. I deny the charge. I don't boast a bit more nor any foreigner, in fact, I don't think I boast at all. Hear old Bull here, every day, talkin' about the low Irish, the poor, mean, proud Scotch, the Yankee fellers, the horrid foreigners, the 'nothin' but a colonist,' and so on. He asks me out to entertain me, and then sings 'Britannia rules the waves.' My old grandmother used to rule a copy book, and I wrote on it. I guess the British rule the waves, and we write victory on it. Then hear that noisy, splutterin' crittur, Bull-Frog. He talks you dead about the Grand Nation, the beautiful France, and the capitol of the world—Paris. What do I do? Why I only say, 'our great, almighty republic is the toploftiest nation atween the Poles.' That ain't boastin', nor crackin', nor nothin' of the sort. It's only jist a fact, like—all men must die—or any other truth. Oh, catch me a-boastin'! I know a trick worth two of that. It ain't pleasant to be your own trumpeter always, I can tell you. It reminds me," said he (for he could never talk for five minutes without an illustration), "it reminds me of what happened to Queen's father in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward as they called him then.

"Oncet upon a time he was travellin' on the Great Western road, and most of the rivers, those days, had ferry-boats and no bridges. So, his trumpeter was sent afore him to 'nounce his comin', with a great French-horn, to the ferryman, who lived on t'other side of the water. Well, his trumpeter was a Jarman, and didn't speak a word of English. Most all that family was very fond of Jarmans, they settle them everywhere a'most. When he came to the ferry, the magistrates and nobs, and big bugs of the country were all drawn' up in state, waitin' for Prince. In those days, abusin' and insultin' a Governor, kickin' up shindy in a province, and playin' the devil there, warn't no recommendation in Downin' Street. Colonists hadn't got their eyes open then, and at that time there was no school for the blind. It was Pullet Thompson taught them to read. Poor critturs! they didn't know no better then, so out they all goes to meet King's son, and pay their respects, and when Kissinkirk came to the bank, and they seed him all dressed in green, covered with gold lace, and splenderiferous cocked-hat on, with lace on it, and a great big, old-fashioned brass French-horn, that was rubbed bright

enough to put out eyes, a-hangin' over his shoulder, they took him for the Prince, for they'd never seed nothin' half so fine afore. The bugle they took for gold, 'cause, in course, a Prince wouldn't wear nothin' but gold, and they thought it was his huntin' horn—and his bein' alone, they took for state, 'cause he was too big for any one to ride with. So, they all off hats at once to old Kissinkirk, the Jarman trumpeter. Lord, when he see that, he was bunfungered!

"'Thun sie ihren hut an du verdamnter thor,' sais he; which means, in English, 'Put on your hats, you cussed fools.' Well, they was fairly stumpt. They looked fust at him and bowed, and then at each other; and stared vacant; and then he sais agin, 'Mynheers, damn!' for that was the only English word he knew, and then he stampt agin, and sais over, in Dutch, once more, to put on their hats; and then called over as many (crooked) Jarman oaths as would reach across the river, if they were stretched out strait. 'What in natur' is that?' sais one; 'Why, high Dutch,' sais an old man; 'I heerd the Waldecker troops at the evakyation of New York speak it. Don't you know the King's father was a high Dutchman, from Brunswick; in course, the Prince can't speak English.' 'Well,' sais the other, 'do you know what it means?' 'In course, I do,' sais Loyalist, (and, oh, if some o' them boys couldn't lie, I don't know who could, that's all; by their own accounts, it's a wonder how we ever got independence, for them fellers swore they won every battle that was fought,) 'in course, I do,' sais he, 'that is,' sais he, 'I used to did to speak it at Long Island, but that's a long time ago. Yes, I understand a leetle,' sais Loyalist. 'His Royal Highness' excellent Majesty sais,—Man the ferry-boat, and let the magistrates row me over the ferry.—It is a beautiful language, is Dutch.' 'So it is,' sais they, 'if one could only understand it,' and off they goes, and spreads out a great roll of home-spun cloth for him to walk on, and then they form two lines for him to pass through to the boat. Lord! when he comes to the cloth he stops agin, and stamps like a jackass when the flies tease him, and gives the cloth a kick up, and wouldn't walk on it, and sais, in high Dutch, in a high Jarman voice, too, 'You infarnal fools!—you stupid blockheads!—you cussed jackasses!' and a great deal more of them pretty words, and then walked on. 'Oh, dear!' sais they, 'only see how he kicks the cloth; that's cause it's homespun. Oh, dear! but what does he say?' sais they. Well, Loyalist felt stumpt; he knew some screw was loose with the Prince by the way he shook his fist, but what he couldn't tell; but as he had begun to lie, he had to go knee deep into it, and push on. 'He sais, he hopes he may die this blessed minit if he won't tell his father, the old King, when he returns to home, how well you have behaved,' sais he, 'and that it's a pity to soil such beautiful cloth.' 'Oh!' sais they, 'was that it? we was afraid somethin' or another had gone wrong; come, let's give three cheers for the Prince's Most Excellent

Majesty,' and they made the woods and the river ring agin. Oh, how mad Kissenkirk was! he expected the Prince would tie him up and give him five hundred lashes for his impedence in representin' of him. Oh, he was ready to bust with rage and vexation. He darsn't strike any one, or he would have given 'em a slap with the horn in a moment, he was so wrathy. So, what does he do as they was holdin' the boat, but ups trumpet and blew a blast in the Custos' ear, all of a sudden, that left him hard of hearin' on that side for a month; and he sais, in high Dutch, 'Tunder and blitzen! Take that, you old fool; I wish I could blow you into the river.' Well, they rowed him over the river, and then formed agin two lines, and Kissenkirk passed up atween 'em as sulky as a bear; and then he put his hand in his pocket, and took out somethin', and held it out to Custos, who dropt right down on his knee in a minit, and received it, and it was a fourpenny bit. Then, Kissinkirk waved his hand to them to be off quick-stick, and muttered agin somethin', which Loyalist said was, 'Go across agin and wait for my sarvants,' which they did. 'Oh!' sais the magistrate to Custos, as they was a-goin' back agin, 'how could you take pay, squire? How could you receive money from Prince? Our county is disgraced for ever. You have made us feel as mean as Ingians.' 'I wouldn't have taken it, if it had been worth anythin', sais Custos, 'but didn't you see his delicacy; he knowed that, too, as well as I did, so he offered me a fourpenny bit, as much as to say, 'You are above all pay, but accept the smallest thing possible, as a keepsake from King's son.' 'Those were his very words,' sais Loyalist; 'I'll swear to 'em, the very identical ones.' 'I thought so,' sais Custos, looking big. 'I hope I know what is due to his Majesty's Royal Highness, and what is due to me, also, as Custos of this county. And he drew himself up stately, and said nothin', and looked as wise, as the owl who had been studyin' a speech for five years, and intended to speak it when he got it by heart. Jist then, down comes Prince and all his party, galloppin' like mad to the ferry, for he used to ride always as if old Nick was at his heels; jist like a streak of lightnin'. So, up goes the Custos to Prince, quite free and easy, without so much as touchin' his hat, or givin' him the time o' day. 'What the plague kept you so long?' sais he; 'your master has been waitin' for you this half-hour. Come, bear a hand, the Prince is all alone over there.' It was some time afore Prince made out what he meant; but when he did, if he didn't let go, it's a pity. He almost upsot the boat, he larfed so obstroperous. One squall o' larfin' was hardly over afore another come on. Oh, it was a tempestical time, you may depend; and when he'd got over one fit of it, he'd say, 'Only think of them takin' old Kissinkirk for me!' and he'd larf agin ready to split. Kissinkirk was frightened to death; he didn't know how Prince would take it, or what he would do, for he was a awful strict

officer; but when he seed him larf so, he knowed all was r-ght. Poor old Kissinkirk! the last time I seed him was to Windsor. He lived in a farm-house there, on charity. He'd larnt a little English, though not much. It was him told me the story; and when he wound it up, he sais, 'It tante always sho shafe, Mishter Shlick, to be your own drumpeter;' and I'll tell you what, Minister, I am of the same opinion with the old bugler. It is *not* always safe to be one's own trumpeter, and that's a fact."

CHAPTER XLVI.

REPEAL.

Ever since we have been in London, we have taken "The Times" and "The Morning Chronicle," so as to have before us both sides of every question. This morning, these papers were, as usual, laid on the breakfast-table; and Mr. Slick, after glancing at their contents, turned to Mr. Hopewell, and said, "Minister, what's your opinion of O'Connell's proceedings? What do you think of him?"

"I think differently from most men, Sam," he said; "I neither join in the unqualified praise of his friends, nor in the wholesale abuse of his enemies, for there is much to approve and much to censure in him. He has done, perhaps, as much good and as much harm to Ireland, as her best friend or her worst enemy. I am an old man now, daily treading on the confines of the grave, and not knowing the moment the ground may sink under me and precipitate me into it. I look, therefore, on all human beings with calmness and impartiality, and besides being an American and a Republican, I have no direct interest in the man's success or failure, farther than they may affect the happiness of the great human family. Looking at the struggle, therefore, as from an eminence, a mere spectator, I can see the errors of both sides, as clearly as a by-stander does those of two competitors at a game of chess. My eyesight, however, is dim, and I find I cannot trust to the report of others. Party spirit runs so high in Ireland, it is difficult to ascertain the truth of anything. Facts are sometimes invented, often distorted, and always magnified. No man either thinks kindly or speaks temperately of another, but a deadly animosity has superseded Christian charity in that unhappy land. We must not trust to the opinions of others, therefore, but endeavor to form our own. Now, he is charged with being a Roman Catholic. The answer to this is, he has a right to be one if he chooses—as much right as I have to be a Churchman;

that if I differ from him on some points, I concur with him in more, and only grieve we cannot agree in all; and that whatever objections I have to his Church, I have a thousand times more respect for it than I have for a thousand dissenting political sects, that disfigure and degrade the Christian world. Then, they say, 'Oh, yes, but he is a bigoted Papist!' Well, if they have nothing worse than this to allege against him, it don't amount to much. Bigotry means an unusual devotion, and an extraordinary attachment to one's church. I don't see how a sincere and zealous man can be otherwise than bigoted. It would be well, if he were imitated in this respect by Protestants. Instead of joining schismatics and sectarians, a little more bigoted attachment to our excellent Mother Church would be safer and more respectable for them, and more conducive to the interests of true religion. But the great charge is, he is an Agitator; now, I don't like agitation, even in a good cause. It is easy to open flood-gates, but always difficult, and sometimes impossible to close them again. No; I do not like agitation. It is a fearful word. But if ever there was a man justified in resorting to it, which I doubt, it was O'Connell. A Romish Catholic by birth, and, if you will have it, a bigoted one by education, he saw his countrymen laboring under disabilities on account of their faith,—what could be more natural for him than to suppose that he was serving both God and his country, by freeing his Church from its distinctive and degrading badge, and elevating Irishmen to a political equality with Englishmen. The blessings of the priesthood, and the gratitude of the people, hailed him wherever he went; and when he attained the victory, and wrested the concession from him who wrested the sceptre from Napoleon, he earned the title, which he has since worn, of 'the Liberator.' What a noble and elevated position he then stood in! But, Sam, agitation is progressive. The impetus of his onward course was too great to suffer him to rest, and the 'Liberator' has sunk again into the Agitator, without the sanctity of the cause to justify, or the approval of mankind to reward him. Had he, then, paused for a moment, even for a moment, when he gained emancipation, and looked around him, what a prospect lay before him whichever way he turned, for diffusing peace and happiness over Ireland! Having secured an equality of political rights to his countrymen, and elevated the position of the peasantry,—had he, then, endeavored to secure the rights of the landlord, and revive the sympathy between them and their tenants, which agitation had extinguished; had he, by suppressing crime and outrage, rendered it safe for absentees to return, or for capital to flow into his impoverished country—had he looked into the future for images of domestic comfort and tranquillity to delight the imagination, instead of resorting to the dark vistas of the past for scenes of oppression and violence to inflame the passions of his countrymen,—

had he held out the right hand of fellowship to his Protestant brethren, and invited and induced them to live in the unity of love and the bonds of peace with their Romish neighbors, his second victory would have surpassed the first, and the stern Liberator would have been again crowned amid the benedictions of all, as 'the Father' of his country. But, alas! agitation has no tranquil eddies to repose in; it rides on the billow and the tempest, and lives but on the troubled waters of the deep.

"Instead of this happy condition, what is now the state of Ireland? The landlord flies in alarm from a home that is no longer safe from the midnight marauder. The capitalist refuses to open his purse to develop the resources of a country, that is threatened with a civil war. Men of different creeds pass each other with looks of defiance, and with that stern silence that marks the fixed resolve, to 'do or die.' The Government, instead of being able to ameliorate the condition of the poor, is engaged in garrisoning its forts, supplying its arsenals, and preparing for war; while the poor deluded people are drawn away from their peaceful and honest pursuits, to assemble in large bodies, that they may be inflamed by seditious speeches, and derive fresh confidence from the strength or impunity of numbers.

"May God of his infinite goodness have mercy on the author of all these evils, and so purify his heart from the mistaken motives that now urge his onwards in him unhappy course, that he may turn and repent him of his evil way, while return is yet practicable, and repentance not too late!

"Now, what is all this excitement to lead to? A Repeal of the Union? what is that? Is it independence, or is it merely a demand for a dependant local legislature? If it is independence, look into futurity, and behold the state of Ireland at the end of a few years. You see that the Protestants of the North have driven out all of the opposite faith, and that the Catholics, on their part, have exiled or exterminated all the heretics from the South. You behold a Chinese wall of separation running across the island, and two independent, petty, separate States, holding but little intercourse, and hating each other with an intensity only to be equalled by tribes of savages. And how is this unhappy condition to be attained? By a cruel, a wicked, and a merciless civil war, for no war is so bloody as a domestic one, especially where religion, terrified at its horrors, flies from the country in alarm, and the banner of the Cross is torn from the altar to be desecrated in the battle-field. Sam, I have seen one, may my eyes never behold another. No tongue can tell, no pen describe, no imagination conceive its horrors. Even now, after the lapse of half a century, I shudder at the recollection of it. If it be not independence that is sought, but a local legislature, then Ireland descends from an integral part of the empire into a colony, and the social position of the people is deteriorated. Our friend, the Squire,

who, at this moment, is what O'Connell desires to be, a colonist, is laboring incessantly to confirm and strengthen the connexion of the possessions abroad with England, to break down all distinctions, to procure for his countrymen equal rights and privileges, and either to abolish that word 'English,' and substitute 'British,' or to obliterate the term 'Colonial,' and extend the generic term of English to all. He is demanding a closer and more intimate connexion, and instead of excluding Colonists from Parliament, is anxious for them to be represented there. In so doing, he evinces both his patriotism and his loyalty. O'Connell, on the contrary, is struggling to revive the distinction of races, to awaken the hostility of separate creeds, to dissolve the Political Union. If he effects his purpose, he merely *weakens England*, but he *ruins Ireland*. This line of conduct may originate in his bigotry, and probably it does, but vanity, temper, and the rent, are nevertheless to be found at the bottom of this boiling cauldron of agitation.

"Oh! that some Father Matthew would arise, some pious priest, some holy bishop, some worthy man (for they have many excellent clergymen, learned prelates, and great and good men in their Church), and staff in hand, like a pilgrim of old, preach up good will to man, peace on earth, and Unity of Spirit. Even yet the struggle might be avoided, if the good would act wisely, and the wise act firmly. Even now O'Connell, if he would adopt this course, and substitute conciliation for agitation (for hitherto conciliation has been all on the other side), would soon have the gratification to see his country prosperous and happy. While those who now admire his talents, though they deprecate his conduct, would gladly unite in acknowledging the merits, and heaping honors on the 'Pacificator of all Ireland.' No, my friends, so far from desiring to see the Union dissolved, as a philanthropist and a Christian, and as a politician, I say, 'Esto Perpetua.'"

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE HORSE STEALER, OR ALL TRADES HAVE TRICKS BUT OUR OWN.

After dinner to-day the conversation turned upon the treaties existing between England and the United States, and I expressed my regret that in all, the Americans had a decided advantage.

"Well, I won't say we hante," said Mr. Slick. "The truth is, we *do* understand diplomacy, that's a fact. Treaties, you see, are bargains, and a feller would be a fool to make a bad bargain, and if

there ain't no rael cheatin' in it, why a man has a right to make as good a one as he can. We got the best of the Boundary Line, that's a fact, but then Webster ain't a critter that looks as if the yeast was left out of him by mistake, he ain't quite as soft as dough, and he ain't onderbaked nother. Well, the tariff is a good job for us too, so is the fishery story, and the Oregon will be all right in the eend too. We write our clauses, so they bind; your diplomatists write them so you can drive a stage-coach and six through 'em, and not touch the hobs on either side. Our socdolagers is too deep for any on 'em. So polite, makes such soft-sawder speeches, or talks so big; hints at a great American market, advantages of peace, difficulty of keepin' our folks from goin' to war; boast of our old home, same kindred and language, magnanimity and good faith of England; calls compensation for losses only a little affair of money, knows how to word a sentence so it will read like a riddle, if you alter a stop, grand hand at an excuse, gives an answer that means nothing, dodge and come up t'other side, or dive so deep you can't follow him. Yes, we have the best of the treaty business, that's a fact. Lord! how I have often laughed at that story of Felix Foyle and the horse-stealer! Did I ever tell you that contrivance of his to do the Governor of Canada?"

"No," I replied, "I never heard of it." He then related the story with as much glee as if the moral delinquency of the act was excusable in a case of such ingenuity.

"It beats all," he said. "Felix Foyle lived in the back part of the State of New York, and carried on a smart chance of business in the provision line. Beef, and pork, and flour was his staples, and he did a great stroke in 'em. Perhaps he did to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars a year, more or less. Well, in course, in such a trade as that, he had to employ a good many folks, as clerks, and salters, and agents, and what not, and among them was his bookkeeper, Sossipater Cuddy. Sossipater (or Sassy, as folks used to call him, for he was rather high in the instep, and was Sassy by name and Sassy by natur' too,)—well, Sassy was a 'cute man, a good judge of cattle, a grand hand at a bargain, and a'most an excellent scholar at figures. He was gineraily allowed to be a first-rate business man. Only to give you an idee, now, of that man's smartness, how ready and up to the notch he was at all times, I must jist stop fust, and tell you the story of the cigar.

"In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets, though in most on 'em we do, and where it is agin law it is two dollars fine in a gineral way. Well, Sassy went down to Bosten to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So, as soon as he gets off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on smokin' like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps constable, and sais, 'I'll trouble

you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the streets.' Sassy was as quick as wink on him. 'Smokin'!' sais he, 'I warn't a smokin'.' 'Oh, my!' sais constable, 'how you talk, man. I won't say you lie, 'cause it ain't polite, but it's very like the way I talk when I lie. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?' 'No,' sais Sassy, 'you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes, they can't be depended on more nor other people's. I never trust mine, I can tell you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I like the flavor of the tobacco, but not to smoke. I take it it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and his own subject too. No, I warnt smokin', and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it ain't so. It hante got no fire in it.' Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it into his mug, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anythin'.

"'I'll trouble *you* for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff devil,' sais Sassy, 'for smokin' in the streets; do you underconstand, my old 'coon?' Well, constable was all taken aback, he was finely bit. 'Stranger,' sais he, 'where was you raised?' 'To Canady line,' sais Sassy. 'Well,' says he, 'you're a credit to your broghtens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even I guess. Let's liquor;' and he took him into a bar and treated him to a mint-julep. It was ginerally considered a great bite that, and I must say I don't think it was bad—do you? But to get back to where I started from. Sassy, as I was a-sayin', was the book-keeper of old Felix Foyle. The old gentleman sot great store by him, and couldn't do without him, on no account, he was so ready like, and always on hand. But Sassy thought he could do without *him*, tho'. So, one fine day, he absqotilated with four thousand dollars in his pocket, of Felix's, and cut dirt for Canady as hard as he could clip. Felix Foyle was actilly in a most beautiful frizzle of a fix. He knew who he had to deal with, and that he might as well follow a fox a'most as Sassy, he was so everlastin' cunnin', and that the British wouldn't give up a debtor to us, but only felons; so he thought the fust loss was the best, and was about givin' it up as a bad job, when an idee struck him, and off he started in chase with all steam on. Felix was the clear grit when his dander was up, and he never slept night or day till he reached Canady, too; got on the trail of Sassy, and came up to where he was airthed at Niagara. When he arrived it was about noon, so as he enters the tavern he sees Sassy standin' with his face to the fire and his back to the door, and what does he do but slip into the meal-room and hide himself till night. Jist as it was dark in comes old Bambrick, the inn-keeper, with a light in his hand, and Felix slips behind him, and shuts too the door, and tells him the whole story from beginnin' to eend; how Sassy had sarved him;

and lists the old fellow in his service, and off they set to a magistrate and get out a warrant, and then they goes to the deputy-sheriff and gets Sassy arrested. Sassy was so taken aback he was hardly able to speak for the matter of a minit or so, for he never expected Felix would follow him into Canady at all, seein' that if he oncet reached British side he was safe. But he soon come too agin, so he ups and bullies. 'Pray, Sir,' sais he, 'what do you mean by this?' 'Nothin' above partikelar,' says Felix, quite cool, 'only I guess I want the pleasure of your company back, that's all,' and then turnin' to the onder sheriff, 'Squire,' sais he, 'will you take a turn or two in the entry, while Sassy and I settle a little matter of business together,' and out goes Nab. 'Mr. Foyle,' sais Sassy, 'I have no business to settle with you—arrest me, Sir, at your peril, and I'll action you in law for false imprisonment.' 'Where's my money?' sais Felix—'where's my four thousand dollars?' 'What do I know about your money?' sais Sassy. 'Well,' sais Felix, 'it is your business to know, and I paid you as my book-keeper to know, and if you don't know you must jist return with me and find out, that's all—so come, let's be a-movin'. Well, Sassy larfed right out in his face; 'why you cussed fool,' sais he, 'don't you know I can't be taken out o' this colony State, but only for crime, what a rael soft horn you be to have done so much business and not know that?' 'I guess I got a warrant that will take you out tho',' sais Felix—'read that,' a-handin' of the paper to him. 'Now I shall swear to that agin, and send it to Governor, and down will come the marchin' order in quick stick. I'm soft, I know, but I ain't sticky for all that, I ginerally come off clear without leavin' no part behind.' The moment Sassy read the warrant his face fell, and the cold perspiration rose out like raindrops, and his color went and came, and his knees shook like anythin'. 'Hoss-stealin'!' sais he, aloud to himself—'hoss-stealin'!—Heavens and airth, what parjury!! Why, Felix,' sais he, 'you know devilish well I never stole your hoss, man; how could you go and swear to such an infarnal lie as that?' 'Why I'm nothin' but "a cussed fool" and a "rael soft horn," you know,' sais Felix, 'as you said jist now, and if I had gone and sworn to the debt, why you'd a kept the money, gone to jail, and swore out, and I'd a-had my trouble for my pains. So you see I swore you stole my hoss, for that's a crime, tho' absquotolation ain't, and that will force the British Governor to deliver you up, and when I get you into New York state, why you settle with me for my four thousand dollars, and I will settle with you for stealin' my hoss,' and he put his finger to the tip eend of his nose, and winked and said, 'Young folks *think* old folks is fools, but old folks *know* young folks is fools. I warn't born yesterday, and I had my eye-teeth sharpened before your'n were through the gums, I guess—you hante got the Bosten constable to deal with now, I can tell you, but old Felix Foyle himself, and he

ain't so blind but what he can feel his way along I guess—do you take my meanin', my young 'coon?' 'I'm sold,' sais Sassy, and he sot down, put both elbows on the table, and covered his face with his hands, and fairly cried like a child. 'I'm sold,' sais he. 'Buy your pardon, then,' sais Felix, 'pay down the four thousand dollars, and you are a free and enlightened citizen once more.' Sassy got up, unlocked his portmanter, and counted it out all in paper rolls jist as he received it. 'There it is,' sais he, 'and I must say you desarve it; that was a great stroke of your'n.' 'Stop a bit,' says Felix, seein' more money there, all his savin's for years, 'we ain't done yet, I must have five hundred dollars for expenses.' 'There, d—n you,' sais Sassy, throwin' another roll at him, 'there it is; are you done yet?' 'No,' sais Felix, 'not yet; now you have done me justice, I must do you the same, and clear your character. Call in that gentleman, the constable, from the entry, and I will go a treat of half a pint of brandy.—Mr. Officer,' sais Felix—'here is some mistake, this gentleman has convinced me he was only follerin', as my clerk, a debtor of mine here, and when he transacts his business, will return, havin' left his hoss at the lines, where I can get him if I choose; and I must say I am glad on't for the credit of the nation abroad. Fill your glass, here's a five dollar bill for your fees, and here's to your good health. If you want provision to ship off in the way of trade, I'm Felix Foyle, and shall be happy to accommodate you.'

"Now," said Mr. Slick, "that is what I call a rael clever trick, a great card that, warn't it? He desarves credit, does Felix, it ain't every one would a-been up to trap that way, is it?"

"Sam," said his father, rising with great dignity and formality of manner, "was that man, Felix Foyle, ever a mili*tary* man?"

"No, Sir; he never had a commission, even in the militia, as I knows on."

"I thought not," said the Colonel, "no man, that had seen mili*tary* life, could ever tell a lie, much less take a false oath. That feller, Sir, is a villain, and I wish Washington and I had him to the halberts; by the 'tarnal, we'd teach him to disgrace our great name before those benighted colonists. A liar, Sir! as Doctor Franklin said, the great Doctor Franklin, him that burnt up two forts of the British in the revolution war, by bringin' down lightnin' on 'em from Heaven by a wire string),—a liar, Sir! Show me a liar, and I'll show you a thief."

"What was he?" said Mr. Hopewell.

"A marchant in the provision line," said the Attaché.

"No, no; I didn't mean that," he replied. "What sect did he belong to?"

"Oh! now I onderstand. Oh! a wet Quaker to be sure, they are the 'cutest people its ginerally allowed we have in all our nation."

"Ah!" said the Minister, "I was certain he was not brought up

in the Church. We teach morals as well as doctrines, and endeavor to make our people exhibit the soundness of the one by the purity of the other. I felt assured, either that he could not be a churchman, or that his parish minister must have grossly and wickedly neglected his duty in not inculcating better principles."

"Yes," said Mr. Slick, with a very significant laugh, "and he warn't a clockmaker, nother."

"I hope not," said his father, gravely, "I hope not, Sam. Some on em," (looking steadily at his son), "some on 'em are so iley and slippery, they do squeeze between a truth and a lie so, you wonder how it was ever possible for mortal man to go thro', but for the honor of the clockmakers, I hope he warn't one."

"No," said Mr. Slick, "he warn't, I assure you. But you, Father, and Minister, and me, are all pretty much tarred with the same stick, I guess—we all think, "*all trades have tricks but our own.*"

CHAPTER XLXVIII.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

To-day we witnessed the interment of Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Owing to some mismanagement in the arrangements, a great part of the friends of the deceased did not arrive until the service was nearly half over, which enabled us, who were very early in the Abbey, to obtain a good position within the barriers. Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Brougham, and a great number of noblemen and statesmen, were present, to do honor to his remains, while the service was read by Mr. Milman—himself a distinguished poet. For a long time after the ceremony was over, and the crowd had dispersed, we remained in the Abbey, examining the monuments, and discoursing of the merits or the fortunes of those whose achievements had entitled them to the honor of being laid with the great and the good of past ages, in this national temple of Fame. Our attention was soon arrested by an exclamation of Mr. Slick.

"Hullo!" said he, "how the plague did this feller get here? Why, Squire, as I'me a livin' sinner, here's a colonist! What crime did he commit that they took so much notice of him? 'Sacred to the memory of William Wragg, Esq., of South Carolina, who, when the American colonies revolted from Great Britain, inflexibly maintained his loyalty to the person and government of his Sovereign,

and was therefore compelled to leave his distressed family and ample fortune.' Oh Lord! I thought it must have been some time before the flood, for loyalty in the colonies is at a discount now; it's a bad road to preferment, I can tell you. Agitation, bullyin' governors, shootin' down sogers, and rebellin' is the passport now-a-days. Them were the boys Durham and Thompson honored;—all the loyal old cocks, all them that turned out and fought and saved the country, got a cold shoulder for their officiousness. But they are curious people is the English; they are like the Deacon Flint—he never could see the pint of a good thing till it was too late. Sometimes arter dinner he'd bust out a larfin' like anything, for all the world as if he was a born fool, seemin'ly at nothin', and I'd say, 'Why, Deacon, what maggot's bit you now?' 'I was larfin" he'd say, 'at that joke of your'n this mornin'; I didn't take jist then, but I see it now.' 'Me!' sais I, 'why *what* did I say, it's so long ago I forget!' 'Why,' sais he, 'don't you mind we was a talkin' of them two pirates the jury found not guilty, and the court turned *loose* on the town; you said it was all right, for they was *loose characters*. Oh! I see it *now*, it was rael jam that.' 'Oh!' sais I, not overly pleased nother, for a joke, like an egg, is never no good 'xcept it's fresh laid —is it?

"Well, the English are like the old Deacon; they don't see a man's merits till he's dead, and then they wake up all of a sudden, and say, 'Oh! we must honor this feller's skeleton,' and Peel, and Brougham, and all the dons, go and play pall-bearers to it, stand over his grave, look sentimental, and attitudenize a few; and when I say to 'em you hadn't ought to have laid him right a top of old Dr. Johnson—for he hated Scotchmen so like old Scratch; if he was to find it out he'd kick strait up on eend, and throw him off; they won't larf, but give me a look as much as to say, Westminster Abbey ain't no place to joke in. Jist as if it warn't a most beautiful joke to see these men, who could have done ever so much for the poet in his lifetime, when it could have done him good—but who never even so much as held out a finger to him, except in a little matter not worth havin'—now he is dead, start up all at once and patronize his body and bones when it can't do him one mossel of good. Oh! they are like Deacon Flint—they understand when it's too late.

"Poor old Tom Campbell, there was some pleasures of hope that he never sot down in his book, I know. He hoped—as he had charmed and delighted the nation, and given 'em another ondyin' name, to add to their list of poets, to crack and to brag of—he'd a had a recompense at least in some government appointment that would have cheered and soothed his old age, and he was disappinted, that's all; and that's the pleasures of hope, Squire, eh? He hoped that fame, which he had in his life, would have done him some good

in his life—didn't he? Well, he lived on that hope till he died, and that didn't disappint him; for how can a feller say he is disappinted by a thing he has lived on all his days? and that's the Pleasures of Hope.

"He hoped, in course, Peel would be a patron of poets—and so he is, he acts as a pall-bearer, 'cause as soon as the pall is over him, he'd never bother him nor any other minister no more. Oh! 'Hope told a flatterin' tale;' but all flatterers are liars. Peel has a princely fortune, and a princely patronage, and is a prince of a feller; but there is an old sayin' 'Put not your trust in Princes.' If poor Tom was alive and kickin' I'd tell him who to put his trust in—and that's Bentley. He is the only patron worth havin', that's a fact. He does it so like a gentleman: 'I have read the poem, Mr. Campbell, you were so kind as to indulge me with the perusal of; if you would permit me to favor the world with a sight of it, I shall have great pleasure in placin' a cheque for two thousand guineas in your banker's hands.'

"Oh! that's the patron. The great have nothin' but smiles and bows, Bentley has nothing but the pewter—and that's what I like to drink my beer out of. Secretaries of State are cattle it's pretty hard to catch in a field, and put a bridle on, I can tell you. No, they have nothin' but smiles, and it requires to onderstand the language of smiles, for there are all sorts of them, and they all speak a different tongue.

"I have seen five or six of them secretaries, and Spring Rice, to my mind, was the toploftiest boy of em all. Oh! he was the boy to smile; he could put his whole team on sometimes if he liked, and run you right off the road. Whenever he smiled very gracious, followed you to the door, and shook you kindly by the hand, and said,—call again, your flint was fixed: you never seed him no more. Kind-hearted crittur, he wanted to spare you the pain of a refusal, and bein' a little coquettish, he puts his prettiest smile on, as you was never to meet again, to leave a favorite impression behind him; they all say—call agin: Bentley, never! No *pleasures of hope with him;* he *is* a patron, he don't wait for the pall.

"Peel, sportsman-like, is in at the death; Bentley comes with the nurse, and is in at the birth. There is some use in such a patron as that. Ah! poor Campbell! he was a poet, a good poet, a beautiful poet! He knowed all about the world of imagination, and the realms of fancy; but he didn't know nothin' at all about this world of our'n, or the realm of England, or he never would have talked of the 'Pleasures of Hope' for an author. Lord bless you! let a dancin' gall come to the opera, jump six foot high, light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her stays a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-long-legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it will touch

Peel's heart in a giffy. This spinnin' jinny will be honored by the highest folks in the land, have diamond rings, goold snuff-boxes and pusses of money given her, and gracious knows what.

"Let Gineral Tom Thumb come to London, that's two foot nothin and the Kentucky boy that's eight foot somethin', and see how they will be patronised, and what a sight of honor they will have. Let Van Amburg come with his lion, make him open his jaws, and then put his head down his throat, and pull it out, and say, 'What a brave boy am I!' and kings and queens, and princes and nobles will come and see him, and see his lion feed, too. Did any on 'em ever come to see Campbell feed? he was a great lion this many a long day. Oh dear! he didn't know nothin', that's a fact; he thought himself a cut above them folks: it jist showed how much he know'd. Fine sentiments! Lord, who cares for them!

"Do you go to Nova Scotia now, and begin at Cape Sable, and travel all down to Cape Canso,—the whole length of the province, pick out the two best lines from his 'Hope,' and ask every feller you meet, 'did you ever hear these?' and how many will you find that has seen 'em, or heerd tell of 'em? Why a few galls that's sentimental, and a few boys that's a-courtin', spooney-like, that's all.

"But ax 'em this, 'Master, if that house cost five hundred dollars, and a barrel of nails five dollars, what would a good sizeable pig come to?—do you give it up?' Well, he'd come to a bushel of corn. Every man, woman, and child would tell you they heerd the clown say that to the circus, and that they mind they larfed ready to kill themselves. Grinnin' pays better nor rhymin', and ticklin' the ribs with fingers pleases folks more, and makes 'em larf more, than ticklin their ears with varses—that's a fact.

"I guess, when Campbell writ 'The Mariners of England,'—that will live till the Britisher's sailors get whipped by us so they will be ashamed to sing it—he thought himself great shakes; heavens and airth! he warn't half so big as Tom Thumb—he was jist nothin'. But let some foreign hussey, whose skin ain't clear and whose character ain't clear, and whose debts ain't clear, and who hante nothin' clear about her but her voice, let her come and sing that splendid song that puts more ginger into sailors than grog or prize-money, or anythin', and Lord! all the old admirals, and flag-officers, and yachtmen, and others that do onderstand, and all the lords, and ladies, and princes, that don't onderstand where the springs are in that song, that touch the chords of the heart—all on 'em will come and worship a'most; and some young Duke or another will fancy he is a young Jupiter, and come down in a shower of gold a'most for her, while the poet has 'The Pleasures of Hope' to feed on. Oh! I envy him, glorious man, I envy him his great reward; it was worth seventy years of 'hope,' was that funeral.

"He was well repaid—Peel held a string of the pall, Brougham

came and said, 'How damn cold the Abbey is!' the Duke of Argyle, Scotchman-like, rubbed his back agin Roubilliac's statue of his great ancestor, and thought it was a pity he hadn't migrated to Prince Edward's Island; D'Israeli said he was one of the 'Curiosities of Literature;' while Macaulay, who looks for smart things, said, 'Poor fellow, this was always the object of his ambition; it was his 'hope beyond the grave.'"

"Silence, Sir," said Mr. Hopewell, with more asperity of manner than I ever observed in him before; "silence, Sir. If you will not respect yourself, respect, at least, the solemnity of the place in which you stand. I never heard such unworthy sentiments before; though they are just what might be expected from a pedlar of clocks. You have no ideas beyond those of dollars and cents, and you value fame as you would a horse, by what it will fetch in ready money. Your observations on the noblemen and gentlemen who have done themselves honor this day, as well as the poet, by taking a part in this sad ceremony, are both indecent and unjust; while your last remark is absolutely profane. I have every reason to believe, Sir, that he had 'a hope beyond the grave.' All his writings bear the stamp of a mind strongly imbued with the pure spirit of religion: he must himself have felt 'the hope beyond the grave' to have described it as he has done; it is a passage of great beauty and sublimity.

> "'Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime
> Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
> Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,—
> When all the sister planets have decay'd;
> When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
> And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
> Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
> And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.'

"We have both done wrong to-day, my son; you have talked flippantly and irreverently, and I have suffered my temper to be agitated in a very unbecoming manner, and that, too, in consecrated ground, and in the house of the Lord. I am not disposed to remain here just now—let us depart in peace—give me your arm, my son, and we will discourse of other things."

When we returned to our lodgings, Mr. Slick, who felt hurt at the sharp rebuke he had received from Mr. Hopewell, recurred again to the subject.

"That was one of the old man's crotchets to-day, Squire," he said; "he never would have slipt off the handle that way, if that speech of Macaulay's hadn't a-scared him like, for he is as skittish as a two-year-old, at the least sound of such a thing. Why, I have heerd him say himself, the lot of a poet was a hard one, over and over again; and that the world let them fust starve to death, and then

built monuments to 'em that cost more money than would have made 'em comfortable all their born days. Many and many a time, when he used to make me say over to him as a boy 'Gray's Elegy,' he'd say, 'Ah! poor man, he was neglected till attention came too late.—When he was old and infarm, and it could do him no good, they made him a professor in some college or another;' and, then he'd go over a whole string—Mason, Mickle, Burns, and I don't know who all, for I ain't much of a bookster, and don't recollect;—and how often I've heerd him praise our Government for makin' Washington Irvin' an embassador, and say what an example we sot to England, by such a noble spontaneous act as that, in honorin' letters. I feel kinder hurt at the way he took me up, but I'll swear I'm right arter all. In matters and things of this world, I won't give up my opinion to him nor nobody else. Let some old gineral or admiral do something or another that only requires the courage of a bull, and no sense, and they give him a pension, and right off the reel make him a peer. Let some old field-officer's wife go follerin' the army away back in Indgy further than is safe or right for a woman to go,—git taken pris'ner, give a horrid sight of trouble to the army to git her back, and for this great service to the nation, she gits a pension of five hundred pounds a-year. But let some misfortunate devil of an author do—what only one man in a century can, to save his soul alive, write a book that will live—a thing that *does* show the perfection of human mind, and what do they do here?—let his body live on the 'Pleasures of Hope' all the days of his life, and his name live afterwards on a cold white marble in Westminster Abbey. They be hanged—the whole bilin' of them—them and their trumpery procession, too, and their paltry patronage of standin' by a grave, and sayin', 'Poor Campbell!'

"*Who the devil cares for a monument, that actilly desarves one?* He has built one that will live when that are old Abbey crumbles down, and when all them that thought they was honorin' him are dead and forgotten; his monument was built by his own brains, and his own hands, and the inscription ain't writ in Latin nor Greek, nor any other dead language, nother, but in a livin' language, and one, too, that will never die out now, seein' our great nation uses it—and here it is—

"'The Pleasures of Hope, by Thomas Campbell.'"

CHAPTER XLIX.

DON'T I LOOK PALE! OR, THE IRON GOD.

Mr. Slick having as usual, this morning, boasted of the high society he mingled with the preceding evening, and talked with most absurd familiarity of several distinguished persons, very much to the delight of his father, and the annoyance of Mr. Hopewell, the latter, at last, interrupted him with some very judicious advice. He told him he had observed the change that had come over him lately with very great regret; that he was altogether in a false position and acting an unnatural and absurd part.

"As a Republican," he said, "it is expected that you should have the simplicity and frankness of manner becoming one, and that your dress should not be that of a courtier, but in keeping with your character. It is well known here that you were not educated at one of our universities, or trained to official life, and that you have risen to it like many others of our countrymen, by strong natural talent. To assume, therefore, the air and dress of a man of fashion, is quite absurd, and if persisted in, will render you perfectly ridiculous. Any little errors you may make in the modes of life will always be passed over in silence, so long as you are natural; but the moment they are accompanied by affectation, they become targets for the shafts of satire.

"A little artificial manner may be tolerated in a very pretty woman, because great allowance is to be made for female vanity; but in a man, it is altogether insufferable. Let your conversation, therefore, be natural, and as to the fashion of your dress, take the good old rule—

> "'Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.'

In short, be Sam Slick."

"Don't be afeerd, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "I have too much tact for that. I shall keep the channel, and avoid the bars and shallows, I know. I never boast at all. Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better one. I never talk of society I never was in, nor never saw but once, and that by accident. I have too much sense for that; but I *am* actilly in the first circles here, quite at

home in 'em, and in speaking of 'em. I am only talkin' of folks I meet every day, see every day, and jaw with every day. I am part and passel of 'em. Now risin' sudden here ain't a bit stranger than men risin' with us. It's done every day, for the door is wide open here; the English ain't doomed to stand still and vegitate like cabbages, I can tell you; it's only colonists like Squire there, that are forced to do that. Why, they'll tell you of a noble whose grandfather was this, and another whose grandfather was that small beer; of one who was sired by a man that was born in our old Boston, and another whose great-grandfather was a farmer on Kenebec river, and if the family had remained colonist would have been snakin' logs with an ox-team to the Bangor mills, instead of being a minister for all the colonies, as he was not long ago. No, catch me a crackin' and a braggin' for nothin', and then tell me of it. I'm not a-goin' to ask every feller I meet, 'Don't I look pale?' like Soloman Figg, the tailor to St. John, New Brunswick—him they called the 'Iron God.'"

"Oh, oh, Sam!" said Mr. Hopewell, lifting up both hands, "that was very profane; don't tell the story if there's any irreverence in it, any flippancy, anything, in short, at all unbecoming. That is not a word to be used in vain."

"Oh, never fear, Minister, there is nothin' in the story to shock you; if there was, I'm not the boy to tell it to any one, much less to you, Sir."

"Very well, very well, tell the story then if it's harmless, but leave that word out when you can, that's a good soul!"

"Soloman Figg was the crittur that give rise to that sayin' all over New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, 'Don't I look pale?' and I calculate it never will die there. Whenever they see an important feller a-struttin' of it by, in tip-top dress, tryin' to do a bit of fine, or hear a crittur a-braggin' of great men's acquaintance, they jist puts their finger to their nose, gives a wink to one another, and say, 'Don't I look pale?' Oh, it's grand! But I believe I'll begin at the beginnin', and jist tell you both stories about Soloman Figg.

"Solomon was a tailor, whose tongue ran as fast as his needle, and for sewin' and talkin' perhaps there warn't his equal to be found nowhere. His shop was a great rondivoo for folks to talk politics in, and Soloman was an out-and-out Radical. They are ungrateful skunks are English Radicals, and ingratitude shows a bad heart; and in my opinion to say a feller's a Radical, is as much as to say he's everything that's bad. I'll tell you what's observed all over England, that them that make a fortin out of gentlemen, as soon as they shut up shop turn round, and become Radicals, and oppose them. Radicalism is like that Dutch word Spitzbube. It's everything bad biled down to a essence. Well, Soloman was a Radical—he was agin the Church, because he had no say in the appoint-

ment of the parsons, and couldn't bully them. He was agin lawyers 'cause they took fees from him when they sued him. He was agin judges, 'cause they rode their circuits and didn't walk. He was agin the governor, 'cause the governor didn't ask him to dine. He was agin the admiral, 'cause pursers had ready-made clothes for sailors, and didn't buy them at his shop. He was agin the army 'cause his wife ran off with a sodger—the only good reason he ever had in his life; in short, he was agin everything and everybody.

"Well, Soloman's day came at last, for every dog has his day in this world. Responsible government came, things got turned upside down, and Soloman turned up, and was made a magistrate of. Well, there was a Carolina refugee, one Captain Nestor Biggs, lived near him, an awful feller to swear, most o' those refugees were so, and he feared neither God nor man.

"He was a sneezer of a sinner was Captain Nestor, and always in law for everlastin'. He spent his whole pension in Court, folks said. Nestor went to Soloman, and told him to issue a writ agin a man. It was Soloman's first writ, so says he to himself, 'I'll write fust afore I sue; writin's civil, and then I can charge for letter and writ too, and I'm always civil when I'm paid for it. Mother did right to call me Soloman, didn't she?' Well, he wrote the letter, and the man that got it din't know what under the sun to make of it. This was the letter—

"'Sir, if you do not return to Captain Nestor Biggs, the Iron God of his, now in your possession, I shall sue you. Pos is the word. Given under my hand, Soloman Figg, one of her most gracious Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the County of St. John."

"Radicals are great hands for all the honors themselves, tho' they won't ginn none to others. 'Well,' sais the man to himself, 'what on airth does this mean?' So off he goes to the church parson to read it for him.

"'Dear me,' sais he, 'this is awful; what is this? I by itself, I-r-o-n—Iron, G-o-d—God. Yes, it is Iron God!—Have you got such a graven image?'

"Me,' sais the man, 'No: I never heard of such a thing.'

"'Dear, dear,' sais the parson, 'I always knew the captain was a wicked man, a horrid wicked man, but I didn't think he was an idolater. I thought he was too sinful to worship anything, even an iron idol. What times we live in, let's go to the Captain.'

"Well, off they sot to the Captain, and when he heerd of this graven image, he swore and raved—so the parson put a finger in each ear, and ran round the room, screamin' like a stuck pig. 'I'll tell you what it is, old boy,' says the Captain, a rippin' out some most awful smashers, 'if you go on kickin' up such a row here, I'll stop

your wind for you double-quick, so no mummery, if you please. Come along with me to that scoundrel, Solomon Figg, and I'll make him go down on his knees, and beg pardon. What the devil does he mean by talkin' of iron idols, I want to know.'

"Well, they went into Soloman's house, and Soloman, who was sittin' straddle-legs on a counter, a sewin' away for dear life, jumps down in a minit' ons shoes and coat, and shows 'em into his office, which was jist opposite to his shop. 'Read that, Sir,' sais the Captain, lookin' as fierce as a tiger; 'read that, you everlastin' radical scoundrel! did you write that infamous letter?' Soloman takes it, and reads it all over, and then hands it back, lookin' as wise as an owl. 'Its all right,' sais he. 'Right,' sais the Captain, and he caught him by the throat. 'What do you mean by my "Iron God," Sir? what do you mean by that, you infernal libellin', rebel rascal?' 'I never said it,' said Soloman. 'No, you never said it, but you wrote it.' 'I never wrote it; no, nor I never heerd of it.' 'Look at these words,' said the Captain, 'did you write them?' 'Well, well,' sais Soloman, 'they do spell alike, too, don't they; they are the identical same letters G-o-d, dog; I have spelt it backwards, that's all; it's the iron dog, Captain; you know what that is—don't you, Squire: it is an iron wedge sharped at one eend, and havin' a ring in it at t'other. It's drove into the but eend of a log, an' a chain is hooked to the ring, and the cattle drag the log eend-ways by it on the ground; it is called an iron dog.' Oh, how the Captain swore!"

"Well," said the Minister, "never mind repeating his oaths; he must have been an ignorant magistrate indeed not to be able to spell dog."

"He was a Radical magistrate of the Jack Frost school, Sir," said Mr. Slick. "The Liberals have made magistrates to England not a bit better nor Soloman, I can tell you. Well, they always called him arter that the Iron G——."

"Never mind what they called him," said Mr. Hopewell; "but what is the story of looking pale, for there is a kind of something in that last one that I don't exactly like? There are words in it that shock me; if you could tell the story without them, it is not a bad story; tell us the other part."

"Well, you know, as I was a sayin', when responsible government came to the Colonies, it was like the Reform bile to England, stirring up the pot, and a settin' all a fermentin', set a good deal of scum a floatin' on the top of it. Among the rest, Soloman, being light and frothy, was about as buoyant as any. When the House of Assembly met to Fredericton, up goes Soloman, and writes his name on the book at Government House—Soloman Figg, J. P. Down comes the Sargeant with a card, quick as wink, for the Governor's ball that night. Soloman warn't a bad lookin' feller at all;

and bein' a tailor, in course he had his clothes well made; and, take him altogether, he was jist a leetle nearer the notch than one half of the members was, for most on 'em was from the country, and looked a nation sight more like Caraboos than legislators; indeed the nobs about Fredericton always call them Caraboos.

"Well, his tongue wagged about the limberest you ever see; his head was turned, so he talked to every one; and at supper he eat and drank as if he never see vittals afore since he was weaned. He made a great night of it. Our Consul told me he thought he should have died a larfin' to see him: he talked about the skirts of the country, and the fork of the river, and button-hole connections, and linin' his stomach well, and basting the Yankees, and everything but cabbaging. No man ever heerd a tailor use that word, any more than they ever see a Jew eat pork. Oh! he had a reg'lar lark of it, and his tongue ran like a mill-wheel, whirlin' and sputterin' like anythin'. The officers of the —— regiment that was stationed there took him for a Member of Assembly, and seein' he was a character, had him up to the mess to dine next day.

"Soloman was as amazed as if he was jist born. 'Heavens and airth!' said he, 'responsible government is a great thin' too, ain't it. Here am I to Government House with all the big bugs and their ladies, and upper crust folks, as free and easy as an old glove. To-day I dine with the officers of —— regiment, the most aristocratic regiment we ever had in the Province. I wish my father had put me into the army; I'd rather wear a red coat than make one any time. One thing is certain, if responsible government lasts long, we shall all rise to be gentlemen, or else all gentlemen must come down to the level of tailors, and no mistake; one coat will fit both. Dinin' at a mess, eh! Well, why not? I can make as good a coat as Buckmaster any day.'

"Well, Soloman was rather darnted at fust by the number of sarvants, and the blaze of uniform coats, and the horrid difficult cookery; but champagne strengthened his eyesight, for every one took wine with him, till he saw so clear he strained his eyes; for they grew weaker and weaker arter the right focus was passed, till he saw things double. Arter dinner they adjourned into the barrack-room of one of the officers, and there they had a game of 'Here comes I, Jack upon hips.'

"The youngsters put Soloman, who had a famous long back, jist at the right distance, and then managed to jump jist so as to come right on him, and they all jumped on him, and down he'd smash with the weight; then they'd banter him for not bein' game, place him up agin in line, jump on him, and smash him down agin till he could hold out no longer. Then came hot whisky toddy, and some screechin' songs; and Soloman sung, and the officers went into fits, for he sung such splendid songs; and then his health was drunk, and Solo-

man made a speech. He said, tho' he had a '*stitch*' in the side from laughin,' and was '*sewed up*' a'most too much to speak, and was afraid he'd '*rip out*' what he hadn't ought, yet their kindness had '*tied*' him as with '*list*' to them for 'the *remnant*' of his life, and years would never '*sponge*' it out of his heart.

"They roared and cheered him so, a kinder confused him, for he couldn't recollect nothin' arter that, nor how he got to the inn; but the waiter told him four sodgers carried him in on a shutter. Next day, off Soloman started in the steam-boat for St. John. The officers had took him for a Member of Assembly, and axed him jist to take a rise out of him. When they larned the mistake, and that it was ready-made Figg, the tailor, they had been makin' free with, they didn't think it was half so good a joke as it was afore; for they seed one half of the larf was agin them, and only t'other half agin Soloman. They never tell the story now; but Soloman did and still does like a favorite air with variations. As soon as he got back to St. John, he went about to every one he knew, and said, 'Don't I look pale?' 'Why, no, I can't say you do.' 'Well, I feel used up enough to look so, I can tell you. I'm ashamed to say I've been horrid dissipated lately. I was at Government House night before last.'

"'You at Government House?' 'Me! to be sure; is there anything strange in that, seeing that the family compact is gone, the Fredericton clique broke up, and 'sponsible governments come? Yes, I was to Government House—it was such an agreeable party; I believe I staid too late, and made too free at supper, for I had a headache next day. Sad dogs them officers of the —— regiment; they are too gay for me. I dined there yesterday at their mess; a glorious day we had of it—free and easy—all gentlemen—no damn starch airs, sticking themselves up for gentlemen, but rael good fellers. I should have gone home arter mess, but there's no gettin' away from such good company. They wouldn't take *no* for an answer; nothin' must serve them but I must go to Captain ——'s room. 'Pon honor, 'twas a charming night. Jack upon hips—whisky speeches, songs and whisky again, till I could hardly reach home. Fine fellows those of the —— regiment, capital fellers; no nonsense about them; had their shell jackets on; a stylish thing them shell jackets, and not so formal as full dress nother. What a nice feller Lord Fetter Lane is; easy excited, a *thimble* full does it, but it makes him as sharp as a *needle*.'

"Then he'd go on till he met another friend; he'd put on a doleful face, and say, 'Don't I look pale?' 'Well, I think you do; what's the matter?' and then he'd up and tell the whole story, till it got to be a by-word. Whenever any one sees a feller now a-doin' big, or a-talkin' big, they always say, 'Don't I look pale?' as ready-made Figg said.

"Now, Minister, I am not like Soloman, I've not been axed by mistake, I'm not talkin' of what I don't know; so don't be afeerd, every one knows me; tante necessary for me, when I go among the toploftiest of the nation, to run about town the next day, sayin' to every man I meet, 'Don't I look pale?'"

CHAPTER L.

THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

THE last three days were devoted to visiting various mad-houses and lunatic asylums in London and its vicinity. In this tour of inspection we were accompanied by Dr. Spun, a distinguished physician of Boston, and an old friend of Mr. Hopewell's. After leaving Bedlam, the Doctor, who was something of a humorist, said there was one on a larger scale which he wished to show us, but declined giving the name until we should arrive at it, as he wished to surprise us.

Our curiosity was, of course, a good deal excited by some vague allusions he made to the condition of the inmates; when he suddenly ordered the carriage to stop, and conducting us to the entrance of a court, said, "Here is a pile of buildings which the nation has devoted to the occupation of those whose minds having been engrossed during a series of years by politics, are supposed to labor under monomania. All these folks," he said, "imagine themselves to be governing the world, and the only cure that has been discovered is, to indulge them in their whim. They are permitted to form a course of policy, which is submitted to a body of persons chosen for the express purpose, who either approve or reject it, according as it appears more or less sane, and who furnish or withhold the means of carrying it out, as they see fit.

"Each man has a department given to him, filled with subordinates, who, though not always the best qualified, are always in their right mind, and who do the working part of the business; the board of delegates, and of superior clerks, while they indulge them in their humor, as far as possible, endeavor to extract the mischievous part from every measure. They are, therefore, generally harmless, and are allowed to go at large, and there have been successive generations of them for centuries. Sometimes they become dangerous, and then the board of delegates pass a vote of 'want of confidence' in them, and they are all removed, and other imbeciles are substituted in their place, when the same course of treatment is pursued."

"Is a cure often effected?" said Mr. Hopewell.

"Not very often," said the Doctor; "they are considered as the most difficult to cure of any insane people, politics having so much of excitement in them; but now and then you hear of a man being perfectly restored to health, abandoning his ruling passion of politics, and returning to his family, and devoting himself to rural or to literary pursuits, an ornament to society, or a patron to its institutions. Lately, the whole of the inmates became so dangerous, from some annoyances they received, that the whole country was alarmed, and every one of them was removed from the buildings.

"In this Asylum, it has been found that harsh treatment only aggravates the disease. Compliance with the whim of patients soothes and calms the mind, and diminishes the nervous excitement Lord Glencoe, for instance, was here not long since, and imagined he was governing all the colonies. Constant indulgence very soon operated on his brain like a narcotic; he slept nearly all the time, and when he awoke, his attendant, who affected to be first clerk, used to lay before him despatches, which he persuaded him he had written himself, and gravely asked him to sign them: he was very soon permitted to be freed from all restraint. Lord Palmerstaff imagined himself the admiration of all the women in town, he called himself Cupid, spent half the day in bed, and the other half at his toilet; wrote all night about Syria, Boundary line, and such matters; or else walked up and down the room, conning over a speech for Parliament, which he said was to be delivered at the end of the session. Lord Wallgrave fancied he was the devil, and that the Church and the Bench were conspiring against him, and punishing his dearest friends and supporters, so he was all day writing out pardons for felons, orders for opening jails, and retaining prisoners, or devising schemes for abolishing parsons, making one bishop do the work of two, and so on. Lord M——"

Here, the words "Downing Street" caught my eye, as designating the place we were in, which I need not say contains the government offices, and, among others, the Colonial Office. "This," I said, "is very well for you, Dr. Spun, as an American, to sport as a joke, but it is dangerous ground for me, as a colonist and a loyal man, and, therefore, if you please, we will drop the allegory. If you apply your remark to all government offices, in all countries, there may be some truth in it, for I believe all politicians to be more or less either so warped by party feeling, by selfishness, or prejudices, that their minds are not altogether truly balanced; but I must protest against its restriction to the English government alone, as distinguished from others."

"I know nothing about any of their offices," said Mr. Hopewell, "but the Colonial office; and that certainly requires re-construction. The interests of the colonies are too vast, too various, and too com-

plicated, to be intrusted to any one man, however transcendant his ability, or persevering his industry, or extensive his information may be. Upon the sudden dissolution of a government, a new colonial minister is appointed: in most cases, he has everything to learn, having never had his attention drawn to this branch of public business, during the previous part of his political life; if this happens unfortunately to be the case, he never can acquire a thorough knowledge of his department, for during the whole of his continuance in office, his attention is distracted by various government measures of a general nature, which require the attention of the whole cabinet. The sole qualification that now exists for this high office is parliamentary influence, talent, and habits of business; but none of them separately, nor all of them collectively, are sufficient. Personal and practical experience for a series of years, of the people, and the affairs of the colonies, is absolutely indispensable to a successful discharge of duty.

"How many persons who have held this high office were either too indolent to work themselves, or too busy to attend to their duties, or too weak, or too wild in their theories, to be entrusted with such heavy responsibilities? Many, when they acted for themselves, have acted wrong, from these causes; and when they allowed others to act for them, have raised a subordinate to be a head of the office whom no other persons in the kingdom or the colonies but themselves would have entrusted with such important matters: it is, therefore, a choice of evils; colonists have either to lament a hasty or erroneous decision of a principal, or submit to the dictation of an upper clerk, whose talents, or whose acquirements are perhaps much below that of both contending parties, whose interests are to be bound by his decision."

"How would you remedy this evil?" I said, for it was a subject in which I felt deeply interested, and one on which I knew he was the most competent man living to offer advice.

"Every board," he said, "must have a head, and, according to the structure of the machinery of this government, I would still have a Secretary of State for the Colonies; but instead of under secretaries, I would substitute a board of control, or council, whichever board best suited, of which board he should be *ex-officio* President. It is thought necessary, even in a colony, where a man can both hear, and see, and judge for himself, to surround a governor with a council, how much more necessary is it to afford that assistance to a man who never saw a colony, and, until he accepted office, probably never heard of half of them, or if he has heard of them, is not quite certain even as to their geographic situation. It is natural that this obvious necessity should not have presented itself to a minister before: it is a restraint on power, and therefore not acceptable. He is not willing to trust his governors, and therefore gives

them a council; he is then unwilling to trust both, and reserves the right to approve or reject their acts in certain cases. *He* thinks *them* incompetent; but who ever supposed *he* was competent? If the resident governor, aided by the best and wisest heads in a colony, advised, checked, and sounded by local public opinion, is not equal to the task, how can a Lancashire or Devonshire member of Parliament be? Ask the weak or the vain, or the somnolent ones, whom I need not mention by name, and they will severally tell you it is the easiest thing in the world; we understand the principles, and our under secretaries understand the details; the only difficulty we have is in the ignorance, prejudice, and rascality of colonists themselves. Go and ask the present man, who is the most able, the most intelligent, the most laborious and eloquent one of them all, if there is any difficulty in the task to a person who sedulously strives to understand, and honestly endeavors to remedy colonial difficulties, and hear what he will tell you.

"'How can you ask *me* that question, Sir? When did you ever call and find me absent from my post? Read my despatches, and you will see whether I work; study them, and you will see whether I understand. I may not always judge rightly, but I endeavor always to judge honestly. You inquire whether there is any difficulty in the task. Can you look in my face and ask that question? Look at my care-worn brow, my hectic eye, my attenuated frame, my pallid face, and my premature age, and let them answer you. Sir, the labor is too great for any one man: the task is Herculean. Ambition may inspire, and fame may reward; but it is death alone that weaves the laurel round the brow of a successful colonial minister.'

"No, my good friend, it cannot be. No man can do the work. If he attempts it, he must do it badly; if he delegates it, it were better left undone: there should be a board of control or council. This board should consist in part of ex-governors and colonial officers of English appointment, and in part of retired members of assembly or legislative councillors, or judges, or secretaries, or other similar functionaries, being *native* colonists. All of them should have served in public life a certain number of years, and all should be men who have stood high in public estimation, not as popular men (for that is no test), but for integrity, ability, and knowledge of the world. With such a council, so constituted, and so composed, you would never hear of a Governor-General dictating the despatches that were to be sent to him, as is generally reported in Canada, with or without foundation, of Poulett Thompson. One of the best governed countries in the world is India; but India is not governed in Downing Street. Before responsible government can be introduced there, it must receive the approbation of practical men, conversant with the country, deeply interested in its welfare,

and perfectly competent to judge of its merits. India is safe from experiments; I wish you were equally secure. While your local politicians distract the attention of the public with their personal squabbles, all these important matters are lost sight of, or rather are carefully kept out of view. The only voice that is now heard is one that is raised to mislead, and not to inform; to complain without truth, to demand without right, and to obstruct without principle. Yes, you want a board of control. Were this once established, instead of having an office in Downing Street for the Secretary of State for the Colonies, which is all you now have, you would possess in reality what you now have nominally—'a Colonial Office.'"

CHAPTER LI.

BARNEY OXMAN AND THE DEVIL.

The manner and conduct of Colonel Slick has been so eccentric, that for several days past I have had some apprehensions that he was not altogether *compos mentis*. His spirits have been exceedingly unequal, being at times much exhilarated, and then subject to a corresponding depression. To-day, I asked his son if he knew what had brought him to England, but he was wholly at a loss, and evidently very anxious about him. "I don't know," he said, "what onder the sun fetched him here. I never heered a word of it till about a week afore he arrived. I then got a letter from him, but you can't make head or tail of it; here it is.

"'Dear Sam—Guess I'll come and see you for a spell; but keep dark about it. I hante been much from home of late, and a run at grass won't hurt me, I reckon. Besides, I have an idea that somethin' may turn up to advantage. At any rate, it's worth looking after. All I want is proof, and then I guess I wouldn't call old Hickory, or Martin Van, no, nor Captain Tyler nother, my cousin. My farm troubles me, for a farm and a wife soon run wild if left alone long. Barney Oxman has a considerable of a notion for it, and Barney is a good farmer, and no mistake; but I'm most afeerd he ain't the clear grit. Godward, he is very pious, but, manward, he is a little twistical. It was him that wrastled with the evil one at Musquash Creek, when he courted that long-legged heifer, Jerusha Eells. Fast bind, sure find, is my way; and if he gets it, in course, he must find security. I have had the rheumatiz lately. Miss Hubbard Hobbs, she that was Nancy Waddle, told me two teaspoonsful of brimstone, in a glass of gin, going to bed, for

three nights, handrunnin', was the onlyest thing in natur' for it. The old catamount was right for oncet in her life, as it cured me of the rheumatiz; but it cured me of gin, too. I don't think I could drink it any more for thinkin' of the horrid brimstone. It was a little the nastiest dose I ever took; still it's worth knowin'. I like simples better nor doctors' means any day. Sal made a hundred dollars by her bees, and three hundred dollars by her silk-worms, this year. It aint't so coarse that, is it? But Sal is a good girl, too good for that cussed idle fellow, Jim Munroe. What a fool I was to cut him down that time he got hung by the leg in the moose-trap you sot for him, warn't I? There is nothin' new here, except them almighty villains, the Loco Focos, have carried their man for governor; but this you will see by the papers. The wonder is what I'm going to England for; but that is my business, and not theirn. I can squat low and say nothin' as well as any one. A crittur that goes blartin' out all he knows to every one ain't a man in no sense of the word. If you haven't nothin' above partikelar to do, I should like you to meet me at Liverpool about the 15th of next month that is to be, as I shall feel considerable scary when I first land, seein' that I never was to England afore, and never could cleverly find my way about a large town at no time. If all eventuates right, and turns out well, it will sartinly be the making of the Slick family, stock, lock, and barrel, that's a fact. I most forgot to tell you about old Varginy, sister of your old Clay. I depend my life on that mare. You can't ditto her nowhere. There actilly ain't a beast fit to be named on the same day with her in all this county. Well, Varginy got a most monstrous fit of the botts. If she didn't stamp and bite her sides, and sweat all over like Statiee, it's a pity. She went most ravin' distracted mad with pain, and I actilly thought I'd a-lost her, she was so bad. Barney Oxman was here at the time, and sais he, 'I'll cure her, Colonel, if you will leave it to me.' 'Well,' sais I, 'do what you please, only I wish you'd shoot the poor crittur to put her out of pain, for I believe her latter eend has come, that's a fact.' Well, what does he do, but goes and gets half a pint of hardwood ashes and pours on to it a pint of vinegar, opens Varginy's mouth, holds on to her tongue, and puts the nose of the bottle in; and I hope I may never live another blessed minit, if it didn't shoot itself right off down her throat. Talk of a beer bottle bustin' it's cork, and walkin' out quick stick, why, it ain't the smallest part of a circumstance to it.

"'It cured her. If it warn't an *active* dose, then physic ain't medecine, that's all. It made the botts lose their hold in no time. It was a wonder to behold. I believe it wouldn't be a bad thing for a man in the cholera, for that ain't a bit wuss than botts, and nothin' in natur' can stand that dose—I ain't sure it wouldn't bust a byler. If I had my way, I'd physic them 'cussed Loco Focos with it; it

would drive the devil out of them, as drownin' did out of the swine that was possessed. I raised my turnips last year in my corn-hills at second hoeing; it saved labor, land, and time, and was all clear gain: it warn't a bad notion, was it? The Squash Bank has failed. I was wide awake for them; I knowed it would, so I drawed out all I had there, and kept the balance agin me. I can buy their paper ten cents to the dollar to pay with. I hope you have nothin' in the consarn. I will tell you all other news when we meet. Give my respects to Gineral Wellington, Victoria Queen, Mr. Everett, and all inquiring friends.

"'Your affectionate Father,

"'S. SLICK, Lieut. Col.'"

"There it is," said Mr. Slick. "He has got some crotchet or another in his head, but what the Lord only knows. To-day, seein' he was considerable up in the stirrups, I axed him plain what it actilly was that fetched him here. He turned right round fierce on me, and eyein' me all over, scorny like, he said, 'The Great Westerh, Sam, a tight good vessel, Sam—it was that fetched me over; and now you have got your answer, let me give you a piece of advice:—Ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.' And he put on his hat, and walked out of the room."

"Old men," I said, "love to be mysterious. He probably came over to see you, to enjoy the spectacle of his son moving in a society to which he never could have aspired in his most visionary and castle-building days. To conceal this natural feeling, he affects a secret. Depend upon it, it is merely to pique your curiosity."

"It may be so," said Mr. Slick, shaking his head, incredulously; "it may be so, but he ain't a man to pretend nothin', is father."

In order to change the conversation, which was too personal to be agreeable, I asked him what that story of wrastling with the evil one was, to which his father hinted in his letter.

"Oh, wrastling with the evil one," says he, it ain't a bad story that; didn't I ever tell you that frolic of 'Barney Oxman and the devil?'

"Well, there lived an old woman some years ago at Musquash Creek, in South Carolina, that had a large fortin' and an only darter. She was a widder, a miser, and a dunker. She was very good, and very cross, as many righteous folks are, and had a loose tongue and a tight puss of her own. All the men that looked at her darter she thought had an eye to her money, and she warn't far out o' the way nother, for it seems as if beauty and money was too much to go together in a general way. Rich galls and handsome galls are seldom good for nothin' else but their cash or their looks. Pears and peaches ain't often found on the same tree, I tell you. She lived

all alone a'most, with nobody but her darter and her in the house, and some old nigger slaves, in a hut near at hand; and she seed no company she could help. The only place they went to, in a gineral way, was meetin', and Jerusha never missed that, for it was the only chance she had sometimes to get out alone.

"Barney had a most beautiful voice, and always went there too, to sing along with the galls; and Barney, hearin' of the fortin of Miss Eels, made up to her as fierce as possible, and sung so sweet, and talked so sweet, and kissed so sweet, that he soon stood number one with the heiress. But then he didn't often get a chance to walk home with her, and when he did, she darsn't let him come in for fear of the old woman; but Barney warn't to be put off that way long. When a gall is in one pastur', and a lover in another, it's a high fence they can't get over, that's a fact.

"'Tell you what,' sais Barney, 'sit up alone in the keepin' room, Rushy dear, arter old mother has gone to bed, put out the light, and I'll slide down on the rope from the trap-door on the roof. Tell her you are exercised in your mind, and want to meditate alone, as the words you have heard this day have reached your heart.'

"Jerusha was frightened to death a'most, but what won't a woman do when a lover is in the way. So that very night she told the old woman she was exercised in her mind, and would wrastle with the spirit.

'"Do, dear,' says her mother, 'and you won't think of the vanities of dress, and idle company no more. You see how I have given them all up since I made profession, and never so much as speak of them now, no, nor even thinks of 'em.'

"Strange, Squire, ain't it! But it's much easier to cheat ourselves than cheat the devil. That old hag was too stingy to buy dress, but persuaded herself it was bein' too good to wear it.

"Well, the house was a flat-roofed house, and had a trap-door in the ceilin', over the keepin' room, and there was a crane on the roof, with a rope to it, to pull up things to spread out to dry there. As soon as the lights were all out, and Barney thought the old woman was asleep, he crawls up on the house, opens the trap-door, and lets himself down by the rope, and he and Jerusha sat down into the hearth in the chimney corner courtin', or as they call it in them diggins 'sniffin' ashes.' When daylight began to show, he went up the rope hand over hand, hauled it up arter him, closed to the trap-door, and made himself scarce. Well, all this went on as slick as could be for awhile, but the old woman seed that her daughter looked pale, and as if she hadn't had sleep enough, and there was no gettin' of her up in the mornin'; and when she did she was yawkin' and gapin', and so dull she hadn't a word to say.

"She got very uneasy about it at last, and used to get up in the night sometimes and call her darter, and make her go off to bed, and

oncet or twice came plaguy near catching of them. So what does Barney do, but takes two niggers with him when he goes arter that, and leaves them on the roof, and fastens a large basket to the rope, and tells them if they feel the rope pulled to hoist away for dear life, but not to speak a word for the world. Well, one night the old woman came to the door as usual, and sais, 'Jerusha,' says she, 'what on airth ails you, to make you sit up all night that way; do come to bed, that's a dear.' 'Presently, marm,' says she, 'I am wrastling with the evil one, now; I'll come presently.' 'Dear, dear,' sais she, 'you have wrastled long enough with him to have throwed him by this time. If you can't throw him now, give it up, or he may throw you.' Presently, marm,' sais her darter. 'It's always the same tune,' sais her mother, going off grumbling;—'it's always presently, presently;—what has got into the gall to act so? Oh, dear! what a pertracted time she has on it. She has been sorely exercised, poor girl.'

"As soon as she had gone, Barney larfed so he had to put his arm round her waist to steady him on the bench, in a way that didn't look onlike rompin', and when he went to whisper he larfed so he did nothin' but touch her cheek with his lips, in a way that looked plaguily like kissing, and felt like it too, and she pulled to get away, and they had a most reg'lar wrastle as they sat on the bench, when, as luck would have it, over went the bench, and down went both on 'em on the floor with an awful smash, and in bounced the old woman —'Which is uppermost?' sais she;—'Have you throw'd Satan, or has Satan throw'd you? Speak, Rushy; speak dear; who's throw'd?' 'I have throw'd him,' sais her darter; 'and I hope I have broke his neck, he acted so.' 'Come to bed, then,' sais she, 'darling, and be thankful; say a prayer backward, and'—jist then the old woman was seized round the waist, hoisted through the trap-door to the roof, and from there to the top of the crane, where the basket stopped, and the first thing she know'd she was away up ever so far in the air, swingin' in a large basket, and no soul near her.

"Barney and his niggers cut stick double quick, crept into the bushes, and went all round to the road in front of the house, just as day was breakin'. The old woman was then singin' out for dear life, kickin', and squealin', and cryin', and prayin', all in one, properly frightened. Down runs Barney as hard as he could clip, lookin' as innocent as if he'd never heerd nothin' of it, and pertendin' to be horrid frightened, offers his services, climbs up, releases the old woman, and gets blessed and thanked, and thanked and blessed till he was tired of it. 'Oh!' says the old woman, 'Mr. Oxman, the moment Jerusha throwed the evil one, the house shook like an airthquake, and as I entered the room he seized me, put me into a bas-

ket, and flew off with me. Oh, I shall never forget his fiery eyeballs, and the horrid smell of brimstone he had!'

"'Had he a cloven foot, and a long tail?' sais Barney. 'I couldn't see in the dark,' sais she, 'but his claws were awful sharp; oh, how they dug into my ribs! it e'en a'most took the flesh off—oh, dear! Lord have mercy on us! I hope he is laid in the Red Sea, now.' 'Tell you what it is, aunty,' sais Barney, 'that's an awful story, keep it secret for your life; folks might say the house was harnted—that you was possessed, and that Jerushy was in league with the evil one. Don't so much as lisp a syllable of it to a livin' sinner breathin'; keep the secret and I will help you.'

"The hint took, the old woman had no wish to be burnt or drown'd for a witch, *and the moment a feller has a woman's secret he is that woman's master.* He was invited there, stayed there, and married there; but the old woman never know'd who the 'evil one' was, and always thought till her dyin' day it was old Scratch himself. Arter her death they didn't keep it secret no longer; and many a good laugh has there been at the story of Barney Oxman and the devil."

CHAPTER LII.

REPUDIATION.

During the last week I went into Gloucestershire, for the purpose of visiting an old and much valued friend, who resides near Cirencester. In the car there were two gentlemen, both of whom were strangers to me, but we soon entered into conversation. One of them, upon ascertaining where I was from, made many anxious inquiries as to the probability of the Repudiating States ever repaying the money that had been lent to them by this country. He said he had been a great sufferer himself, but what he regretted much more than his own loss was, that he had been instrumental in inducing several of his friends to invest largely in that sort of stock. I told him I was unable to answer the question, though I thought the prospect rather gloomy; that if, however, he was desirous of procuring accurate information, I could easily obtain it for him, as the celebrated Mr. Slick, and a very distinguished American clergyman, were now in London, to whom I would apply on the subject.

"Mr. Slick!" he said, with much surprise, "is there, then, really such a person as Sam Slick? I always thought it a fictitious

character, although the man is drawn so naturally, I have never been able to divest myself of some doubts as to his reality."

"There is," I said, "*such a man as Mr. Slick*, and such a man as *Mr. Hopewell*, although those are not their real names; I know the persons well. The author has drawn them from life. *Most* of the anecdotes in those books called 'The Clockmaker,' and 'Attaché,' are real ones. The travelling parts of them are fictitious, and introduced merely as threads to string the conversations on, while the reasoning and humorous parts are only such as both those persons are daily in the habit of uttering, or would have uttered if the topics were started in their presence. *Both are real characters;* both have sat for their likeness, and those who know the originals as I do, are struck with the fidelity of the portraits.

"I have often been asked the question before," I said, "if there really was such a man as 'Sam Slick,' and the author assures me that that circumstance, which has frequently occurred to him also, he considers the greatest compliment that can been paid to his work, and that it is one of the reasons why there have been so many continuations of it."

He then asked my opinion as to the ballot; and I ridiculed it in no measured terms, as every man of experience does on both sides of the water; expressed a hope that it might never be introduced into England, to the character and feelings of whose inhabitants it was so much opposed; and bestowed on its abettors in this country some very strong epithets, denoting my contempt, both for their principles and their understanding.

At Bath he left us, and when the train proceeded, the other gentleman asked me if I knew who he was with whom I had been conversing, and on my replying in the negative, he said he took it for granted I did not, or I would have been more guarded in my language, and that he was delighted I had not known him, otherwise he would have lost a lesson which he hoped would do him good.

"That man, Sir," said he, "is one of the great advocates of the ballot here; and with the leaders of the party, has invested large sums of money in these State Stocks of which he was inquiring. They thought their money must be safe in a country that had vote by ballot—for that they conceived to be a remedy for all evils. In my opinion, vote by ballot, or rather universal suffrage, another of his favorite hobbies, is one of the reasons why they have lost it. He is one of those persons to whom you are indebted for the Republicanism lately introduced into your Colonial constitutions.

"At the time Lord Durham visited Canada, the United States were swarming with laborers, cutting canals, constructing railways, opening coal mines, building towns, and forming roads. In everything was life and motion; for English capital was flowing rapidly

thither under one delusion or another for investment, and had given an unnatural stimulus to every branch of industry, and every scheme of speculation: while in Canada, which was in a healthy and sound condition, all these things were in no greater progress than the ordinary wants of the country required, or the ordinary means of the people could afford.

"The moment these visionary and insane reformers saw this contrast, instead of deploring, as all good and sensible men did, a delirious excitement that could not but soon exhaust itself, and produce a long period of inanition and weakness, they seized upon it as a proof of their favorite scheme. 'Behold,' they said, 'the difference between a country that has universal suffrage and vote by ballot, responsible government and annual elections, and a British colony with a cumbrous English constitution. One is all life, the other all torpor. One enjoys a rapid circulation that reaches to every extremity, the other suffers under a feeble pulsation barely sufficient to support life. Read in this a lesson on free institutions, and doubt who can.'

"Having talked this nonsense for a long time, they began at last, like all credulous and weak people, to believe it themselves, and invested their money, for which they had no other but their favorite security, vote by ballot. How much is the security worth?—It is worth a thousand arguments, and will be comprehended, even by those who cannot appreciate the wit or feel the force of the reasoning of Sydney Smith. But I believe we part at this station. Good bye! Sir. I am happy to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

On my return to London, I took occasion one evening, when Mr. Slick and Mr. Hopewell were present, to relate this anecdote; and, turning to the former, asked him what prospect he thought there was of these "repudiated debts" being paid. To my surprise he did not answer, and I at once perceived he was in a "brown study." Though he had not heard what I said, however, he found there was a cessation of talk, and turning to me with an absent air, and twirling his moustache between his forefinger and thumb, he said, "Can you tell me what a (jäger) yaw-g-her is?"

I said, "It is a German word, and signifies a hunter. In the revolutionary war there was a regiment called Jägers."

"Ah," said he, "it's a beautiful dress they wear—very becoming—very rich. Me and the socdolager dined with one of the royal dukes lately, and he had several in attendance as servants—devilish handsome fellows they are too—I'me sorry I made that mistake, though—how much they look like officers and gentlemen—cussed awkward that em-yaugher—eh!—I don't know whether it's worth larnin' arter all—hem!" and was again abstracted.

Mr. Hopewell looked at him with great concern, drew a long sigh, and shook his head, as if much distressed at his behavior.

I renewed my inquiry, and put the same question to the Minister.

"Squire," he said, mournfully, "that is a painful subject either to contemplate or to talk upon. What they ought to do as honest men, there can be no doubt; what they will do is less certain. I have read the correspondence between one of our citizens and Sydney Smith. Those letters of Mr. Smith, or rather Smith I should say—for he is too celebrated a man for the appellation of "Mr."—will do more good in America than a fleet, or an ambassador, or even reprisals. We cannot stand ridicule—we are sensitively alive to European opinion, and these letters admit of but one answer—and that is, *payment*. An American is wrong in thinking of resorting to the pen. Repudiation cannot be justified—no, not even palliated. It is not insolvency, or misfortune, or temporary embarrassment, that is pleaded—it is a refusal to pay, and a refusal to pay a just debt, in public or private life, is—mince it as you will—*dishonest*. If the aged and infirm, the widow and the orphan, recover their just debts, and are restored once more to the comfort they have lost, they must never forget they are indebted to Sydney Smith for it.

"It is the first plunge that shocks the nerves. Men who have so little honor as to repudiate a debt, have altogether too little to retract their words and be honest. But if by repudiating, they lose more than the amount they withhold, a sordid motive may induce them to do that which a sense of right is unable to effect. Smith has put those States on their trial in Europe. If they do not pay, their credit and their character are gone for ever. If they do pay, but not till then, I will furnish them with the only extenuation their conduct is susceptible of."

"And pray what is that?" I said.

He replied, "I would reason this way; it is unfair to condemn the American people, as a nation, for the acts of a few States, or to punish a whole country for the fraudulent conduct of a part of the people. Every honest and right-minded man in our country deplores and condemns this act, as much as every person of the same description does in Europe. When we speak of American or English honor, we speak of the same thing; but when we speak of the honor of the American people, and of the English people, we speak of two different things, because the word people is not used in the same sense; in one case it is understood in a restricted form, and in the other in its most extensive signification. When we speak of the honor of an European, we don't mean the honor of a chimney-sweeper, or street-scraper, or cabman, or coal-heaver, or hodman, or such persons; but of those that are responsible for the acts of the people as a government. When we speak of the honor of an American citizen, we speak of every individual, high or low, rich or poor,

because, as all have the franchise, all are responsible for public acts. Take the same class with us that the word is applied to in England, and if the honor of that class is not equal to its corresponding one in Great Britain, I think I may say it will at least bear a very favorable comparison with it. The question of payment or non-payment, in the repudiating States, has been put to every male in those States over the age of twenty-one years, and repudiation has been the result.

"Put the question of the payment of the national debt to every adult in Great Britain, and let reformers inflame their minds and excite their cupidity, as they always do on such occasions, and what would be the result? I fear the holders of the old Three per Cents would find repudiation a word as well understood in Europe as it is in America. The almost universal suffrage in Canada is the cause of the ungenerous, ungrateful, and insatiable conduct of their reformers: all good men there acknowledge their degradation, and deplore it: but, alas! they cannot help it. Mankind are much the same everywhere; the masses are alike at least, ignorant, prejudiced, needy, and not over scrupulous. It is our misfortune then, rather than our fault; you will observe I am not justifying repudiation, far from it; but let us know where the fault lies, before we inflict censure—*It lies in our Institutions and not in our people;* it is worth all they have lost in England to know this, it is a valuable political lesson. Let them beware how they extend their franchise, or increase the democratic privileges.

"The Reform Bill has lowered the character of the House of Commons in exact proportion as it has opened it to the representatives of the lower orders. Another Reform Bill will lower the character of the people; it will then only require universal suffrage, and vote by ballot, to precipitate both the altar and the throne into the cold and bottomless abyss of democracy, and in the froth and worthless scum that will float on the surface will be seen among the fragments of their institutions, 'English repudiation.'"

"Give me your hand, Minister," said Mr. Slick: "Oh, you did that beautiful! Heavens and airth!—"

"Stop, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, "Swear not by Heaven, for it is *his* throne, nor by the earth, for it is *his* footstool."

"Well, then, lawful heart! land of Goshen! airth and seas! or, oh Solomon! take any one that will suit you; I wish you would lay down preachin' and take to politics, as Everitt did."

"I could not do it," he replied, "if I would; and I would not do it if I could."

"Well, I wish you had never taken up the trade of preachin'."

"Trade, Sam! do you call it a trade?"

"Well, art."

"Do you call it an art?"

"Well, call it what you like, I wish you had never been bred a preacher."

"I have no such wish. I do not, at the close of my life, desire to exclaim with Wolsey, 'Had I served my God with half the zeal I have served my king, he would not now have deserted me in my old age.'"

"You hante got a king, and nobody sarves a president, for he is nothin' but one of us, so you needn't be skeered, but I do wish you'd a-taken to politics. Good gracious, why can't Stephenson or Everitt talk as you do; why don't they put the nail in the right place, and strike it right straight on the head? The way you put that repudiation is jist the identical thing. Bowin' gallus polite, and sayin'—'Debt is all right, you ought to have it—a high tone of feelin'—very sorry—force of circumstances—political institutions—universal suffrage—happy country, England—national honor all in my eye—good bye!' How much better that is, than justifyin', or bullyin' or sayin' they are just as bad themselves, and only make matters wus; I call that now true policy."

"If you call that true policy, I am sorry for you," he replied; "because it is evident you are ignorant of a very important truth."

"What is that, Minister?"

"'*That honesty is always the best policy.*' Had this great moral lesson been more universally known, you never would have heard of '*Repudiation.*'"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE BACKLOG, OR COOLNESS

As we sat chatting together late last night, the danger of a fire at sea was talked of, the loss of the 'Kent' Indiaman, and the remarkable coolness of Colonel M'Grigor on that occasion was discussed, and various anecdotes related of calmness, presence of mind, and coolness, under every possible form of peril.

"There is a good deal of embellishment in all these stories," said Mr. Slick. "There is always a fact to build a story on, or a peg to hang it on, and this makes it probable; so that the story and its fictions get so mixed up, you can't tell at last what is truth and what is fancy. A good story is never spiled in the tellin', except by a crittur that don't know how to tell it. Battles, shipwrecks, highway robberies, blowed-up steamers, vessels a fire, and so on, lay a foundation as facts. Some people are saved—that's another fact to build on;—some captain, or passenger, or woman hante fainted, and that's

enough to make a grand affair of it. You can't hardly believe none of them, that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you a story that happen'd in a farm-house near to father's to Slickville, jist a common scene of common life, and no romance about it, that does jist go for to show what I call coolness:

"Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sanford; well, the old Squire and all his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool at other times as cucumbers. One night, old uncle Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know, Squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one.

"Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but just seized his ridin' whip, and gave him a'most an awful wippin'. He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend. 'Now,' said he, 'go, Sir, and bring in a proper backlog.'

"Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so, out he goes without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go to home and see his old father and mother agin, and show them he was alive and kickin', for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard of, or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down, and lights lit, and as he passed the keepin'-room winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an onmarciful wippin'. So, what does Gucom do, but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most hugaceous log (for he had grow'd to be a'most a thunderin' big feller then), and, openin' the door, he marches in, and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, sais he, 'Father, I've brought you in the backlog.'

"Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his eyes, that that great six-footer was the boy he had cow-hided, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more—he was quite onfakilized, and be-dumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and was iced down to freezin' point in no time.

"'What did you say?' sais he.

"'That I have brought you in the backlog, Sir, you sent me out for."

"'Well, then, you've been a d——'d long time a-fetchin' it,' sais he; 'that's all I can say. Draw the coals forrard, put it on, and then go to bed.'

"Now, that's a fact, Squire; I know'd the parties myself—and that's what *I do* call *coolness*—and no mistake!"

CHAPTER LIV.

MARRIAGE.

To-day, as we passed St. James's church, we found the streets in the neighborhood almost obstructed by an immense concourse of fashionable carriages. "Ah!" said Mr. Slick, "here is a splice in high life to-day. I wish to goodness I could scrouge in and see the gall. Them nobility women are so horrid hansum, they take the shine off all creation a'most. I'll bet a goose and trimmins she looks like an angel, poor thing! I'd like to see her, and somehow I wouldn't like to see her nother. I like to look at beauty always, my heart yarns towards it; and I do love women, the dear critturs, that's a fact. There is no musick to my ear like the rustlin' of petticoats; but then I pity one o' these high bred galls, that's made a show of that way, and decked out in first chop style, for all the world to stare at afore she is offered up as a sacrifice to gild some old coronet with her money, or enlarge some landed estate by addin' her'n on to it. Half the time it ain't the joinin' of two hearts, but the joinin' of two pusses, and a wife is chose like a hoss, not for her looks, but for what she will fetch. It's the greatest wonder in the world them kind o' marriages turn out as well as they do, all thin's considered. I can't account for it no way but one, and that is, that love that grows up slow will last longer than love that's born full grown. The fust is love, the last is passion. Fashion rules all here.

"These Londoners are about as consaited folks of their own ways as you'll find onder the sun a'most. They are always a-jawin' about good taste, and bad taste, and correct taste, and all that sort o' thin'. Fellers that eat and drink so like the devil as they do, it's no wonder that word 'taste' is for everlastin' in their mouth. Now, to my mind, atween you and me and the post, for I darn't say so here to company, they'd stare so if I did, but atween you and me, I don't think leadin' a gall out to a church chock full of company, to be

stared at, like a prize ox, by all the young bucks and the old does about town, to criticise, satirize, and jokerise on, or make prophecies on, a-pityin' the poor feller that's caught such an almighty tartar, or a-feelin' for the poor gall that's got such an awful dissipated feller; or rakin' up old stories to new-frame 'em as pictures to amuse folks with, (for envy of a good match always gets to pityin' 'em, as if it liked 'em, and was sorry for 'em,) and then to lead her off to a dejuney a la fussier; to hear her health drunk in wine, and to hear a whisper atween a man-woman and a woman-man, not intended to be heerd, except on purpose; and then posted off to some old mansion or another in the country; and all along the road to be the standin' joke of post-boys, footmen, and ladies' maids, and all them kind o' cattle; and then to be yoked together alone with her lover in that horrid large, lonely, dismal house, shut up by rain all the time, and imprisoned long enough to git shockin' tired of each other; and then to read her fate on the wall in portraits of a long line of ancestral brides, who came there bloomin', and gay, and young like her, and in a little while grew fat and old, or skinny and thin, or deaf, or blind, (women never get dumb,) and who sickened and pined and died, and went the way of all flesh; and she shudders all over, when she thinks in a few years some other bride will look at her pictur', and say, 'What a queer looking woman that is! how unbecomin' her hair is done up!' and then, pi'ntin' to her bustle, say to her bridesmaid in a whisper, with a scorny look, 'Do you suppose that mountain was a bustle, or was she a Hottentot Venus, grandpa' married?' and bridesmaid will say, 'Dreadful looking woman! and she squints, too, I think;' then to come back to town to run into t'other extreme, and never to be together agin, but always in company, havin' a great horror of that long, lone, tiresome honey-moon month in the country; —all this ain't to my mind, now, jist the best taste in the world nother. I don't know what you may think, but that's my humble opinion, now that's a fact. We make everlastin' short work of it sometimes. It reminds me of old uncle Peleg I was a-tellin' you of last night, who acted so cool about the backlog. He was a magistrate to Slickville, was Squire Peleg; and by our law Justices of the Peace can splice folks as well as Ministers can. So, one day Slocum Outhouse called there to the Squire's with Deliverance Cook. They was well acquainted with the Squire, for they was neighbors of his, but they was awful afeerd of him, he was such a crotchical, snappish, odd, old feller. So, after they sot down in the room, old Peleg sais, 'You must excuse my talkin' to-day, friend Outhouse, for,' sais he, 'I'm so almighty busy a-writin'; but the women-folks will be in bime bye; the'r jist gone to meetin'.' 'Well, sais Slocum, 'we won't detain you a minit, Squire; me and Deliverance come to make declaration of marriage, and have it registered.' 'Oh! goin' to be married,' sais he; 'eh? that's right, marry in haste and repent at

leisure. Very fond of each other now; quarrel like the devil by and bye. Hem! what cussed fools some folks is;' and he never sais another word, but wrote and wrote on, and never looked up, and there they sot and sot, Slocum and poor Deliverance, a-lookin' like a pair of fools; they know'd they couldn't move him to go one inch faster than he chose, and that he would have his own way at any rate; so, they looked at each other and shook their heads, and then looked down and played with their thumbs, and then they scratched their pates, and put one leg over t'other, and then shifted it back agin, and then they looked out o' the winder, and counted all the poles in the fence, and all the hens in the yard, and watched a man a-ploughin' in a field, goin' first up and then down the ridge; then Slocum coughed, and then Deliverance coughed, so as to attract old Squire's attention, and make him 'tend to their business; but no, nothing would do: he wrote, and he wrote, and he wrote, and he never stopped, nor looked up, nor looked round, nor said a word. Then Deliverance looked over at the Squire, made faces, and nodded and motioned to Outhouse to go to him, but he frowned and shook his head, as much as to say, 'I darsn't do it, dear, I wish you would.'

"At last she got narvous, and began to cry out of clear sheer spite, for she was good stuff, rael steel, put an edge on a knife a'most; and that got Slocum's dander up,—so he ups off of his seat, and spunks up to the old Squire, and sais he, 'Squire, tell you what, we came here to get married; if you are a-goin' for to do the job well and good, if you ain't, say so, and we will go to some one else.' 'What job,' sais old Peleg, a-lookin' up as innocent as you please. 'Why, marry us,' sais Slocum. 'Marry you!' sais he, 'why d—n you, you was married an hour and a-half ago, man. What are you a-talkin' about? I thought you was a-goin' to spend the night here, or else had repented of your bargain;' and he sot back in his chair, and larfed ready to kill himself. 'What the devil have you been waitin' for all this time?' sais he; 'don't you know that makin' declaration, as you did, is all that's required?—but come, let's take a glass of grog. Here's to your good health, Mr. Slo*cum*, or *Slow-go*, as you ought to be called, and the same to you, Deliverance. What a nice 'name you've got, too, for a bride;' and he larfed agin till they both joined in it, and larfed, too, like anythin'; for larfin' is catchin', you can't help it sometimes, even suppose you are vexed.

"'Yes,' sais he, 'long life and as much happiness to you both as you can cleverly digest;' and then he shook hands with the bride, and whispered to her, and she colored up, and looked horrid pleased, and sais, 'Now, Squire, pos*itive*ly, you ought to be ashamed, that's a fact.'

"Now," said Mr. Slick, "a feller that ain't a fool, like Slocum, and don't know when he *is* married, can get the knot tied without fuss or loss of time with us, can't he?—Yes, I don't like a show

affair like this. To my mind, a quiet, private marriage, like that at Uncle Peleg's is jist about the right thing."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, "I am surprised to hear you talk that way. As to the preference of a quiet marriage over one of these public displays, I quite agree with you. But you are under a great mistake in supposing that you dare not express that opinion in England, for every right-minded person here will agree with you. *Any opinion that cannot be expressed here must be a wrong one, indeed; the judgment, the feeling, and the taste of society is so good!* But still the ceremony should always be performed in the church, and as I was saying, I'm surprised to hear you approve of such an affair as that at Squire Peleg's office. Making marriage a mere contract, to be executed like any other secular obligation, before the civil magistrate, is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the devil to loosen moral obligations that I know of at all.

"When I tell you the Whigs were great advocates for it here, I am sure I need not give you its character in stronger language. Their advent to office depended on all those opposed to the church; everything, therefore, that weakened its influence or loosened its connection with the State, was sure to obtain their strenuous assistance. Transferring this ceremony from the church to the secular power was one of their popular kites; and to show you how little it was required by those who demanded it, or how little it was valued when obtained, except in a political point of view, I need only observe that the number of magisterial marriages is on the decrease in England, and not on the increase.

"The women of England, much to their honor, object to this mode of marriage. Intending to fulfil their own obligations, and feeling an awful responsibility, they desire to register them at the altar, and to implore the blessing of the Church, on the new career of life into which they are about to enter, and at the same time they indulge the rational and well-founded hope that the vows so solemnly and publicly made to them before God and man will be more strictly observed, in proportion as they are more deeply considered, and more solemnly proclaimed. There are not many things that suggest more important considerations than that connection which is so lightly talked of, so inconsiderately entered into, and so little appreciated as—Marriage."

CHAPTER LV.

PAYING AND RETURNING VISITS.

"WHICH way are you a-goin', Squire?" said Mr. Slick, who saw me preparing to go out this morning.

"I am going," I said, "to call on an old schoolfellow that is now living in London. I have not seen him since we sat on the same benches at school, and have been unable to ascertain his address until this moment."

"Could he have ascertained your address?"

"Oh, yes, easily; all the Nova Scotians in town know it; most of the Canada merchants, and a very large circle of acquaintance. Many others who did not know so well where to inquire as he does, have found it."

"Let me see," he replied, "how long have we been here?—Four months.—Let him be, then; he ain't worth knowin', that feller—he hante a heart as big as a pea. Oh! Squire, you don't know 'cause you hante travelled none; but I do, 'cause I've been everywhere a'most, and I'll tell you somethin' you hante experienced yet. Ain't there a good many folks to Halifax, whose faces you know, but whose names you don't, and others whose mugs and names you know, but you don't parsonally know them?—certainly. Well, then, s'pose you are in London, or Paris, or Canton, or Petersburg, and you suddenly come across one o' these critturs, that you pass every day without lookin' at or thinkin' of, nor knowin' or carin' to know when you are to home—What's the first thing both of you do, do as you suppose? Why run right up to each other, out paws, and shake hands, till all is blue again. Both of you ax a bushel of questions, and those questions all lead one way—to Nova Scotia, to Halifax, to the road to Windsor;—then you try to stay together, or travel together; and if either of you get sick, tend each other; or get into scrapes, fight for each other. Why? because you are countrymen—countymen—townsmen—because you see home wrote in each other's face as plain as anything; because each of you is in t'other's eyes a part of that home, a part that when you are in your own country you don't vally much; because you have both nearer and dearer parts, but still you have a kind of nateral attraction to each other, as a piece of home; and then that awakens all the kindly feel-

in's of the heart, and makes it as sensitive and tender as a skinned eel. But, oh, dear me! if this *piece* of home happens to be an old schoolfeller, don't it awaken idees, not only of home, but idees long since forgotten of old time? *Memory acts on thought like sudden heat on a dormant fly, it wakes it from the dead, puts new life into it, and it stretches out its wings and buzzes round as if it had never slept.* When you see him, don't the old schoolmaster rise up before you as nateral as if it was only yesterday? and the school-room, and the noisy, larkin', happy holidays, and you boys let out, racin, yelpin', hollerin', and whoopin', like mad, with pleasure; and the play-ground, and the game at bass in the fields, or hurly on the long pond on the ice, or campin' out a-night at Chester lakes to fish—catchin' no trout, gettin' wet thro' and thro' with rain like a drown'd rat—eat up body and bones by black flies and muschetoes, returnin' tired to death, and callin' it a party of pleasure; or riggin' out in pumps for dancin' schools, and the little fust loves for the pretty little galls there, when the heart was romantic and looked away ahead into an avenue of years, and seed you and your little tiny partner at the head of it, driven in a tandem sleigh of your own, and a grand house to live in, and she your partner through life; or else you in the grove back o' the school, away up in a beech tree, settin' straddle-legged on a limb with a jack-knife in your hand, cuttin' into it the two fust letters of her name—F. L., fust love; never dreamin' the bark would grow over them in time on the tree, and the world, the flesh, and the devil, rub them out of the heart in arter years also. Then comes robbin' orchards and fetchin' home nasty puckery apples to eat, as sour as Greek, that stealin' made sweet; or gettin' out o' winders at night, goin' down to old Ross's, orderin' a supper, and pocketin' your——fust whole bottle of wine. Oh! that fust whole bottle christened the man, and you woke up sober next mornin', and got the fust taste o' the world—sour in the mouth—sour in the stomach—sour in the temper, and sour all over;—yes, that's the world. Oh, Lord! don't them and a thousand more things rush right into your mind, like a crowd into a theatre seein' which can get in fust. Don't it carry you back afore sad realities, blasted hopes, and false hearts had chilled your affections.

"Oh, dear! you don't know, 'cause in course you hante travelled none, and can't know, but I do. Lord! meetin' a crittur away from home that way, has actilly made me pipe my eye afore now. Now a feller that don't feel this, that was to school with you, and don't yarn towards you, that is a-sojournin' here and knows *you* are here, and don't run full clip to you and say, 'Oh, how glad I am to see you! Come and see me as often as you can;—can't I do anything for you, as I know town better nor you do? Is there anything I can show you? Oh! how glad I've been to see your name in the papers—to hear folks praise your books—to find you've got on in the

world. Well, I'm glad of it for your sake—for the sake of the school and old Nova Scotia, and then how's so and so? Does A drink as hard as ever; is B as busy a-skinnin' a sixpence? and C as fond of horse racing? They tell me D is the most distinguished man in New Brunswick, and so on—eh? What are you a-doin' to-day, come and dine with me?—engaged; to-morrow?—engaged; next day?—engaged. Well, name a day—engaged every day for a fortnight. The devil you are;—at this rate I shan't see you at all. Well, mind you are engaged to me for your Sunday dinner every Sunday you are in town, and as much oftener as you can. I'll drop in every mornin' as I go to my office about breakfast time and give you a hail—I have an appointment now. Good bye! old feller, devlish glad to see you;' and then returnin' afore he gets to the door, and pattin' you on the shoulders, affectionate like, he'd say with a grave face—"Good heavens! how many sad recollections you call up! How many of our old schoolfellows are called to their long account!—eh? Well, I am right glad to see *you* agin safe and sound, wind and limb, at any rate—good bye!'

"Yes, Squire, every pleasure has its pain, for pain and pleasure are like the Siamese twins. They have a nateral cord of union, and are inseparable. Pain is a leetle, jist a leetle smaller than t'other, is more narvous, and, in course, twice as sensitive; you can't feel pleasure without feelin' pain, but that ain't the worst of it nother; for git on t'other side of 'em, and you'll find you can often feel pain without as much as touching pleasure with the tip eend of your finger. Yes, the pleasure of seein' you brings up to that crittur that pang of pain that shoots through the heart. 'How many of our old schoolfellers are called to their long accounts!'

"How nateral that was! for, Squire, of all that we knew when young, how few are really left to us! the sea has swallowed some, and the grave has closed over others; the battle-field has had its share, and disease has marked out them that is to follow.

"Ah me! *we remember with pleasure*, we *think* with *pain*. But this crittur—heavens and airth! what's the sea, the grave, the battle-field, or disease, in comparison of him? Them's nateral things; but here's a feller without a heart; it has been starved to death by the neglect of the affections.

"Oh! Squire, if you'd a-travelled alone in distant countries as I have, you'd a-knowed it's a great relief in a foreign land to meet one from home, and open the flood-gate, and let these thoughts and feelin's out; for when they are pent up they ain't healthy, and breed home-sickness, and that's an awful feelin'; *and the poorer a country is folks come from, the more they are subject to this complaint.* How does he know you ain't home-sick, for that ain't confined to no age? How does he know there never was a man in the world met with so much kindness in London as you have, and from entire strangers

too, and that you don't need him or his attentions? How does he know I am with you, that can talk a man dead? He don't know, and he don't care. Now, as he hante been near you, and you here four months, he ain't worth a cuss; he ain't nateral, and a crittur that ain't nateral ain't worth nothin'. Cut him as dead as a skunk; say as Crockett did, 'you may go to h—l, and I'll go to Texas.' If I was you I wouldn't tell that story, it tante no credit to Nova Scotia, and your countrymen won't thank you a bit for it, I can tell you.

"Oh! Squire, I am 'most afraid sometimes there ain't no sich thing as rael friendship in the world. I am a good natered crittur, and always was, and would go to old Nick to sarve a friend. Father used to say I was like a saw horse, my arms was always open; and I'd find in the eend I'de be sawed up myself for my pains. Faith! if I'm in trouble or keeled up with sickness, every feller has an excuse; one's goin' to marry a wife, another to buy a yoke of oxen, and a third sais it will cost him sixpence. Doin' a man a favor is no way to make a friend: the moment you lay him under an obligation you've sold him. An obligation is a horrid heavy thing to carry. As soon as he buckles it on and walks a little way, he sais, 'Well, this is a-most a devil of a heavy pack to carry; I'm e'en a'most tired to death. I'll sit down and rest;' so down he pops and laments his hard fortin. Then he ups and tries it again, and arter joggin' on a space, sais, 'Plague take the strap, how it cuts into the shoulder, don't it? I must stop agin and fix it.' Then he takes a fresh departur', and grumbles and growls as he goes on like a bear with a sore head, and sais, 'Oh! my sakes, am I to carry this infarnal bundle all my life long? Why it will kill me, its so everlastin' almighty heavy, that's a fact. I must stop to drink, for I am 'nation thirsty.' Well, he slips it off, and lays down and takes a drink, and then gets up and stretches himself, and sais, 'Well, I feel a great deal better, and lighter too, without that 'tarnal knapsack. I'll be shot if I'll take it up agin, see if I do; so there now!' and he jist gives it a kick into the brook and walks on without it, a free man, whistlin' as he goes that old psalm tune, 'O! be joyful, all ye lands!'

"Nothin' is so heavy to carry as gratitude. Few men have strength enough to bear the weight long, I can tell you. The only way that I know to make a feller your friend is to kick him. Jist walk into the street, look out a good countenanced crittur that you think you'd like, seize him by the scruff of the neck, hold him out to arm's-length, and kick him into a jelly a'most, and when you've done, turn him round, stare him in the face, look puzzled like, and say, 'I beg your pardon, I am very sorry, but I took you for so and so; I'll make you any compensation in the world: I feel quite streaked, I do indeed.' 'I'll tell you what it is, *my friend*,' he'll say—he'll call you friend at oncet—'tell you what, my friend, another time, when you assault a man, be sure that you get hold of the right one. A mistake

of this kind is no joke, I assure you.' 'My *dear friend*,' sais you—for you'll call him dear friend at once—'you can't feel more ugly about it than I do; I'm grieved to death."

"You and him will be sworn friends afterwards for ever and a day, see if you ain't; he has been kicked into an intimacy; an obligation sells one out of it. We may like those we have injured, or that have injured us, 'cause it is something we can forgive or forget. We can't like those that have done us a favor, for it is a thing we never forgive. *Now, what are ceremonials but ice-houses that keep affections cold, when the blood is at a high temperature?* Returnin' calls by leavin' cards; what sense is there in that? It consumes good card-board, and wastes valuable time. Doctors are the only people that understand payin' and returnin' visits. I shall never forget a story brother Josiah, the Doctor, told me once about the medical way of visitin'. I was a-goin' once from Charleston to Baltimore, and sais Josiah, 'Sam,' sais he, 'when do you go?' 'To-morrow,' sais I, 'at eight.' 'I'll go with you,' he sais; 'I want to make a mornin' call there.' 'A mornin' call,' sais I; 'it's a plaguy long way to go for that, and considerable costly, too, unless it's a gal you want to see, and that alters the case. Are you so soft in the horn as to go all that distance jist to leave a card?' 'Sam,' he sais, do you recollect when we was to night-school to old Minister, his explainin' what ellipsis was?' 'No, I never heerd of it afore, is it a medicine?' 'Medicine! what a fool you be.' 'Well, what the plague is it then,' sais I, 'is it French?' 'Why, Sam, do you recollect one single blessed thing you ever larnt to school?' 'Yes, I do,' sais I, 'I larnt that a man who calls his brother a fool is apt to git knocked down, in the first place, and is in danger of somethin' worse hereafter, a plaguy sight stronger nor your doctor's stuff.' 'Don't you recollect ellipsis?' sais he; 'it's somethin' to be onderstood but not expressed.' 'Well, I think I do mind it, now you mention it,' sais I. 'Well,' sais he, 'doctors' visits are ellipsis visits, there is a good deal onderstood but not expressed. I'll tell you how it is: I've got business at the bank at Baltimore. Well, I go there, do my business up all tight and snug, and then go call on Doctor Flagg. Flagg sais, 'How are you, Slick? when did you come, eh? glad to see you, old fellow. Come with me, I have a most interestin' case; it's a lady; she gobbles her food like a hen-turkey, and has got the dispepsy. I don't like to talk to her about chawin' her food fine, and boltin', for I'm afeerd of offendin' her; so I give her medicine to do the work of her teeth.' 'Oh!' sais I, 'I take'—and I goes with him to see her; he tells me her treatment afore her, jist as if he had never mentioned it, and as grave as if he was in airnest. 'Excellent,' I say,—'nothin' could be better; that infusion of quassia chips is somethin' new in practice, that I take to be a discovery of your own.' He sais, 'Yes; I rather pride myself on it.' 'You

have reason,' I say.—'I think, madam,' sais I, 'there is some plethora here. I would recommend you to comminuate your food into a more attenuated shape, for the peristallic action is weak.'—We return, and he slips a twenty-dollar bill into my hands; as we go out the front door, he winks and sais, 'Do you stay to-morrow, Slick, I have another case.'—'No, thank you, I'm off at daylight.'

"When he comes to Charleston I *return* the visit, *my* patients fee *him*, and travellin' costs neither of us a cent. Its done by ellipses, it ain't all put down in writin', or expressed in words, but its onderstood.

"No, Squire, *friendship is selfishness half the time.* If your skunk of a blue-nose friend could a-made anythin' out o' you, he'd a-called on you the day arter you arrived. Depend upon it that crittur onderstands ellipses, and its the principle he acts on in *making* and *returning visits.*"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE CANADIAN EXILE.—PART I.

YESTERDAY we visited the Polytechnic, and on our return through Regent Street I met a person whose face, although I did not recognize it, reminded me so strongly of some one I had seen before, that my attention was strongly attracted towards him by the resemblance. The moment he saw me he paused, and taking a second look at me, advanced and offered me his hand.

"It is many years since we met, Mr. Poker," he said. "I observe you do not recollect me, few of my old friends do, I am so altered. I am Major Furlong."

"My dear Major," I said, "how do you do? I am delighted to see you again; pray how is all your family, and especially my dear young friend, Miss Furlong?"

A dark shadow passed suddenly across his face, he evaded the question, and said he was glad to see me looking so well; and then inquiring my address, said he would take an early opportunity of calling to see me.

I am a blunderer, and always have been. Every man knows, or ought to know, that after a long interval of absence he should be cautious in asking questions about particular individuals of a family, lest death should have invaded the circle in the meantime, and made a victim of the object of his inquiry. It was evident that I had opened a wound not yet healed, and instead of giving pleasure, had inflicted pain. A stumbling horse is incurable, a blundering man, I

fear is equally so. One thing is certain, I will never hereafter inquire for any one's health in particular, but after the family generally. I now understand the delicate circumspection of Mr. Slick's phraseology, who invariably either asks, "How is all to home today?" or "How is all to home in a gineral way, and yourself in particular, to day?" I will be cautious for the future. But to return to my narrative, for as I grow older I find my episodes grow longer. I said we should dine at home that day, at our lodgings, 202, Piccadilly (I insert the number, gentle reader, because I recommend Mr. Weeks, of 202, to your particular patronage), and that Mr. Hopewell and myself would be most happy to see him at seven, if he would favor us with his company. "Weeks," I said, "is a capital purveyor. I can promise you an excellent bottle of wine, and you will meet 'Mr. Slick.'" Neither the good wine, of which I knew him to be an excellent judge, nor the humor of "the clockmaker," which, eight years before, he so fully appreciated and so loudly applauded, appeared to have any attractions for him; he said he should be most happy to come, and took his leave. Happy!—how mechanically we use words! how little we feel what we say when we use phrases which fashion has prescribed, instead of uttering our thoughts in our own way, or clothing them in their natural apparel! Happy! Poor man, he will never again know happiness, until he reaches that place "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Who the plague is that horrid solemncoly man?" said Mr. Slick when I rejoined him; "he looks as if he had lost his last shillin', and as it was the only survivin' one out of twenty, which made the round sum of the family, he was afeered he should not get another. Who the plague is he? London ain't no place for a man to be in who is out of the tin, I can tell you."

"He is Major Furlong, of the——regiment," I said. "When I first became acquainted with him, eight years ago, he was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia; he was one of the most agreeable men I ever met, and was a general favorite with his brother officers and the people of *the west end of the town*. He was a married man, and had two daughters grown up, and two sons at school."

"He was married, was he?" said Mr. Slick. "Well, we find, in our sarvice when a feller is fool enough to accommodate himself with a wife, it is time for the country to disaccommodate itself of him. I don't know how it is in your sarvice, seein' that when I was to Nova Scotia I was only a clockmaker, and, in course, didn't dine at mess; but I know how 'tis in our'n. We find now and then the wives of officers of marchin' regiments, the very delightful critturs, not always the most charmin' women in the world arter all. A little money and no beauty, or a little beauty and no money, or a little interest and nothin' else, are the usual attractions to idle or speculatin' men who

want to drive a tandem or to sport a belle. Nor is every married man by any means either the most sensible or the most agreeable of his corps neither. Sensible, he cannot be, or he would not have married. The gaudy tinsel of military life soon tarnishes, and when poverty shows thro' it like a pictur'-frame when the gildin' is worn off, it sours the temper too much to let 'em be agreeable. Young subalterns should never be sent on detachments to country quarters in our great Republic. This duty should be done either by sargints or old field officers. A sargint cannot marry without obtainin' permission, and is therefore safe; and if an old officer takes to drinkin' at their out-o'-the-way posts, in Maine or Florida, as he probably will, and kill himself in his attempts to kill time, the regiment will be more efficient, by bein' commanded by younger and smarter men. To die in the sarvice of one's country is a glorious thing, but to die of a wife and ten children, don't excite no pity, and don't airn no praise, I'll be shot if it does. To expose a young man to the snares and spring-traps of match-makin' mothers, and the charms of idle uneducated young gals in country quarters, is as bad as erectin' barracks on marshy grounds that are subject to fever and ague. It renders the corps unfit for duty. To be idle is to be in danger, and to be idle in danger is sure and certain ruin. Officers stationed at these outposts have nothing to do but to admire and be admired—to sport and to flirt. They fish every day, and are fished for every evenin', and are, in course, as we say in the mackarel line, too often 'hook'd in.' If the fish is more valuable than the bait, what must the bait be, where so little value is placed on the fish? This is the reason that we hear of so many solemncoly instances of blasted prospects, of unhappy homes, of discontented, or dissipated husbands, and reckless or broken-hearted wives. Indeed, marriage in the army should be aginst the regulations of the service. A man can't serve two mistresses—his country and his wife. It sp'iles a good soldier to make a bad husband; but it changes a woman wuss, for it convarts her, by changing Holton ice and snows for Alabama's heats and fevers, into a sort of Egyptian mummy. She dries as much, but she don't keep so well. Lord! how I pity an officer's wife, that's been dragged about from pillar to post that way. In a few years, her skin is as yaller as an orange, or as brown as mahogany. She looks all eyes and mouth, as if she could take her food whole, and as thin and light in the body as a night-hawk. She gets mannish, too, from bein' among men so much, and her talk gets a sportin' turn, instead of talk of the feminine gender. She tells stories of hosses, and dogs, and huntin', and camps, and our young fellers, as she calls the boy officers, and their sprees. She sees what she hadn't ought to see, and hears what she hadn't ought to hear, and knows what she oughtn't to know, and sometimes talks what she hadn't ought to talk. It e'en a jist sp'iles her in the long run. And the children—poor little

wretches!—what a school a barracks is for them!—What beautiful new oaths the boys larn, and splendid leetle bits and scraps of wickedness they pick up from the sodgers and sodger boys; and the leetle galls, what nice leetle stories they hear; and what pretty leetle tricks they larn from camp women, and their leetle galls! And if there ain't nothin' but the pay, what an everlastin' job it is to alter frocks, and razee coats, and coax down stockin's for them. A gold epaulette on the shoulder, and a few coppers in the pocket, makes poverty farment till it gets awful sour; and silk gowns and lace collars, and muslin dresses and feathers, for parties abroad, and short allowance for the table to home, makes gentility not very gentle sometimes. When the galls grows up, its wuss. There is nobody to walk with, or ride with, or drive with, or sing with, or dance with, but young officers. Well, it ain't jist easy for poor marm, who is up to snuff, to work it so that they jist do enough of all this to marry; and yet not enough talkin' to get talked of themselves—to get a new name afore they have sp'ilt their old one, and jist walk the chalks exactly. And then, what's wuss than all, its a roost here, and a roost there, and a wanderin' about everywhere; but there ain't *no home*—no leetle flower-garden—no leetle orchard—no leetle brook—no leetle lambs—no leetle birds—no pretty leetle rooms—with pretty leetle nick-knackery on 'em; but an empty barrack-room; cold, cheerless lodgin's, that ain't in a nice street; or an awful door, and awful bad inn. Here, to-day, and gone to-morrow—to know folks, but to forget 'em—to love folks, but to part from 'em—to come without pleasure, to leave without pain; and, at last—for a last will come to every story—still no home. Yes! there is a home, too, and I hadn't ought to forget it, tho' it is a small one.

"Jist outside the ramparts, in a nice little quiet nook, there is a little grass mound, the matter of five or six feet long, and two feet wide or so, with a little slab at one eend, and a round stone at t'other eend; and wild roses grow on it, and some little birds build there and sing, and there ain't no more trouble then. Father's house was the *fust home*—but that was a gay, cheerful, noisy one; this is a quiet, silent, but very safe and secure one. It is the *last home!!* No, Sir! matrimony in the army should be made a capital offence, and a soldier that marries, like a man who desarts his post, should be brought to a court-martial, and made an immediate example of, for the benefit of the sarvice. Is that the case in your regiments?"

"I should think not," I said; "but I do not know enough of the army to say whether the effects are similar or not; but, as far as my little experience goes, I should say the picture is overdrawn, even as regards your own. If it be true, however, Mrs. Furlong was a delightful exception; she was as amiable as she was beautiful, and had a highly cultivated and a remarkably well regulated mind. I had not the good fortune to make their acquaintance when they first

arrived, and in a few months after we became known to each other, the regiment was ordered to Canada, where I lost sight of them. I had heard, indeed, that he had sold out of the army, purchased an estate near Prescott, and settled on it with his family. Soon after that, the rebellion broke out, and I was informed that his buildings had been destroyed by the reformers, but I never learned the particulars. This was all that I could recall to my mind, and to this I attributed his great alteration of manner and appearance." Punctually at seven, the Major arrived for dinner. The conversation never rose into cheerfulness by a reference to indifferent subjects, nor sunk into melancholy by allusion to his private affairs, but it was impossible not to see that this even tenor was upheld by a great exertion of moral courage. During the evening, Mr. Hopewell, who only knew that he was a half-pay officer that had settled in Canada, unfortunately interrogated him as to the rebellion, and the share he had taken, if any, in suppressing it, when he told us the melancholy story related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE CANADIAN EXILE.—PART II.

"You are aware, Mr. Poker," said Major Furlong, "that shortly after I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at Halifax, my regiment was ordered to Canada; I was stationed in the upper province, the fertility and beauty of which far exceeded any accounts I had ever heard of it. Our next tour of duty was to be in the West Indies. My poor Amelia shuddered at the thought of the climate, and suggested to me, as our family was getting to be too expensive to remove so often, to terminate our erratic life by settling in Canada. A very favorable opportunity occurring soon after, I sold out of the army, purchased a large tract of land, erected a very pretty cottage, and all necessary farm buildings, and provided myself with as many cattle of the best description as the meadow-land would warrant me in keeping. In a short time I was very comfortably settled, and my wife and daughters were contented and happy. We had not only all the necessaries and comforts of life about us, but many of the luxuries, and I congratulated myself upon having turned my sword into a ploughshare. This state of things, however, was not doomed to last long. So many unwise concessions had been recently made by the Colonial Office to local demagogues, that they became emboldened in their demands, and the speeches of Roebuck and

Hume, in Parliament, and a treasonable letter of the latter, which had been widely circulated through the country, fanned the flame of discontent until it broke out into open rebellion. They gave themselves the very appropriate title of 'Patriots,' 'Reformers,' and 'Liberals'—names that are always assumed when the deception and delusion of the lower orders is to be attempted. They were desperate men, as such people generally are, destitute of property, of character, or of principle, and as such found a warm sympathy in the scum of the American population, the refuse of the other colonies, and the agitators in England. A redress of grievances was their watchword, but fire and murder were their weapons, and plunder their real object. The feeble Government of the Whigs had left us to our own resources—we had to arm in our own defence, and a body of my neighbors, forming themselves into a volunteer corps, requested me to take the command. The cuties we had to perform were of the most harassing nature, and the hardships we endured in that inclement season of the year baffle all description and exceed all belief. I soon became a marked man—my life was threatened, my cattle were destroyed, and my family frequently shot at. At last the Reformers seized the opportunity of my absence from home with the volunteers, to set fire to my house, and as the family escaped from the flames, to shoot at them as they severally appeared in the light of the fire. My eldest daughter was killed in attempting to escape, the rest reached the woods, with the slight covering they could hastily put on in their flight, where they spent the night in the deep snow, and were rescued in the morning, nearly exhausted with fatigue and terror, and severely frostbitten.

"During all this trying period, my first care was to provide for my houseless, helpless family; I removed them to another and more tranquil part of the country, and then resumed my command. By the exertions and firmness of M'Nab, and the bravery and loyalty of the British part of the population, the rebellion was at last put down, and I returned to my desolate home. But, alas! my means were exhausted—I had to mortgage my property to raise the necessary funds to rebuild my house and re-stock my farm, and, from a state of affluence, I found myself suddenly reduced to the condition of a poor man. I felt that my services and my losses, in my country's cause, gave me a claim upon the Government, and I solicited a small country office, then vacant, to recruit my finances.

"Judge of my surprise, when I was told that I was of different politics from the local administration, which had recently been formed from the disaffected party; that I was a loyalist; that the rebels must be pacified—that the well understood wishes of the people must be considered, a large portion of whom were opposed to Tories, Churchmen, and Loyalists; that the rebels were to be pardoned, conciliated, and promoted; and that I had not the necessary

qualifications for office, inasmuch as I was a gentleman, had been in arms against the people, upheld British connection, and was a monarchist. This I could have borne. It was a sad reverse of fortune, it is true; my means were greatly reduced, my feelings deeply wounded, and my pride as a man and an Englishman severely mortified. I knew, however, I was in no way the cause of this calamity, and that I still had the fortitude of a soldier and the hope of a Christian. But, alas! the sufferings my poor wife endured, when driven, at the dead of night, to seek shelter in the snowdrifts from her merciless pursuers, had thrown her into a decline, and day by day I had the sad and melancholy spectacle before my eyes of this dear and amiable woman, sinking into the grave with a ruined constitution and a broken heart. Nor was I suffered to remain unmolested myself, even when the rebellion had ceased. Murder, arson, and ruin had not yet glutted the vengeance of these remorseless Reformers. I constantly received threatening letters; men in disguise were still occasionally seen lurking about my premises, and three several times I was shot at by these assassins. Death at last put an end to the terrors and sufferings of poor Amelia, and I laid her beside her murdered daughter. Having sold my property, I left the country with the little remnant of my fortune, and sought refuge in my native land with my remaining daughter and two sons. Good heavens! had I taken your advice, which still rings in my ears, I should have escaped this misery. 'Don't settle in Canada,' you said, 'it is a border country; you are exposed to sympathisers without, and to patriots within—below you is treason, and above you is Durhamism. Years and Whigs must pass away, and Toryism and British feeling return, before tranquillity will be restored in that unhappy country.' Remarkable prophecy! wonderfully fulfilled! Oh! had I taken your advice, and gone among Turks and infidels, obedience to the laws would have, at all events, insured protection; and defending the government, if it had not been followed by reward, would at least not have incurred displeasure and disgrace. But, alas! I had been bred a soldier, and been taught to respect the British flag, and, unhappily, sought a home in a colony too distant for a British army to protect or British honor to reach. My poor dear sainted wife—my poor murdered daughter may——"

Here, overcome by his feelings, he covered his face with his hands, and was dreadfully and fearfully agitated. At last, springing suddenly up in a manner that brought us all to our feet, he exhibited that wildness of eye peculiar to insanity, and seizing me with wonderful muscular energy by the arm, he pointed to the corner of the room, and screamed out "There! there! do you see it?—look, look!—it is all on fire!—do you hear those cursed rifles?—that's Mary in the light there!" and then raising his voice to a fearful pitch, called out, "Run! for God's sake; run, Mary, to the shade,

or they'll shoot you!—make for the woods!—don't stop to look behind!—run, dear, run!"—and then suddenly lowering his tone to a harsh whisper, which still grates in my ears as I write, he continued, "There! look at the corner of that barn—do you see that Reformer standing in the edge of the light?—look at him!—see him!—good Heavens! he is taking aim with his rifle!—she's lost, by G—d!" and then shouting out again "Run, Mary!—run to the shade;" and again whispering "Do you hear that? He has fired—that's only the scream of fright—he missed her—run! run!" He shouted again. "One minute more, and you are safe—keep to the right;" and then pressing my arm with his hand like a vice, he said, "They have given him another rifle—he is aiming again—he has shot her!—by Heavens, she's killed!" and springing forward, he fell on the floor at full length in a violent convulsion fit, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth in a dreadful manner.

"This is an awful scene!" said Mr. Hopewell, after the Major had been undressed, and put to bed, and tranquillity in some measure restored again. "This is a fearful scene. I wonder how much of this poor man's story is correct, or how much is owing to the insanity under which he is evidently laboring.—I fear the tale is too true. I have heard much that confirms it. What a fearful load of responsibility rests on the English Government of that day, that exposed the loyal colonists to all these horrors; and then regarded their fidelity and valor, their losses and their sufferings, with indifference—almost bordering on contempt. It was not always thus. After the American Revolution, the British gave pensions to the provincial officers, and compensation to those who had suffered for their loyalty. Fidelity was then appreciated, and honored. But times have sadly changed. When I heard of the wild theories Lord Durham propounded, and the strange mixture of absolutism and democracy prescribed by the quackery of Thompson, I felt that nothing but the advent of the Tories would ever remedy the evils they were entailing on the colonies. Removed they never can be, but they can be greatly palliated: and a favorable change has already come over the face of things. A man is no longer ashamed to avow himself loyal; nor will his attachment to his Queen and country be any longer, I hope, a disqualification for office. I trust the time has now arrived, when we shall never again hear of—*A Canadian Exile!*"

CHAPTER LVIII.

WATERING PLACES.

Mr. Hopewell having gone into the country for a few weeks, to visit some American families, the Attaché and myself went to Brighton, Leamington, Cheltenham, and some minor watering-places, for the purpose of comparing them with each other; as also with Saratoga and other American towns of a similar kind. "As a stranger, Mr. Slick, and a man of small means," I said, "I rather like a place like Cheltenham. The country around is very beautiful, the air good; living very cheap, amusement enough provided, especially for one so easily amused as myself. And then there is less of that chilly and repulsive English reserve than you find elsewhere."

"Well," said Mr. Slick, "I like 'em, and I don't like 'em; kinder sort o' so, and kinder sort of not so, but more not so nor so. For a lark, such as you and me has had, why, it's well enough; and it ain't bad as a place for seein' character; but I wouldn't like to live here, somehow, all the year round. They have but four objects in view here, and them they are for everlastin' a-chasin' arter—health or wealth—life or a wife. It would be fun enough in studyin' the folks, as I have amused myself many a day in doing, only them horrid solemncoly-lookin' people that are struck with death, and yet not dead—totterin', shakin', tremblin', crawlin', and wheelin' about, with their legs and feet gone, wheezin', coffin', puffin' and blowin', with their bellowses gone—feelin', leadin,' stumblin', and tumblin', with their eyes gone—or trumpet-eared, roarin', borein, callin', and bawlin', with their hearin' gone,—don't let you think of nothin' else. These, and a thousand more tricks, death plays here, in givin' notice to quit, makes me feel as if I might be drafted myself some fine day into the everlastin' corps of veteran invalids, and have to put on the uniform, and go the rounds with the awkward squad. Oh, dear! for a feller like me, that's always travelled all my life as hard as ever I could lick, or a horse like old Clay could carry me, for to come at the eend of the journey to wind up the last stage, with a leetle four-wheeled waggon, and a man to drag me on the side-path! What a skary kind of thought it is, ain't it? Oh, dear! it's sot one o' my feet asleep already, only a-thinkin' of it—it has, upon my soul! Let's

walk to the seat over there, where I can sit and kick my heel, for positively, my legs is gittin' numb. I wonder whether palsy is ketchin'? The sick and the well here ought to have a great caucus meetin', and come to an onderstandin'. Them that's healthy should say to t'others, 'Come now, old fellows, let's make a fair division of these places. If you are sick, choose your ground, and you shall have it. Do you want sea air? Well, there is Brighton, you shall have it; it's a horrid stupid place, and just fit for you, and will do your business for you in a month. Do you want inland air? Well, there is Leamington or Cheltenham—take your choice. Leamington, is it? Well then, you shall have it; and you may take Herne Bay and Bath into the bargain; for we want to be liberal, and act kindly to you, seein' you aint well. Now there's four places for you—mind you stick to 'em. If you go anywhere else, you shall be transported for life, as sure as rates. Birds of a feather flock together. All you sick folks go there, and tell your aches and pains, and receipts, and quack medicines to each other. It's a great comfort to a sick man to have some feller to tell his nasty, dirty, shockin' stories about his stomach to; and no one will listen to you but another sick man, 'cause when you are done, he's a-goin' to up and let you have his interestin' history. Folks that's well, in gineral always vote it a bore, and absquotolate—they won't listen, that's a fact. They jist look up to the sky, as soon as you begin,—I suffer dreadfully with bile,—and say,—Oh! it's goin' to rain, do go in, as you have been takin' calomel; and they open a door, shove you into the entry, and race right off as hard as they can clip. Who the devil wants to hear about bile? Well, then, as you must have somebody to amuse you, we will give you into the bargain a parcel of old East Indgy officers, that ain't ill and ain't well; ripe enough to begin to decay, and most likely are a little too far gone in places. They won't keep good long; its likely old Scratch will take 'em sudden some night; so you shall have these fellers. They lie so like the devil they'll make you stare, that's a fact. If you only promise to let them get on an elephant hunt arter dinner, they'll let you tell about your rumatics, what you're rubbed in, and took in, how 'cute the pain is, and you may grin and make faces to 'em till you are tired: and tell 'em how you didn't sleep; and how shockin' active you was once upon a time when you was young; and describe all about your pills, plaisters, and blisters, and everythin'. Well, then, pay 'em for listenin', for it desarves it, by mountin' them for a tiger hunt, and they'll beguile away pain. I know, they will tell such horrid thumpers. Or you can have a boar hunt, or a great sarpent hunt, or Suttees, or anythin'. Three lines for a fact, and three volumes for the romance. Airth and seas! how they lie! There are two things every feller leaves in the East, his liver and his truth. Few horses can trot as fast as they can invent; yes, you may have

these old 'coons, and then when you are tied by the leg and can't stir, it will amuse you to see them old sinners lookin' onder gals' bonnets, chuckin' chambermaids onder the chin, and winkin' impedent to the shop-woman, not 'cause it pleases women, for it don't—young heifers can't abide old fellers—but 'cause it pleases themselves to fancy they are young. Never play cards with them, for if they lose they are horrid cross and everlastin' sarsy, and you have to swaller it all, for it's cowardly to kick a feller that's got the gout; and if they win, they make too much noise a-larfin, they are so pleased.'

"'Now there is your four waterin' places for you; stick to 'em, don't go ramblin' about to every place in the kingdom, a'most, and sp'ile 'em all. We well folks will stick to our own, and let you be; and you ill folks must stick to your'n, and you may get well, or hop the twig, or do what you like; and we'll keep well, or hop the broomstick, or do anythin' we like. But let's dissolve partnership, and divide the stock at any rate. Let January be January, and let May be May. But let's get a divorce, for we don't agree over and above well.'

"Strange! Squire, but extremes meet. When society gets too stiff and starch, as it is in England, it has to onbind, slack up, and get back to natur.' Now these waterin' places are the relaxin' places. They are damp enough to take the starch all out. Resarve is thrown off. It's bazaar day here all the time; pretty little articles to be sold at high prices. *Fashion keeps the stalls, and fools are the purchasers.* You may suit yourself with a wife here if you are in want of such a piece of furniture; or if you can't suit yourself, you may get one, at any rate. You can be paired, if you don't get matched, and some folks think if critturs have the same action, that's all that's wanted in matin' beasts. Suitin' is difficult. Matrimony is either heaven or hell. It's happiness or misery; so be careful. But there is plenty of critturs, such as they be, in market here. If you are rich, and want a poor gal to spend your cash, here she is, ready and willin'—flash edicated, clap-trap accomplishments—extravagant as old Nick—idees above her station—won't stand haglin' long about your looks, she don't care for 'em; she wants the carriage, the ——, the town-house, the park, and *the tin.* If you are poor, or got an estate that's dipt up to the chin, and want the one thing needful, there's an heiress. She is of age now—don't care a snap of her finger for her guardian—would like a title, but must be married, and so will take you, if you get yourself up well. She likes a handsum man.

"Everythin' here is managed to bring folks together. The shop must be made attractive now, or there is no custom. Look at that chap a-comin' along, he is a popular preacher. The turf, club, and ball-managers have bribed him; for he preaches agin horse-

racin', and dancin', and dress, and music, and parties, and gaieties, with all his might and main; calls the course the Devil's common, and the Assembly-room Old Nick's levee. Well, he preaches so violent, and raves so like mad agin 'em, it sets all the young folks crazy to go arter this forbidden fruit, right off the reel, and induces old folks to fetch their gals where such good doctrine is taught. There is no trick of modern times equal to it. It's actilly the makin' of the town. Then it jist suits all old gals that have given up the flash line and gay line, as their lines got no bites to their hooks all the time they fished with them, and have taken the serious line, and are anglin' arter good men, pious men, and stupid men, that fancy bein' stupid is bein' righteous. So all these vinegar cruits get on the sideboard together, cut out red flannel for the poor, and caps for old women, and baby-clothes for little children; and who go with the good man in their angel visits to the needy, till they praise each other's goodness so they think two such lumps of goodness, if j'ined, would make a'most a beautiful large almighty lump of it, and they marry. Ah! here comes t'other feller. There is the popular doctor. What a dear man *he* is!—the old like him, and the young like him; the good like him, and the not so gooder like him; the well like him, and the ill like him, and everybody likes him. *He never lost a patient yet.* Lots of 'em have died, but then they came there on purpose to die; they were done for in London, and sent to him to put out of pain; but he never lost one since he was knee-high to a goose. He onderstands delicate young gals' complaints most beautiful that aint well, and are brought here for the waters. He knows nothin' is the matter of 'em but the visitin fever;' but he don't let on to nobody, and don't pretend to know; so he tells Ma' she must not thwart her dear gal: she is narvous, and won't bear contradiction—she must be amused, and have her own way. He prescribes a dose every other night of two pills, made of one grain of flour, two grains of sugar, and five drops of water, a-goin to bed; and—that its so prepared she can't take cold arter it, for there ain't one bit of horrid mercury in it. Then he whispers to Miss 'dancin' is good exercise; spirits must be kept up by company. All natur is cheerful; why shouldn't young gals be? Canary birds and young ladies were never made for cages; tho' fools make cages for them sometimes.' The gal is delighted and better, and the mother is contented and happy. They both recommend the doctor, who charges cussed high,' and so he ought: he made a cure, and he is paid with great pleasure. There is another lady, a widder, ill, that sends for him. He sees what she wants with half an eye, he is so used to symptoms. She wants gossip. 'Who is Mr. Adam?' sais she. 'Is he of the family of old Adam, or of the new family of Adam, that lives to Manchester?' 'Oh, yes! the family is older than sin, and as rich too," sais he. 'Who is that lady he walked with yesterday?' 'Oh! *she* is mar-

ried,' sais doctor. Widder is better directly. 'The sight of you, *dear* doctor, has done me good; it has revived my spirits: do call agin.' 'It's all on the narves, my dear widder,' sais he. 'Take two of these bread and sugar pills, you will be all right in a day or two; and, before goin' into company, take a table spoonful of this mixture. It's a new exilaratin' sedative' (which means it's a dram of parfumed spirits). 'Oh! you will feel as charmin' as you look.' Widder takes the mixture that evenin', and is so brilliant in her talk, and so sparklin' in her eyes, old Adam is in love with her, and is in a fair way to have his flint fixed by this innocent Eve of a widder. No sooner out of widder's house than a *good lady* sends for him. He laments the gaiety of the town—it's useless for him to contend against the current: he can only lament. How can invalids stand constant excitement? Tells a dreadful tale of distress of a poor orphan family, (not foundlin's, and he groans to think there should be such a word as a foundlin'; for doctors ain't sent for to announce their arrival to town, but only ugly old nurses,) but children of pious Christian parents. He will introduce the Rev. Mr. Abel, of the next parish, a worthy young man (capital living, and great expectations): he will show you where the family is. 'Is his wife with him?' 'Oh, Lord love you! he is not married, or engaged either!' The *good* lady is *better* already. 'Good bye! dear doctor; pray come soon agin and see me.'

"He is a cautious man—a prudent man—a 'cute man, he always writes the rich man's London Physician, and approves of all he has done. That doctor sends him more dyin' men, next train, to give the last bleedin' to. It don't do to send your patients to a crittur that ondervalues you, it tante safe. It might hurt you to have a feller goin' out of the world thinkin' you had killed him, and a-roarin' at you like mad, and callin' you every name he could lay his tongue to, it's enough to ruin practice. Doctor, therefore, is punctilious and gentleman-like, he ain't parsonal, he praises every London doctor individually and separately, and only d—ns 'em all in a lump. There is a pic-nic, if you like. That will give you a chance to see the gals, and to flirt. There's an old ruin to visit and to sketch, and there's that big castle; there's the library and the fruit-shop, and I don't know what all: there's everything a'most all the time, and what's better, new-comers every day. I can't say all this jist exactly comes up to the notch for me. It may suit you, Squire, all this, but it don't altogether suit my taste, for, in the fust place, it tante always fust chop society there. I don't see the people of high life here jist as much as I'm used to in my circles, unless they 're sick, and then they don't want to see me, and I don't want to see them. And in the next place, I can't shake hands along with death all the time without gettin' the cold shivers. I don't mind old fellers goin' off the hook a bit, 'cause it's in the course of natur'. Arter a critter

can't enjoy his money, it's time he took himself off, and left it to some one that can; and I don't mind your dissipated chaps, who have brought it on 'emselves, for it sarves 'em right, and I don't pity 'em one mossel. That old sodger officer, now, with claret-colored cheeks, who the plague cares about him? he ain't no good for war, he is so short-winded and gouty; and ain't no good for peace, he quarrels so all day. Now if he'd step off, some young feller would jist step in, that's all. And there's that old nabob there. Look at the curry powder and mullgatony soup a-peepin' through his skin. That feller exchanged his liver for gold. Well, it's no consarn of mine. I wish him joy of his bargain, that's all, and that I had his rupees when he is done with 'em. The worms will have a tough job of him, I guess, he's so dried with spices and cayenne. It tante that I am afeerd to face death, though, for I ain't, but I don't like it, that's all. I don't like assyfittety, but I ain't afeerd on it—Fear! Lord! a man that goes to Missarsippi like me, and can run an Alligator steamer right head on to a Sawyer, high pressure engine, valve sawdered down, three hundred passengers on board, and *every* soul in danger, ain't a coward. It takes a *man*, Squire, I tell you. No, I ain't afeerd, and I ain't spooney nother; and though I don't like to see 'em, it don't sp'ile my sleep none, that's a fact. But there is folks here, that a feller wouldn't be the sixteenth part of a man if he didn't feel for with all *his* heart and soul. Look over there, now, on that bench. Do you see that most beautiful gal there?—ain't she lovely? How lily fair she is, and what a delicate color she has on her cheek; that ain't too healthy and coarse, but interestin'-like, and in good taste, not strong contrasts of red and white, like a milk-maid, but jist touched by nature's own artist's brush, blended, runnin' one into the other so, you can't tell where one eends and t'other begins! And then her hair, how full and rich, and graceful them auburn locks be! ain't they? That smile too! it's kinder melancholy sweet, and plays round the mouth, sort of subdued like moonlight. But the eye, how mild and brilliant, and intelligent and good it is! Now, that's what I call an angel, that. Well, as sure as you and I are a-talkin', she is goin' to heaven afore long. I know that gal, and I actilly love her—I do, indeed. I don't mean as to courtin' of her, for she wouldn't have the like of me on no account. She is too good for me or any other feller that's knocked about the world as I have. *Angels didn't visit the airth arter sin got in*, and one o' my spicy stories, or flash oaths, would kill her dead. She is more fitter to worship p'raps than love; but I love her, for she is so lovely, so good, so mild, so innocent, so clever. Oh! what a dear she is.

"Now, that gal is a-goin' to die as sure as the world; she is in a consumption, and that does flatter so soft, and tantalizes so cruel, it's dreadful. It pulls down to-night, and sots up to-morrow. It comes with smiles and hopes, and graces, but all the time it's insinuatin

itself, and it feeds on the inside till it's all holler like, and then to hide its murder, it paints, and rouges, and sets off the outside so handsum, no soul would believe it was at work. 'Vice imitates vartue,' Minister sais, but consumption imitates health, I tell you, and no mistake. Oh! when death comes that way, it comes in its worst disguise, to my eye, of all its masks, and veils, and hoods, and concealments, it has. Yes, she'll die! And then look at the lady alongside of her. Handsum woman, too, that, even now, tho' she is considerable older. Well, that's her mother—ain't she to be pitied, poor crittur? Oh! how anxious she watches that leetle pet of her heart. One day, she is sure she is better, and tells her so, and the gal thinks so, too, and they are both happy. Next day, mother sees somethin' that knocks away all her hope, but she don't breathe it to no one livin'; keeps up all day before sick one, cheerful-like, but goes to bed at night, and cries her soul out a'most, hopin' and fearin', submittin' and rebellin', prayin' and despairin', weepin' and rejoicin', and goin' from one extreme to t'other till natur' gets wearied, and falls asleep. Oh! what a life is the poor mother's, what a death is the poor darter's! I don't know whether I pity that gal or not; sometimes I think I do, and then I think I pity myself, selfish like, that such a pure spirit should leave the airth, for it's sartin she is goin' to a better world; a world better fitted for her, too, and havin' bein's in it more like herself than we be. But, poor mother! there is no mistake about her; I do pity her from the bottom of my heart. What hopes cut off! what affections torn down! fruit, branch, and all, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, all her care gone, all her wishes closed for ever, all her fears come true and sartin (and it's a great matter to lose anythin' we have had trouble with, or anxiety about, for we get accustomed to trouble and anxiety, and miss it when it's gone). Then, there's the world to come, for the mind to go a-wanderin', and spekilatin' in a great sea without shores or stars; we have *a compass*—that we have *faith in!* but still it's a fearful voyage. And then there is the world we live in, and objects we know to think of; there is the crawlin' worm and the horrid toad, and the shockin' earwig, and vile corruption; and every storm that comes we think that those we loved and lost, are exposed to its fury. Oh! it's dreadful. I guess them wounds ain't never quite cured. *Limbs that are cut off still leave their feelin' behind—the foot pains arter the leg is gone.* Dreams come, too, and *dreams are always with the dead, as if they were livin'.* It tante often we dream of the dead as dead, but as livin' bein's, for we can't realize death. Then, mornin' dawns, and we start up in bed, and find it is only a dream, and larn that death is a fact, and not fancy. *Few men know what woman suffers, but it's only God above that knows the sufferin's of a mother.*

"It tante every one sees all this, but I see it all as plain as preach-

in'; I most wish sometimes I didn't. I know the human heart full better than is good for me, I'm a-thinkin'. Let a man or woman come and talk to me, or let me watch their sayin's and doin's a few minutes, and I'll tell you all about 'em right off as easy as big print. I can read 'em like a book, and mind, I tell you, there's many a shockin' bad book in very elegant gold bindin', full of what aint fit to be read; and there's many a rael good work in very mean sheepskin covers. The most beautiful ones is women's. In a gineral way, mind, I tell you, the paper is pure white, and what's wrote in it is good penmanship and good dictionary. I love 'em—no man ever loved dear innocent gals as I do, 'cause I know how dear and innocent they be—but man—oh! there is many a black, dirty, nasty horrid sheet in his'n. Yes, I know human natur' too much for my own good, I am afeerd sometimes. *Such is life in a Waterin' Place, Squire. I don't like it. The ill make me ill, and the gay don't make me gay—that's a fact. I like a place that is pleasant of itself, but not a place where pleasure is a business, and where that pleasure is to be looked for among the dyin' and the dead. No, I don't like a Waterin' Place!*"

CHAPTER LIX.

THE EARL OF TUNBRIDGE.

"SQUIRE," said Mr. Slick, "I am afeerd father is a little wrong in the head. He goes away by himself and stays all the mornin', and when he returns refuses to tell me where he has been, and if I go for to press him, he gets as mad as a hatter. He has spent a shocking sight of money here. But that aint the worst of it nother, he seems to have lost his onderstandin' too. He mutters to himself by the hour, and then suddenly springs up and struts about the room as proud as a peacock, and sings out—'Clear the way for the Lord!' Sometimes I've thought the Irvinites had got hold of him, and sometimes that he is mesmerized, and then I'm afeerd some woman or another has got an eye on him to marry him. He aint quite himself, that's sartin. The devil take the legation, I say! I wish in my soul I had stayed to Nova Scotia a-vendin' of clocks, and then this poor, dear old man wouldn't have gone mad as he has. He came to me this mornin', lookin' quite wild, and lockin' the door arter him, sot down and stared me in the face for the matter of five minutes without speakin' a blessed word, and then bust out a-larfin like anythin'.

"'Sam,' sais he, 'I wish you'd marry.'

"'Marry,' sais I, 'why what on airth do I want of a wife, father?'

"'I have my reasons, Sir,' sais he, 'and that's enough.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I have my reasons, Sir, agin it, and that's enough. I won't.'

"'You won't, Sir?'

"'No, Sir, I won't.'

"'Then I discard you, Sam. You are no longer a son of mine. Begone, Sir!'

"'Father,' sais I, and I bust out a cryin', for I couldn't hold in no longer—'Father,' sais I, 'dear father, what ails you,—what makes you act so like a ravin' distracted bed bug?' I do believe in my soul you are possess't. Now do tell me, that's a dear, what makes you want me to marry?'

"'Sam,' sais he, 'what brought me here, now jist tell me that, will you?'

"'Ay, father,' sais I, 'what did bring you here, for that's what I want to know?'

"'Guess, Sam,' sais he.

"'Well, sais I, 'to see me I s'pose a-movin' in high life.'

"'No.'

"'Well, to establish a trade in beef onder the new tariff.'

"'No.'

"'Well, in lard-ile, for that's a great business now.'

"'No, it's none o' these things, so guess agin.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'Father, I'm most afeerd, tho' I don't like to hint it; but I'm most afeerd you are a-goin' to spekilate in matrimony, seein' that you are a widower now these five years past.'

"'Sam,' sais he, 'you are a born fool,' and then risin' up quite dignified, 'do you think, Sir, I have taken leave of my senses?'

"'Well,' sais I, 'dear father, I'm most thinkin' you have, and that's a fact.'

"'So you think I'm mad, do you, Sir?'

"'Well, not 'xactly,' sais I, 'but raelly, now, I don't think you are quite right in your mind.'

"'You scoundrel you,' sais he, 'do you know who I am?'

"'Yes, Sir,' sais I, 'you are father, at least mother told me so.'

"'Well, Sir, she told you right, *I am* your father, and a pretty ondutiful son I have, too; but I don't mean that, do you know *who* I am?'

"'Yes, Sir, Lieut-Col. Slick, of Slickville, the Bunker Hill hero.'

"'I am, Sir,' sais he, a-drawin' himself up, 'and most the only one now livin' that seed that great and glorious battle; but do you know *what* I am?'

"'Yes, Sir; dear old father gone as mad as a March hare.'

"'You almighty villain,' sais he, 'who are you; do you know that?'

"'Your son,' sais I.

"'Yes, but *who* are *you?*'

"'I am Sam Slick, the Clockmaker,' sais I, 'at least what is left of me.'

"'You are no such a thing,' sais he; 'I'll tell you *who* I am, and *what* you are. Get up you, miserable skunk, and take off your hat, clear the way for the Lord. I am the Earl of Tunbridge, and you are Lord Van Shleek, my eldest son. Go down on your knees, Sir, and do homage to your father, the Right Honorable the Earl of Tunbridge.'

"'Oh, father, father,' sais I, 'my heart is broke, I wish I was dead, only to think that you should carry on this way, and so far from home, too, and before entire strangers. What on airth put that are crotchet into your head?'

"'Providence, Sam, and the instinct of our Sal. In lookin' over our family papers, of father and his father, she found we are descendants of General Van Shleek, that came over with King William the Dutchman, when he conquered England, and was created Airl of Tunbridge, as a reward for his heroic deeds. Well, in course, the Van Shleeks came over from Holland and settled near him, and my grandfather was a son of the first Lord's third brother, and bein' poor, emigrated to America. Well, in time the Peerage got dormant for want of an heir, and we bein' in America, and our name gettin' altered into Slick, that everlastin' tyrant George the Third, gave away the estate to a favorite. This, Sir, is as clear as preachin', and I have come over to claim my rights. Do you onderstand that, Sir? you degenerate son of a race of heroes! What made my veins b'ile over at Bunker Hill?—The blood of the Van Shleeks! What made me charge the British at Peach Orchard, and Mud Creek?—The blood of the Van Shleeks! What made me a hero and a gentleman?—The nobility that was in me! I feel it, Sir, I feel it here,' puttin' his hand on his side, 'I feel it here, beatin' at my heart now, old as I am, like a tattoo on a drum.—I am the rael Airl of Tunbridge.'

"'Oh, dear, dear,' sais I, 'was the like of this ever heerd tell of afore?'

"'Heerd of afore?' sais he, 'to be sure it has been. America was settled by younger sons, and in time all the great estates have come to 'em, but they have been passed over—forgotten—unknown—or cheated. Webster, Sir, owns Battle Abbey, and is intarmined to have it, and he is a man that knows the law, and can plead his own case. There can't be no manner of doubt our great author Cooper is the rael Airl of Shaftesbury. A friend of mine here, who knows all about estates and titles, told me so himself, and says for five pounds he could put him on the right track; and he is a man can be depended on, for he has helped many a feller to his rights. You'd

be astonished if you know'd how many of our folks are noblemen, or related to 'em very near. How can it be otherwise in natur'? How did they come by the same name if they warn't? The matter of five pounds, my friend says, will do a good deal, sometimes, provided it's done secret. In all these things, mum's the word;—no blartin'—no cacklin' afore layin' the egg, but as silent as the grave. Airl of Tunbridge? it don't sound bad, does it?'

"'Well,' sais I, 'father,' for I found opposite wouldn't do no longer;—'well,' sais I, 'father, it might be so in your case arter all.'

"'Might be so!' sais he; 'I tell you it is so.'

"'Well, I hope so,' sais I, 'but I feel overcome with the news; s'posin' we go to bed now, and we will talk it over to-morrow.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'if you *can* sleep arter this, go to bed, but Sam, for Heaven's sake, sleep with General Wellington, and talk him over; I don't care a d—n for the Airl of Tunbridge, I want to change it. I want the title to be Bunker Hill, as he is of Waterloo. We are two old veteran heroes, and ought to be two great nobs together. Sleep with him, Sam, for Heaven's sake. And now,' sais he, risin', and takin' the candle, 'open the door, Sir, and clear the way for the Lord——.'

"Oh, dear! dear; I am almost crazed myself, Squire—aint it shockin'?" He was evidently very much distressed, I had never seen him so much moved before, and therefore endeavored to soothe him as well as I could.

"Stranger things than that have happened," I said, "Mr. Slick. It is possible your father may be right, after all, although the proof to substantiate his claim may be unattainable. It is not probable, certainly, but it is by no means impossible."

"Then you think there may be something in it, do you?"

"Unquestionably there may be, but I do not think there is."

"But you think there may be—eh?"

"Certainly, there may be."

After a long pause, he said: "I don't think so either, Squire: I believe it's only his ravin'; but if there was," striking his fist on the table with great energy, "by the 'tarnal, I'd spend every cent I have in the world, to have my rights. No, there is nothin' in it, but if there was, I'd have it if I died for it. Airl of Tunbridge! well, it ain't so coarse, is it? I wonder if the estate would come back too, for to my mind, a title without the rael grit, aint worth much,—is it? Airl of Tunbridge!—heavens and airth! if I had it, wouldn't I make your fortin, that's all; I hope I may be shot if I'd forget old friends. Lord! I'd make you Governor-Gineral to Canady, for you are jist the boy that's fit for it—or Lord Nova Scotia; for why shouldn't colonists come in for their share of good things as well as these d—ned monopolists here; or anythin' you pleased a'most. Airl of Tunbridge!—Oh, it's all nonsense, it can't be true! The old man

was always mad upon somethin' or another, and now he is mad on this p'int. I must try to drive it out of his head, that is, if it hante no bottom; but if it has, I'm jist the boy to hang on to it, till I get it, that's a fact. Well, there may be somethin' in it, as you say, arter all. I'll tell you what, there's no harm in inquirin', at any rate. I'll look into the story of the 'Airl of Tunbridge.'"

CHAPTER LX.

ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

As we were sitting on one of the benches in the park, at Richmond, to-day, a livery servant passed us, with an air of self-possession and importance that indicated the easy dependence of his condition, and the rank or affluence of his master.

"That," said Mr. Slick, "is what I call 'a rael English gentleman,' now. He lives in a grand house, is well clad, well fed; lots of lush to drink, devilish little to do, and no care about corn laws, free-trade, blowed-up bankers, run-away lawyers, smashed-down tenants, nor nothin'. The mistress is kind to him, 'cause he is the son of her old nurse; and the master is kind to him 'cause his father and grandfather lived with *his* father and grand-father; and the boys are kind to him, 'cause he always takes their part; and the maids are kind to him, 'cause he is a plaguy handsome, free and easy feller (and women always like handsum men, and impedent men, though they vow they don't); and the butler likes him, 'cause he can drink like a gentleman and never get drunk. His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords: he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There ain't much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the Ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that? His master takes the tour of Europe, so does he. His master makes all the arrangements and pays all the expenses; he don't do either. Which is master or servant here? His young master falls in love with an Italian opera gal, who expects enormous presents from him; he falls in love with the bar-maid, who expects a kiss from him. One is loved for his money, the other for his good looks. Who is the best off? When his master returns, he has larned where the Alps is, and which side of them Rome is; so has he. Who is the most improved? Whenever it rains, his master sighs for the sunny sky of Italy, and quotes Rogers and Byron. He d—ns the climate of England in the vernacular tongue, relies on his own authority, and

at all events is original. The only difference is, his master calls the castle, 'My house,' he calls it, 'Our castle;' his master says, 'My park,' and he says, 'Our park.' It is more dignified to use the plural: kings always do; it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the fust commoner of England, too. The sarvants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and is plaguy jealous of them, too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as the horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller, and roll the lawn. 'I can't do it, Sir; I couldn't stand it, I should never hear the last of it; I should be called the rollin' coachman.' The master laughs; he knows prerogative is dangerous ground, that an Englishman values Magna Charta, and says, 'Very well, tell Farmer Hodge to do it.' If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house, busts its bondage, and falls trailin' on the ground, he sais, 'John, you have nothin' to do, it wouldn't hurt you, when you see such a thing as this loose, to nail it up. You see, I often do such things myself; I am not above it.' 'Ah! it may do for *you*, Sir; *you can* do it if you like, but *I* can't; I should lose caste; I should be called the gardener's coachman.' 'Well, well! you are a blockhead; never mind.'

"Look at the lady's-maid; she is twice as handsum as her mistress, because she worked when she was young, had plenty of exercise and simple diet, and kept early hours, and is full of health and spirits; she dresses twice as fine, has twice as many airs, uses twice as hard words, and is twice as proud, too. And what has *she* to do? Her mistress is one of the maids in waitin' on the Queen; she is maid in waitin' on her mistress. Who has to mind her p's and q's most, I wonder? Her mistress don't often speak till she is spoken to in the palace; she speaks when she pleases. Her mistress flatters delicately; she does the same if she chooses, and if not she don't take the trouble. Her mistress is expected to be affable to her equals, considerate and kind to her inferiors, and humane and charitable to the poor. All sorts of things are expected of and from her. But she can skrimage with her equals, be sarsy to her inferiors, and scorney to the poor if she likes. It is not her duty to do all these things, tho' it is her mistress's, and she stands on her rights. Her mistress's interest, at court, is solicited where she can do but little at last; the world overvalys it amazin'ly. Her interest with her mistress is axed for, where she can do a gread deal. There is no mistake about that. Her mistress, when on duty, sais yes or no, as a matter of course. She can't go wrong if she follows the fugleman. There must be but one opinion at the palace. The decision of a Queen, like that of a Pope, don't admit of no nonconcurrin'. But she can do as she pleases, and is equally sartin of success. She cries up her mistress's new dress, her looks, her enticin' appearance,

her perfect elegance. She is agreeable, and a present rewards the honest thoughts of her simple heart. She disapproves the color, the texture, the becomin'ness of the last new dress. It don't suit her complexion, it don't set well, it don't show off the figure, it's not fit for her lady. She says she raelly thinks so, and she is seldom mistaken. The dress is condemned and given to her: she is safe, any way.—Happy gal! remain as you be, till the butt eend of time: it's better to have a mistress than a master. Take a fool's advice for oncet, and never marry; whoever gits you will have his hands full in the halter-breakin', I know; who the devil could give you a mouth, keep you from shyin', or kickin', or rearin', or boltin'? A mistress has a light bridle-hand, don't curb up too short, and can manage you easy: but a man—Lord a massy! you'd throw him the fust spring and kick you give, and break his neck, I know.—Oh, these are the gentlemen and ladies of England; these are the people for whom the upper and lower orders were born—one to find money and the other to work for 'em. Next to bein' the duke, I'd sooner be coachman to a gentleman that sports a four-in-hand than anythin' I know of to England: four spankin', sneezin' hosses that knows how to pick up miles and throw 'em behind 'em in style—g'long you skunks, and turn out your toes pretty—whist—that's the ticket;—streak it off like 'iled lightning, my fox-tails: skrew it up tight, lock down the safety-valve, and clap all steam on, my busters; don't touch the ground, jist skim it like hawks, and leave no trail; go a-head handsum, my old clays: yes! the sarvants are the 'Gentlemen of England,' they live like fightin' cocks, and yet you hear them infarnal rascals, the Radicals, callin' these indulgent masters tyrants, endeavorin' to make these happy critturs hate the hand that feeds them, telling these pampered gentlemen they are robbed of their rights, and how happy they'd all be if they lost their places, and only had vote by ballot and univarsal suffrage. What everlastin' d—d rascals they must be!"

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, "I am surprised at you. I am shocked to hear you talk that way; how often must I reprove you for swearing?"

"Well, it's enough to make a feller swear, to find critturs fools enough, rogues enough, and wicked enough, to cut apart nateral ties, to preach family treason, ill-will and hatred among men."

"Nothing is so bad, Sam," he replied, "as to justify swearing. Before we attempt to reform others, we had better reform ourselves; a profane man is a poor preacher of morality."

"I know it is a foolish practice, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "and I've ginn it over this good while. I've never swore scarcely since I heard that story of the Governor to Nova Scotia. One of their Governors was a military man, a fine, kind-hearted, generous old veteran as ever was, but he swore, every few words he said, like

anythin'; not profane-like or cross, but jist a handy sort of good-humored oath. He kinder couldn't help it.

"One day, on board the steam-boat a-crossing the harbor to Dartmouth, I heerd the Squire here say to him, 'We ought to have another church to Halifax, Sir Thomas,' sais he, 'somewhere in the neighborhood of Government House. St. Paul's is not half large enough for the congregation.' 'So I think,' sais the Governor, 'and I told the Bishop so; but the Bishop sais to me,—I know that d—d well, Sir Thomas, but where the devil is the money to come from? If I could find the means, by G—d! you should soon have a church.'

"He never could tell a story without puttin' an oath into every one's mouth, whether it was a bishop or any one else. But oath or no oath, he was a good old man that, and he was liked by every man in the province, except by them it's no great credit to be praised by."

"Your apologies, Sam," he said "seldom mend the matter. Reproving you makes you offend more; it is like interrupting a man in speaking who wanders from his point, or who is arguing wrong; you only lose time; for he speaks longer than he otherwise would. I won't reprove, therefore, but I ask your forbearance as a favor. Yes, I agree with you as to servants here,—I like the relative condition of master and servant in this country. There is something to an American or a colonist quite touching in it—it is a sort of patriarchal tie. But alas! I fear it is not what it was; as you say, the poison diffused through the country by reformers and radicals has done its work; it has weakened the attachment of the servant to his master; it has created mutual distrust, and dissolved in a great measure what I may call the family tie between them. Enfeebled and diluted, however, as the feeling is in general, it is still so different from what exists among us, that there is no one thing whatever that has come under my observation that has given me so much gratification as the relation of master and servant—the kindness and paternal regard of the one, and the affectionate and respectful attachment of the other. I do not say in all cases, because it is going out; it is not to be found among the mushroom rich—the cotton lords, the *novi homines, et hoc genus omne;*—but among the nobility and the old gentry, and some families of the middle classes, it is still to be found in a form that cannot be contemplated by a philanthropist without great satisfaction. In many cases the servants have been born on the estates, and their forefathers have held the same situation in the family of their master's ancestors as they do.

"Their interests, their traditions, their feelings, and sympathies are identified with those of the 'house.' They participate in their master's honors, they are jealous in supporting his rank, as if it was in part their own, and they feel that their advancement is connected with his promotion. They form a class—from that class they do

not expect or desire to be removed. Their hopes and affections, therefore, are blended with those of their employers. With us it is always a temporary engagement—hope looks beyond it, and economy furnishes the means of extrication. It is like a builder's contract; he furnishes you with certain work—you pay a certain stipulated price; when the engagement is fulfilled, you have nothing further to say to each other. There is no favor conferred on either side.

"Punctuality, and not thanks are expected. It is a cold and mercenary bargain, in which there is a constant struggle; on one side to repress the advance of familiarity, and on the other to resist the encroachments of pride. The market price only is given by the master, and of course the least service returned, that is compatible with the terms of the bargain. The supply does not equal the demand, and the quality of the article does not correspond with the price. Those who have been servants seldom look back with complacency on their former masters. They feel no gratitude to them for having furnished them with the means of succeeding in the world, but they regard them with dislike, because they are possessed of a secret which they would have to be forgotten by all,—that they once were household servants.

"As our population becomes more dense, this peculiarity will disappear, and the relation will naturally more nearly resemble that which exists in Europe. There has already been a decided improvement within the last twenty years from this cause. Yes! I like the relative condition of master and servant here amazingly—the kindness, mildness, indulgence and exactness of the master,—the cheerfulness, respectfulness, punctuality and regard of the servant,—the strength, the durability, and the nature of the connection. As I said before, there is a patriarchal feeling about it that touches me. I love them both."

"Well, so do I too," said Mr. Slick, "it's a great comfort is a good help that onderstands his work and does it, and ain't above it. I must say I don't like to see a crittur sit down when I'm at dinner, and read the paper, like a Varmonter we had oncet. When father asked him to change a plate—'Squire,' sais he, 'I came as a help, not as a sarvant; if you want one o' them, get a Britisher, or a nigger. I reckon I am a free and enlightened citizen, as good as you be. Sarvants are critturs that don't grow in our backwoods, and if you take me for one you are mistaken in this child, that's all. If you want me to work, I'll work; if you want me to wait on you, you'll wait for me a long time fust, I calkelate.' No, Squire, we hante got no sarvants, we've only got helps. The British have got sarvants, and then they are a 'nation sight better than helps, tho' they are a little proud and sarsy sometimes, but I don't wonder, for they are actilly *the Gentlemen of England*, that's a fact."

CHAPTER LXI.

ENGLISH NIGGERS.

"YES," said Mr. Slick, pursuing the same subject of conversation; "I like the English sarvant. Sarvice is a trade here, and a house-help sarves an apprenticeship to it, is master of his work, and onderstands his business. He don't feel kinder degraded by it, and ain't therefore above it. Nothin' ain't so bad as a crittur bein' above his business. He is a part of his master here. Among other folks' sarvants he takes his master's title. See these two fellers meet now, and hear them.—'Ah' Lothian! how are you?' 'All right; how are you, Douro? It's an age since I saw you.' Ain't that droll now? A cotton spinner's sarvant is a snob to these folks. He ain't a man of fashion. They don't know him—he uses a tallow candle, and drinks beer; he ain't a fit associate for one who uses a wax, and drinks wine. They have their rank and position in soci*e*ty as well as their masters, them fellers; and to my mind they are the best off of the two, for they have no care. Yes, they are far above our helps, I must say; but their misfortunate niggers here are a long chalk below our slaves to the south, and the cotton-manufacturers are a thousand times harder task-masters than our cotton planters, that's a fact."

"Negroes!" I said in some astonishment; "why, surely you are aware *we* have emancipated our negroes. *We* have no slaves."

"Come, Squire," said he, "now don't git your back up with me; but for goodness gracious sake never say *we*. It would make folks snicker here to hear you say that. It's as bad as a sarvant sayin' 'our castle'—'our park'—'our pictur' gallery,' and so on. What right have you to say 'We?' You ain't an Englishman, and old Bull won't thank you for your familiarity, I know. You had better say, 'Our army,' tho' you have nothin' to do with it; or 'our navy,' tho' you form no part of it; or 'our House of Lords,' and you can't boast one Lord; or 'our House of Commons,' and you hante a single blessed member there; or 'our authors,'—well, p'raps you may say that, because you are an exception: but the only reason you warn't shot, was, that you was the fust colonial bird that flew across the Atlantic, and you was saved as a curiosity, and will be stuffed some day or another, and stuck up in a museum. The next one will

be pinked, for fear he should cross the breed.—'Our!' Heavens and airth! I wonder you hante too much pride to say that; it's too sarvanty for the like o' you. How can you call yourself a part of an empire, in the government of which you have no voice?—from whose honors you are excluded, from whose sarvice you are shut out?—by whom you are looked on as a consumer of iron and cotton goods, as a hewer of wood for the timber market, a curer of fish to freight their vessels—as worth havin, because you afford a station for an admiral, a place for a governor, a command for a gineral; because, like the stone steps to a hall door, you enable others to rise, but never move yourselves. 'Our!' It makes me curl inwardly to hear you use that word 'Our.' I'll tell you what a colonial 'Our' is. I'll tell you what awaits you: in the process of a few years, after your death, all your family will probably sink into the class of laborers. Some on 'em may struggle on for a while, and maintain the position you have; but it won't be long. Down, down, down they must go; rise they never can. It is as impossible for a colonist to rise above the surface, as for a stone to float on a river. Every one knows this but yourself, and that is the reason gentlemen will not go and live among you. They lose caste—they descend on the scale of life—they cease to be Romans. Din this for ever in the ears of British statesmen: tell them to make you Englishmen, or to give you a Royal Prince for a King, and make you a new people. But that to be made fun of by the Yankees, to be looked down upon by the English, and to be despised by yourselves, is a condition that you only desarve as long as you tolerate it. No, don't use that word 'Our' till you are entitled to it. Be formal, and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, &c.; and never strut under borrowed feathers, and say 'our,' till you can point to your own members in both houses of Parliament—to your own countrymen fillin' such posts in the imperial sarvice as they are qualified for by their talents, or entitled to in right of the population they represent; and if anybody is struck up of a heap by your sayin' 'yours' instead of 'ours,' tell them the reason; say—that was a lesson I learnt from Sam Slick, the clockmaker: and one thing is sartin, to give the devil his due, that feller was 'no fool,' at any rate. But to git back to what we was a-talkin' of. We have two kinds of niggers in the States—free niggers and slaves. In the north they are all free, in the south all in bondage. Now the free nigger may be a member of Congress, but he can't get there; he may be President, but he guesses he can't; and he reckons right. He may marry Tyler's darter, but she won't have him; he may be embassador to the Court of St. James's, Victoria, if he could be only appointed; or he may command the army or the navy if they'd only let him—that's his condition. The slave is a slave, and that's his condition. Now the English have two sorts of niggers—American colonists, who are free

white niggers; and manufacturers' laborers at home, and they are white slave niggers. A white colonist, like our free black nigger, may be a member of Parliament, but he can't get there; he may *be* governor, but he guesses he can't, and he guesses right; he may marry an English nobleman's darter, if she'd only have him; he may be an embassador to our Court at Washington, if he could be only appointed; he may command the army or the fleet, if he had the commission; and that's his condition.—A colonist and a free nigger don't differ in anythin' but color: both have naked rights, but they have no power given 'em to clothe those rights, and that's the naked truth.

"Your blockheads of Liberals to Canada, are for ever yelpin' about 'sponsible government; if it was all they think it is, what would be the good of it? Now, I'll tell you the remedy. Don't repeal the Union, lay down your life fust, but have a closer union. Let 'em form a Colonial council board to London, and appoint some colonists to it, that they may feel they have some voice in the government of the empire. Let 'em raise provincial regiments, and officer them with natives, that you may have somethin' to do with the army. Let 'em have some man-of-war devoted to Colony offices, that you may have somethin' to do with the navy. All you 've got in that line is a miserable little cutter, paid by yourselves, commanded by one of yourselves, Captain Darby: and he has sot a proper pattern to your navy. He has seized more Yankee vessels in the last seven years for breakin' the fish treaty, than all the admirals and all the squadrons on the American coast has, put together twice over. He and his vessel costs you a few hundred a year; them fleets durin' that time has cost more nor all Halifax would sell for to-morrow, if put up to vandu. He desarves a feather in his cap from your Government, which he won't get, and a tar-jacket covered with feathers from us, which he is very likely to get. Yes, have some man-o'-war there with colony officers like him, then say, 'our navy,' if you like. Remove the restrictions on colonial clergy, so that if they desarve promotion in the church to Britain, they needn't be shut out among big bogs, black logs, and thick fogs, for ever and ever; and then it tante the Church of England, but 'our church.' If there is a feller everlastin' strong in a colony, don't make it his interest to wrastle with a Governor; but send him to another province, and make him one himself. Let 'em have a Member to Parliament, and he will be a safety valve to let off steam. It's then 'our Parliament.' Open the door to youngsters, and let 'em see stars, ribbons, garters, coronets, and all a-hangin' up agin the wall, and when their mouths water, and they lick their chops as if they'd like a taste of them, then say,—'Now, d—n you! go a-head and win 'em, and if you win the race, you shall have 'em, and if you lose, turn to, import some gentlemen, and improve the

breed, and mind your trainin', and try agin; all you got to do, is to win. Go a-head, I'll bet on you, if you try. Let 'death or victory' be your colony motto—Westminster Abbey or the House of Lords. Go a-head, my young 'coons, wake snakes, and walk your chalks, streak it off like 'iled lightenin', and whoever gets in first, wins.' Yes, that's the remedy. But now they have no chance.

"Now, as to the manufacturin' slave, let's look at the poor devil, for I pity him, and I despise and hate his double-faced, iron-hearted, radical, villanous, low-bred, tyrant of a master, as I do a rattlesnake. Oh! he is different from all the sarvants in England; all other sarvants are well off—most too well off, if anythin', for they are pampered. But these poor critturs! oh, their lot is a hard one—not from the Corn-laws, as their Radical employers tell 'em—not because they have not univarsal suffrage, as demagogues tell 'em—nor because there are Bishops who wear lawn sleeves instead of cotton ones, as the Dissenters tell 'em—but because there is a law of natur' violated in their case. The hawk, the shark, and the tiger; the bird, the fish, and the beast, even the reasonin' brute, man, each and all feed, nurture, and protect, those they spawn, hatch, or breed. It's a law written in the works of God. They have it in instinct, and find it in reason, and necessity and affection are its roots and foundation. The manufacturer alone obeys no instinct, won't listen to no reason, don't see no necessity, and hante got no affections. He calls together the poor, and gives them artificial powers, unfits them for all other pursuits, works them to their utmost, fobs all the profits of their labor, and when he is too rich and too proud to progress, or when bad spekelations has ruined him, he desarts these unfortunate wretches whom he has created, used up, and ruined, and leaves them to God and their country to provide for. But that ain't all nother, he first sots them agin the House of God and his Ministers, (the only Church, too, in the whole world, that is the Church of the poor—the Church of England, the fust duty of which is to provide for the instruction of the poor at the expense of the rich,) and then he sots them agin the farmer, who at last has to feed and provide for them in their day of trouble. What a horrid system! he first starves their bodies, and then p'isens their minds—he ruins them, body and soul. Guess, I needn't tell you, what this gony is?—he is a Liberal; he is rich, and hates those that are richer; he is proud, and hates those of superior station. His means are beyond his rank; his education and breedin' is below that of the aristocracy. He ain't satisfied with his own position, for he is able to vie with his superiors; he is dissatisfied with theirs because he can't come it. He is ashamed to own this, his real motive, he therefore calls in principle to his aid. He is, then, from principle, a Reformer, and under that pretty word, does all the mischief to society he can.

"Then comes to his aid, for figures of speech, the bread of the

poor, the starvin' man's loaf, the widder's mite, the orphan's mouldy crust. If he lowers the price of corn, he lowers wages. If he lowers wages, he curtails his annual outlay; the poor is made poorer, but the unfortunate wretch is too ignorant to know this. He is made richer himself, and he is wide awake. It won't do to say all this, so he ups with his speakin' trumpet, and hails principle agin to convoy him. He is an Anti-Corn-Law leaguer on principle, he is agin agricultural monopoly, the protective system, the landed gentry. He is the friend of the poor. What a super-superior villain he is!—he first cheats and then mocks the poor, and jist ups and asks the blessin' of God on his enterprise, by the aid of fanatical, furious and seditious strollin' preachers. Did you ever hear the like of that, Squire?"

"Never," I said, "but once."

"And when was that?"

"Never mind—go on with your description; you are eloquent to-day."

"No; I wont go on one single blessed step if you don't tell me,—it's some fling at us, I know, or you wouldn't hum and haw that way. Now, come out with it—I'll give you as good as you send, I know. What did you ever know equal to that?"

"I knew your Government maintain lately, that on the high seas the flag of *liberty* should protect a cargo of *slaves*. It just occurred to me, that liberty at the *mast-head*, and slavery in *the hold*, resembled the conduct of the manufacturer, who, while he oppressed the poor, affected to be devoted to their cause."

"I thought so, Squire, but you missed the mark that time, so clap in another ball, and try your hand agin. The Prince de Joinville boarded one o' your gun brigs not long ago (mind you, not a tradin' vessel, but a man-o'-war) and took her pilot out of her to steer his ship. Now if your naval man had a-seized the French officer by the cape of his coat with one hand, and the seat of his breeches with the other, and chucked him head and heels overboard, and taught him the new game of leap *Frog*, as he had ought to have done, you'd a know'd a little better than to ax us to let your folks board our vessels. It don't become you British to talk about right o' sarch arter that. I guess we are even now—ain't we? Yes, I pity these poor ignorant devils, the English niggers, I do from my soul. If our slaves are old or infirm, or ill, their master keeps them, and keeps them kindly, too. It is both his interest to take care of their health, and his duty to provide for 'em if ill. He knows his niggers, and they know him. They don't work like a white man. They know they must be fed, whether they work or not. White niggers know they must starve if they don't. Our fellers dance and sing like crickets. Your fellers' hearts is too heavy to sing, and their limbs too tired to dance. A common interest binds our master and

slave. There is no tie between the English factor and his nigger. He don't know his men by sight—they don't know him but by name. Our folks are and must be kind. Yours ain't, and needn't be. They pretend, then, and in that pretence become powerful, 'cause they have the masses with them. Cunnin' as foxes them critters, too. They know some one would take up the cause of them niggers, and therefore they put them on a false scent—pretend to fight their battles, and, instead of waitin' to be attacked, fall to and attack the poor farmer; while the owners of England, therefore, are a-defendin' of themselves from the onjust charge of oppressin' the poor, these critturs are plunderin' the poor like winky. Ah! Squire, they want protectin'—there should be cruisers sent into those manufacturin' seas. The hulks there are under your own flag—board them—examine them. If the thumb-screws are there, tuck up some of the cotton Lords with their own cotton ropes—that's the ticket, Sir, ventilate the ships—see the owners have laid in a good stock of provisions for a long voyage, that the critturs aint too crowded, that they have prayers every Sunday."

"'Very good, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell; "your heart 's in the right place, Sam. I like to hear you talk that way; and let the chaplain not be the barber or shoemaker, but a learned, pious, loyal man of the Church of England; let him ——"

"Let them," said Mr. Slick, "take care no crittur talks mutinous to them—no chartism—no radicalism—no agitation—no settin' of them agin' their real friends, and p'isonin' of their minds. If there is any chaps a doin' of this, up with them in a minute, and let the boatswain lay three dozen into 'em, in rael wide awake airnest; and while they are in hospital, get some of the cheap bread they talk so much about. (Did you ever see it, Squire? It's as black as if it had dropt into a dye-tub—as coarse as sawdust—so hard, mould can't grow over it, and so infarnal poor, insects can't eat it.) Yes, send to the Baltic for this elegant cheap bread—this wonderful blessin'—this cure for all evils, and make 'em eat it till their backs is cured. Tell old Joe Sturge to look to home afore he talks of the States; for slave ships ain't one mossel wuss than some of the factories under his own nose.

"Ah! Squire, Peel has a long head, Muntz has a long beard, and John Russell has a cussed long tongue; but head, tongue, and beard, put together, ain't all that's wanted. There wants a heart to feel, a head to conceive, and a resolution to execute, the protection for these poor people. It ain't cheap bread, nor ballot, nor reform, nor chartism, nor free-trade, nor repealin' unions, nor such nonsense, that they want. When a man collects a multitude of human bein's together, and founds a factory, the safety of the country and the interests of humanity require there should be some security taken for the protection of the misfortunate 'English Niggers.'"

CHAPTER LXII.

INDEPENDENCE.

MR. HOPEWELL, who was much struck with the Attaché's remarks in the last chapter, especially those in reference to the colonies, pursued the same subject again to-day.

"Squire," said he, "if Great Britain should withdraw her protection from the North American provinces, as I fear she will at no distant period, would they form a separate nation, or become incorporated with us? This is a serious question, and one that should be well considered. There is a kindness, and yet a perverseness, about English rule in America, that is perfectly astonishing. Their liberality is unbounded, and their indulgence unexampled; but there is a total absence of political sagacity, no settled principles of Colonial Government, and no firmness and decision whatever. The result cannot be but most disastrous. They seem to forget that the provinces are parts of a monarchy; and instead of fostering monarchical principles, every step they take tends not only to weaken them, but to manifest a decided preference for republican ones. Demagogues discovering this weakness and vacillation of their rulers, have found by experience, that agitation is always successful; that measures of concession or conciliation are the sure and certain fruits of turbulence; and that, as loyalty can always be depended upon, its claims are sure to be sacrificed to those whose adhesion it is necessary to purchase. To satisfy these democrats, and to gratify their ambition, the upper houses of the legislature have been rendered a mere nullity; while the popular branches have encroached in such a manner upon the executive, as to render the Governor little more than a choice of being the intriguing head, or the degraded tool of a party. If they succeed in the present struggle in Canada, he will be virtually superseded; the real governor will be the leading demagogue, and the nominal one will have but two duties left to fulfil, namely, to keep a good table for the entertainment of his masters, and to affix his name to such documents as may be prepared and presented for his signature. Rebellion will then have obtained a bloodless victory, and the colonies will be independent."

"D—n them!" said Colonel Slick; "they don't desarve to be free. Why don't they disguise themselves as Indgins, as we did, and go

down to the wharf, board the cutter, and throw the tea into the harbor, as we did? Creation! man, they don't desarve to be free, the cowards! they want to be independent, and they darsn't say so."—And he went out of the room, muttering, "that there never was, and never could be, but one Bunker Hill."

"The loyal, the right-minded British party in the colonies," continued Mr. Hopewell, "are discouraged and disheartened by the countenance and protection shown to these unprincipled agitators. These are things obvious to all the world; but there are other causes in operation which require local experience and a knowledge of the human mind to appreciate properly. Great Britain is a trading country, and values everything by dollars and cents, as much as we do; but there are some things beyond the reach of money. English statesmen flatter themselves that if they abstain from taxing the colonies, if they defend them by their fleets and armies, expend large sums on canals and railroads, and impose no part of the burden of the national debt upon them, they will necessarily appreciate the advantages of such a happy condition; and, in contrasting it with that of the heavy public exactions in the States, feel that it is both their duty and their interest to be quiet.

"These are sordid considerations, and worthy of the counting-house in which Poulett Thompson learned his first lessons in political economy. Most colonists are native-born British subjects, and have, together with British prejudices, British pride also. They feel that they are to the English what the English are to the Chinese, outer barbarians. They observe, with pain and mortification, that much of the little local patronage is reserved for Europeans; that when natives are appointed to office by the Governor, in many cases they have hardly entered upon their duties, when they are superseded by persons sent from this side of the water, so vastly inferior to themselves in point of ability and moral character, that they feel the injury they have sustained is accompanied by an insult to the community. The numerous instances you have mentioned to me in the Customs Department, to which I think you said Nova Scotia paid eight thousand pounds a-year, fully justify this remark, and some other flagrant instances of late in the Post-office, you admit have been keenly felt from one end of your province to the other. While deprived of a part of the little patronage at home, there is no external field for them whatever. It would be a tedious story to enter into details, and tell you how it arises, but so it is, the imperial service is practically closed to them. The remedy just proposed by Sam is the true one. They feel that they are surrounded by their superiors, not in talent or education, but by those who are superior to them in interest—that they present a field for promotion to others, but have none for themselves. As time rolls on in its rapid but noiseless course, they have opportunities offered to them to measure their con-

dition with others. To-day the little unfledged ensign sports among them for the first time, in awkward consciousness, his new regimentals, passes away to other colonies, in his tour of duty; and while the recollection of the rosy boy is yet fresh in their memories, he returns, to their amazement, in command of a regiment. The same circle is again described, and the General commanding the forces receives the congratulations of his early friends. The wheel of fortune again revolves, and the ensign ripens into a governor. Five years of gubernatorial service in a colony are reckoned five years of exile among the barbarians, and amount to a claim for further promotion. He is followed by the affectionate regard of those among whom he lived into his new sphere of duty, and in five years more he informs them he is again advanced to further honors. A colonist naturally asks himself, how is this? When I first knew these men I was toiling on in my present narrow sphere; they stopped and smiled, or pitied my humble labors, and passed on, sure of success; while here I am in the same position, not only without a hope but without a possibility of rising in the world; and yet who and what are they? I have seen them, heard them, conversed with them, studied them, and compared them with ourselves. I find most of us equal in information and abilities, and some infinitely superior to them. Why is this? Their tone and manner pain me too. They are not rude, but their manner is supercilious; they do not intentionally offend, but it would seem as if they could not avoid it. My country is spoken of as their exile, their sojourn as a page of life obliterated, the society as by no means so bad as they had heard, but possessing no attractions for a gentleman, the day of departure is regarded as release from prison, and the hope expressed that this 'Foreign Service' will be rewarded as it deserves. All that they feel and express on this subject is unhappily too true. *It is no place for a gentleman.* The pestilential blasts of democracy, and the cold and chilly winds from Downing Street, have engendered an atmosphere so uncongenial to a gentleman, that he feels he cannot live here. Yes! it is too true, the race will soon become extinct.

"Why, then, is the door of promotion not open to me also," he inquires, "as it is the only hope left to me. Talk not to me of light taxes, I despise your money; or of the favor of defending me, I can defend myself. I, too, have the ambition to command, as well as the forbearance to obey. Talk of free trade to traders, but of honorable competition in the departments of state to gentlemen. Open your Senate to us, and receive our representatives. Select some of our ablest men for governors of other colonies, and not condemn us to be always governed. It can be no honor to a people to be a part of your empire, if they are excluded from all honor; even bondsmen sometimes merit and receive their manumission. May not a colonist receive that advancement to which he is entitled by his talents, his

public services, or his devotion to your cause? No one doubts your justice—the name of an Englishman is a guarantee for that: but we have not the same confidence in your information as to our condition. Read history and learn! In the late rebellion, Sir John Colbourne commanded two or three regiments of British troops. Wherever they were detached they behaved as British soldiers do upon all occasions, with great gallantry and with great skill. His arrangements were judicious, and upon two or three occasions where he attacked some small bodies of rebels he repulsed or dispersed them. He was acting in the line of his profession, and he performed a duty for which he was paid by his country. He was rewarded with the thanks of Parliament, a peerage, a pension, and a government. A colonist at the same time raised a body of volunteers from an irregular and undisciplined militia, by the weight of his personal character and influence, and with prodigious exertion and fatigue, traversed the upper province, awakened the energies of the people, and drove out of the country both native rebels and foreign sympathizers. *He saved the colony.* He was not acting in the line of his profession, nor discharging a duty for which he was paid by his country. He was rewarded by a reluctant and barren grant of knighthood. Don't misunderstand me: I have no intention whatever of undervaluing the services of that excellent man and distinguished officer, Sir John Colbourne; he earned and deserved his reward; but what I mean to say is, the colonist has not had the reward that he earned and deserved—'*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

"The American Revolution has shown you that colonists can furnish both generals and statesmen; take care and encourage their most anxious desire to furnish them to you, and do not drive them to act against you. Yet then, as now, you thought them incapable of any command; we have had and still have men of the same stamp; our cemeteries suggest the same reflections as your own. The moralist often says:—

'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

'The applause of listening senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

'Their lot forbad.—'

"Whether the lot of the present generation will also forbid it, you must decide—or circumstances may decide it for you. Yes, Squire, this is an important subject, and one that I have often mentioned to

you. Instead of fostering men of talent, and endeavoring to raise an order of superior men in the country, so that in them the aristocratic feeling which is so peculiarly monarchical may take root and flourish; Government has repressed them, sacrificed them to demagogues, and reduced the salaries of all official men to that degree, that but suited the ravenous envy of democracy. Instead of building up the second branch, and the order that is to furnish and support it, everything has been done to lower and to break it. In proportion as they are diminished, the demagogue rises, when he in his turn will find the field too limited, and the reward too small; and, unrestrained by moral or religious feeling, having no principles to guide, and no honor to influence him, he will draw the sword as he has done, and always will do, when it suits his views, knowing how great the plunder will be if he succeeds, and how certain his pardon will be if he fails. He has literally everything to gain and nothing to lose in his struggle for 'Independence.'"

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE EBB TIDE.

To-day Mr. Slick visited me as usual, but I was struck with astonishment at the great alteration in his dress and manner—I scarcely knew him at first, the metamorphosis was so great. He had shaved off his moustache and imperial, and from having worn those military appendages so long, the skin they had covered not being equally exposed to the influence of the sun as other parts of his face, looked as white as if it had been painted. His hair was out of curl, the diamond brooch had disappeared from his bosom, the gold chain from his neck, and the brilliant from his finger. His attire was like that of other people, and, with the exception of being better made, not unlike what he had worn in Nova Scotia. In short, he looked like himself once more.

"Squire," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Certainly; who does not know you? for you may well say, 'not to know me, argues thyself unknown."

"Aye, but do you know *what* I am?"

"An Attaché," I said.

"Well, I ain't, I've given that up—I've resigned—I ain't no longer an Attaché; I'm Sam Slick, the clockmaker, agin—at least what's left of me. I've recovered my eyesight—I can see without glasses now. You and minister have opened my eyes, and what you

couldn't do, father has done. Father was madder nor me by a long chalk. I've been a fool, that's a fact. I've had my head turned; but, thank fortin', I've got it straight agin. I should like to see the man now that would pull the wool over my eyes. I've been made a tiger and ——"

"Lion you mean, a tiger is a term applied to ——"

"Exactly, so it is; I meant a lion. I've been made a lion of, and makin' a lion of a man is plaguy apt to make a fool of a feller. I can tell you. To be asked here, and asked there, and introduced to this one, and introduced to that one, and petted and flattered, and made much of, and have all eyes on you, and wherever you go, hear a whisperin' click with the last letters of your name —ick—lick—Slick—accordin' as you catch a part or a whole of the word; to have fellers listen to you to hear you talk, to see the papers full of your name, and whenever you go, or stay, or return, to have your motions printed. The celebrated Sam Slick—the popular Mr. Slick—the immortal Clockmaker—that distinguished moralist and humorist—that great judge of human natur', Mr. Slick; or to see your phiz in a winder of a print-shop, or in a wood-cut in a picturesque paper, or an engine on a railroad called arter you; or a yacht, or vessel, or racehorse called Sam Slick. Well, it's enough to make one a little grain consaited, or to carry his head high, as a feller I oncet knew to Slickville, who was so everlastin' consaited, and cocked his chin up so, he walked right off the eend of a wharf without seein' the water, and was near about drowned, and sp'iled all his bran new clothes. Yes, I've had my head turned a bit, and no mistake, but it hante been long. I know human natur', and read the human heart too easy, to bark long up a wrong tree. I soon twigged the secret. One wanted to see me, whether I was black or white; another wanted to brag that I dined with 'em; a third wanted me as a decoy bird to their table, to entice others to come; a fourth, 'cause they made a p'int of havin' distinguished people at their house; a fifth, 'cause they sot up for patrons of literary men; a sixth, 'cause they wanted colony politics; a seventh, 'cause it give 'em something to talk of. But who wanted me for myself? Sam Slick, a mechanic, a retail travellin' trader, a wooden clockmaker. 'Aye,' sais I, to myself sais I, 'who wants you for yourself, Sam,' sais I; 'books, and fame, and name out of the question, but jist 'Old Slick, the Yankee Pedlar?' D—n the one o' them,' sais I. I couldn't help a-thinkin' of Hotspur Outhouse, son of the clerk to Minister's church to Slickville. He was sure to git in the wind wherever he went, and was rather touchy when he was that way, and a stupid feller too. Well, he was axed everywhere a'most, jist because he had a'most a beautiful voice, and sung like a canary bird. Folks thought it was no party without Hotspur—they made everything of him. Well, his voice changed, as it does some-

times in men, and there was an eend of all his everlastin' splendid singin'. No sooner said than done—there was an eend to his invitations too. All at oncet folks found out that he was a'most a horrid stupid crittur; wondered what anybody ever could have seed in him to ax him to their houses—such a nasty, cross, quarrelsome, good-for-nothin' feller. Poor Hotspur! it nearly broke his heart. Well, like Hotspur, who was axed for his singin', I reckon I was axed for the books; but as for me, myself, Sam Slick, why nobody cared a pinch of snuff. The film dropt right off my eyes at oncet—my mind took it all in at a draft, like a glass of lignum-vity. Tell you where the mistake was, Squire, and I only claim a half of it—t'other half belongs to the nobility. It was this: I felt as a free and enlightened citizen of our great nation, on a footin of equality with any man here, and so I was. Every noble here looks on a republican as on a footin' with the devil. We didn't start fair; if we was, I ain't afeerd of the race, I tell you. I guess they're got some good stories about me to larf at, 'for in course fashions alters in different places. I've dressed like them, and tried to talk like them, on the principle that when a feller is in Turkey, he must do as the Turkeys do; or when they go from Canady to Buffalo, do as the Buffaloes do. I have the style of a man of fashion, of the upper crust circles, and can do the thing now as genteel as any on 'em; but in course, in larnin', I put my foot in it sometimes, and splashed a little of the nastiest. It stands to reason it couldn't be otherwise. I'll tell you what fust sot me a considerin'—I saw Lady ——, plague take her name, I forgit it now, but you know who I mean, it's the one that pretends to be so fond of foreigners, and tries to talk languages—Gibberish! oh! that's her name. Well, I saw Lady Gibberish go up to one of my countrywomen, as sweet as sugar-candy, and set her a-talkin', jist to git out of her a few Yankee words, and for no other airthly purpose, (for you know we use some words different from what they do here), and then go off, and tell the story, and larf ready to kill herself. 'Thinks,' sais I, 'I'll take the change out of you, marm, for that, see if I don't; I'll give you a story about yourself you'll have to let others tell for you, for you won't like to retail it out yourself, I know.'—Well, Lady Gibberish, you know, warn't a noble born; she was a rich citizen's daughter, and, in course, horrid proud of nobility, 'cause it's new to her, and not nateral; for in a gineral way, nobles, if they have pride, lock it up safe in their jewel case;—they don't carry it about with them, on their persons; it's only bran new made ones do that.

"Well, then, she is dreadful fond of bein' thought to know languages, and hooks on to rich foreigners like grim death. So, thinks I, I'll play you off, I know. Well, my moustache (and he put up his hand involuntarily, to twist the end of it, as he was wont to do, forgetting that it was a 'tale that was told'), my moustache," said

he, "that was jist suited my purpose, so I goes to Gineral Bigelow Bangs, of Maine, that was here at the time, and, sais I, 'Gineral,' sais I, 'I want to take a rise out of Lady Gibberish; do you know her?' 'Well, I won't say I don't,' sais he. 'Well,' sais I (and I told him the whole story), 'jist introduce me, that's a good feller, will you, to her, as Baron Von Phunjoker, the everlastin' almighty rich German that has estates all over Germany, and everywhere else a'most.' So up he goes at a great swoira party at 'the Duke's,' and introduces me in great form, and leaves me. Well, you know I've heerd a great deal of Dutch to Albany, where the Germans are as thick as huckleberries, and to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, which is German all thro' the piece, and I can speak it as easy as kiss my hand; and I've been enough in Germany, too, to know what to talk about. So, she began to jabber Jarman gibberish to me, and me to her; and when she axed me about big bugs to the continent, I said I had been roamin' about the world for years, and had lost sight of 'em of late; and I told her about South Sea, where I had been, and America, and led her on to larf at the Yankees, and so on. Then, she took my arm, and led me round to several of her friends, and introduced me as the Baron Von Phunjoker, begged me to call and see her, to make her house my home, and the devil knows what all; and when she seed Gineral Bangs arterwards, she said I was the most delightful man she ever seed in her life,—full of anecdote, and been everywhere, and seen everythin', and that she liked me of all things—the dearest and handsomest man that ever was. The story got wind that the trick had been played, but the Gineral was off to Eastport, and nobody know'd it was me that was Baron Phunjoker. When she sees me, she stares hard, as if she had her misgivin's, and was doubty; but I look as innocent as a child, and pass on. Oh! it cut her up awful. When I leave town, I shall call and leave a card at her house, 'the Baron Von Phunjoker.' Oh! how the little Yankee woman larfed at the story; she fairly larfed till she wet herself a-cryin'.

"Yes, Squire, in course, I have sometimes put my foot in it. I s'pose they may have a larf at my expense arter I am gone, but they are welcome to it. I shall have many a larf at them, I know, and a fair exchange ain't no robbery. Yes, I guess I am out of place as an Attaché, but it has enabled me to see the world, has given me new wrinkles on my horn, and sharpened my eye-teeth a few. I shall return home with poor old father, and, dear old soul, old Minister, and take up the trade of clockmakin' agin. There is a considerable smart chance of doin' business to advantage to China. I have contracted with a house here for thirty thousand wooden clocks, to be delivered at Macao. I shall make a good spec' of it, and no mistake. And well for me it is so, too, for you have sp'iled the trade everywhere a'most. Your books have gone everywhere,

and been translated everywhere; and who would buy clocks now, when the secret of the trade is out? If you know, I don't. China is the only place open now, and that won't be long, for Mr. Chew-chew will take to readin' bime-by, and then I'm in a basket there, too. Another thing has entarmined me to go. Poor dear father has been regularly took in by some sharper or another. What fetched him here was a letter from a swindler (marked private), tellin' him to send five pounds, and he'd give him tidin's of a fortin, and a title. Well, as soon as he got that, he writes agin, and tells him of his title and estates, so plausible, it actilly took me in when I fust heard of it. Then, he got him over here, and bled him till he couldn't bleed no longer, and then he absquotilated. The story has got wind, and it makes me so dandry, I shall have to walk into some o' them folks here afore I've done, if I stay. Father is most crazy; sometimes he is for settin' the police to find the feller out, that he may shoot him; and then he says it's every word true, and the man is only absent in s'archin' out record. I'm actilly afraid he'll go mad, he acts, and talks, and frets, and raves, and carries on so. I hope they won't get the story to home to Slickville; I shall never hear the last of it if they do.

"Minister, too, is gettin' oneasy; he sais he is too far away from home, for an old man like him; that his heart yearns arter Slickville; that here he is a-doin' o'-nothin', and that although he couldn't do much there, yet he could try to, and the very attempt would be acceptable to his Heavenly Master. What a brick he is! ain't he? it will be one while afore they see his like here agin, in these clearin's, I know.

"Yes, all things have their flood and their ebb. It's ebb tide here now. I have floated up steam smooth and grand; now it's a turn of the tide; if I stay too long, I shall ground on the flats, and I'm for up killock and off, while there is water enough to clear the bars and the shoals.

"Takin' the earliest tide, helps you to go furdest up the river; takin' the earliest ebb makes you return safe. A safe voyage shows a good navigator and a good pilot. I hope on the voyage of life I shall prove myself both; but to do so, it is necessary to keep about the sharpest look-out for 'the Ebb Tide.'"

CHAPTER LXIV.

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Our arrangements having been all finished, we set out from London, and proceeded to Liverpool, at which place my friends were to embark for America. For many miles after we left London, but little was said by any of the party. Leaving a town that contained so many objects of attraction as London, was a great trial to Mr. Slick; and the separation of our party, and the termination of our tour, pressed heavily on the spirits of us all, except the Colonel. He became impatient at last at the continued silence, and, turning to me, asked me if ever I had been at a Quaker meeting, "because if you haven't," he said, "you had better go there, and you will know what it is to lose the use of your tongue, and that's what I call *experimental philosophy*. Strange country this, Minister, ain't it! How shockin' full of people, and hosses, and carriages, and what not, it is. It ought to be an amazin' rich country, but I doubt that."

"It's not only a great country, but a good country, Colonel," he replied. "It is as good as it is great, and its greatness, in my opinion, is founded on its goodness. 'Thy prayers and thy alms have come up as a memorial for thee before God.'"

"And do you raelly think, now, Minister," he replied, "that that's the cause they have gone a-head so?"

"I do," he said; "it's with nations as with individuals: sooner or later they are overtaken in their iniquity, or their righteousness meets its reward."

"That's your *experimental philosophy*, then, is it?"

"Call it what name you will, that is my fixed belief."

"The British, then, must have taken to prayin' and alms-givin' only quite lately, or the Lord wouldn't a-suffered them to get such an almighty everlastin' whippin' as we give 'em to Bunkers Hill, or as old Hickory give 'em to New Orleans. Heavens and airth! how we laid it into 'em there: we waited till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let 'em have it right and left. They larnt *experimental philosophy* (as the immortal Franklin called it) that time, I know."

"Colonel," said Mr. Hopewell, "for an old man, on the verge of the grave, exulting over a sad and stern necessity like that battle,—for that is the mildest name such a dreadful effusion of human blood can claim,—appears to me but little becoming either your age, your station, or even your profession."

"Well, Minister," he said, "you are right there, too; it is foolish, I know, but it was a great deed, and I do feel kinder proud of it, that's a fact; not that I haven't got my own misgivin's sometimes, when I wake up in the night, about its lawfulness; not that I am afraid of ghosts, for, d—n me! if I am afraid of anythin' livin' or dead; I don't know fear—I don't know what it is."

"I should think not, Colonel, not even the fear of the Lord."

"Oh! as for that," he said, "that's a hoss of another color; it's no disgrace to be cowardly there; but as for the lawfulness of that battle, I won't deny I hante got my own *experimental philosophy* about it sometimes. I'd like to argue that over a bottle of cider, some day, with you, and hear all the pros and cons, and debtors and creditors, and ins and outs, that I might clear my mind on that score. On the day of that battle, I had white breeches and black gaiters on, and my hands got bloody liftin' up Lieutenant Weatherspoon, a tailor from our town, arter he got a clip on the shoulder from a musket-ball. Well, he left the print of one bloody hand on my legs—and sometimes I see it there now; not that I am afeerd on it, for I'd face man or devil. A Bunker Hill boy is afeerd of nothin'. He knows what *experimental philosophy* is. Did you ever kill a man, Minister?"

"How can you ask such a question, Colonel Slick?"

"Well, I don't mean no offence, for I don't suppose you did; but I jist want you to answer, to show you the *experimental philosophy* of the thing."

"Well, Sir, I never did."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Never."

"Did you ever bear false witness agin your neighbor?"

"Oh! Colonel Slick, don't go on that way."

"Well, oncet more; did you ever covet your neighbor's wife? tell me that now; nor his servant, nor his maid?—As to maidens, I suppose it's so long ago, you are like myself that way—you don't recollect?—Nor his hoss, nor his ox, nor his rifle, nor anythin' that's his?—Jim Brown, the black preacher, says there aint no asses to Slickville."

"He was under a mistake, Colonel," said Mr. Hopewell. "He was one himself, and if he had searched he would have found others."

"And therefore he leaves 'em out, and puts in the only thing he ever did envy a man, and that's a good rifle."

"Colonel Slick," said Mr. Hopewell, "when I say this style of conversation is distasteful to me, I hope you will see the propriety of not pursuing it any further."

"You don't onderstand me, Sir, that's the very thing I'm goin' to explain to you by *experimental philosophy*. Who the devil would go to offend you, Sir, intentionally? I'm sure I wouldn't, and you know that as well as I do; and if I seed the man that dare do it, I'd call him out, and shoot him as dead as a herrin'. I'll be cussed if I wouldn't. Don't kick afore you're spurred, that way. Well, as I was a-sayin', you never broke any of the commandments in all your life—"

"I didn't say that, Sir! far be such presumption from me. I never—"

"Well, you may a-bent some o' them considerable, when you was young; but you never fairly broke one, I know."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, with an imploring look, "this is very disagreeable—very."

"Let him be," said his son, "he don't mean no harm—it's only his way. Now, to my mind, a man ought to know by *experimental philosophy* them things; and then when he talked about stings o' conscience, and remorse, and so on, he'd talk about somethin' he knowed.—You've no more stings o' conscience than a baby has—you don't know what it is. You can preach up the pleasure of bein' good better nor any man I ever seed, because you know that, and nothin' else—it's all flowers, and green fields, and purlin' streams, and shady groves, and singin' birds, and sunny spots, and so on with you. You beat all when you git off on that key; but you can't frighten folks out of their seventeen sinses, about scorpion whips, and vultur's tearin' hearts open, and torments of the wicked here, and the damned hereafter. You can't do it to save your soul alive, 'cause you hante got nothin' to repent of; you don't see the bloody hand on your white breeches—you hante got *experimental philosophy*."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, who availed himself of a slight pause in the Colonel's "experimental philosophy," to change the conversation; "Sam, these cars run smoother than ours; the fittings, too, are more complete."

"I think them the perfection of travellin'.

"Now, there was Ralph Maxwell, the pirate," continued the Colonel, "that was tried for forty-two murders, one hundred high sea robberies, and forty ship burnin's, at New Orleans, condemned and sentenced to be hanged—his hide was bought, on spekilation of the hangman, for two thousand dollars, for razor-straps, bank-note books, ladies' needle-cases, and so on. Well he was pardoned jist at the last, and people said he paid a good round sum for it: but the hangman kept the money; he said he was ready to deliver his hide, accordin' to barg'in, when he was hanged, and so he was, I do sup-

pose, when he *was* hanged. Well, Ralph was shunned by all fashionable society, in course; no respectable man would let him into his house, unless it was to please the ladies as a sight, and what does Ralph do—why he went about howlin', and yellin', and screamin,' like mad, and foamin' at the mouth for three days, and then said he was convarted, and took up preachin'. Well, folks said, the greater the sinner, the greater the saint, and they follered him in crowds—every door was open to him, and so was every puss, and the women all went mad arter him, for he was a horrid handsum man, and he took the rag off quite. That man had *experimental philosophy*—that is, arter a fashion. He come down as far as our State, and I went to hear him. Oh! he told such beautiful anecdotes of pirates and starn chases, and sea-fights, and runnin' off with splenderiferous women, and of barrels of gold, and hogsheads of silver, and boxes of diamon's, and bags of pearls, that he most turned the young men's heads—they called him the handsum young convarted pirate. When a man talks about what he knows, I call it *experimental philosophy.*

"Now, Minister, he warn't a right man you know—he was a villain, and only took to preachin' to make money, and, therefore, instead of frightenin' folks out of their wits, as he would a-done if he'd been frightened himself, and experienced repentance, he allured 'em a'most; he didn't paint the sin of it, he painted the excitement. I seed at once, with half an eye, where the screw was loose, and it proved right—for as soon as he raised fifty thousand dollars by preachin', he fitted out another pirate vessel, and was sunk fightin' a British man-o'-war; but he might have been a great preacher, if his heart had raelly been in the right place, 'cause his *experimental philosophy* was great; and, by the bye, talkin' of experimental puts me in mind of practical philosophy. Lord! I shall never forget old Captain Polly, of Nantucket: did you ever hear of him, Squire? In course he was a captain of a whaler. He was what he called a *practical* man; he left the science to his officers, and only sailed her, and managed things, and so on. He was a mighty droll man, and p'raps as great a pilot as ever you see a'most; but navigation he didn't know at all; so when the officers had their glasses up at twelve o'clock to take the sun, he'd say, 'Boy,'—'Yes, Sir.' 'Hand up my quadrant,' and the boy'd hand up a large square black bottle full of gin. 'Bear a-hand you young rascal,' he'd say, 'or I shall lose the obsarvation,' and he'd take the bottle with both hands, throw his head back, and turn it butt eend up and t'other eend to his mouth, and pretend to be a-lookin' at the sun; and then, arter his breath give out, he'd take it down and say to officer, 'Have you had a good obsarvation to-day?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'So have I,' he'd say, a-smackin' of his lips—'a capital one, too.' 'Its twelve o'clock, Sir.' 'Very

well, make it so.' Lord! no soul could help a-larfin', he did it all so grave and serious; he called it *practical philosophy.*"

"Hullo! what large place is this, Sam?"

"Birmingham, Sir."

"How long do we stop?"

"Long enough for refreshment, Sir."

"Come, then, let's take an observation out of the black bottle, like Captain Polly. Let's have a turn at Practical Philosophy; I think we've had enough to-day of *Experimental Philosophy.*"

While Mr. Slick and his father were "taking observations," I walked up and down in front of the saloon with Mr. Hopewell. "What a singular character the Colonel is!" he said; "he is one of the oddest compounds I ever knew. He is as brave and as honorable a man as ever lived, and one of the kindest-hearted creatures I ever knew. Unfortunately, he is very weak; and having accidentally been at Bunker Hill, has had his head turned, as being an Attaché has affected Sam's, only the latter's good sense has enabled him to recover from his folly sooner. I have never been able to make the least impression on that old man. Whenever I speak seriously to him, he swears at me, and says he'll not talk through his nose for me or any Preacher that ever trod shoe-leather. He is very profane, and imagines, foolish old man as he is, that it gives him a military air. That he has ever had any compunctious visitations, I never knew before to-day, and am glad he has given me that advantage. I think the bloody hand will assist me in reclaiming him yet. He has never known a day's confinement in his life, and has never been humbled by sickness. He is, of course, quite impenetrable. I shall not forget the *bloody hand*—it may, with the blessing of God, be sanctified to his use yet. That is an awful story of the pirate, is it not? What can better exemplify the necessity of an Established Church than the entrance of such wicked men into the Temple of the Lord? Alas! my friend, religion in our country, bereft of the care and protection of the state, and left to the charge of uneducated and often unprincipled men, is, I fear, fast descending into little more than what the poor old Colonel would call, in his thoughtless way, '*Experimental Philosophy.*'"

CHAPTER LXV.

PARTING SCENE.

HAVING accompanied Mr. Slick on board of the 'Great Western,' and seen every preparation made for the reception and comfort of Mr. Hopewell, we returned to the "Liner's Hotel," and ordered an early dinner. It was a sad and melancholy meal. It was not only the last I should partake of with my American party in England, but in all human probability the last at which we should ever be assembled. After dinner Mr. Slick said: "Squire, you have often given me a good deal of advice, free gratis. Did ever I flare up when you was walkin' it into me? Did you ever see me get mad now, when you spoke to me?"

"Never," I said.

"Guess not," he replied. "I reckon I've seed too much of the world for that. Now don't you go for to git your back up, if I say a word to you at partin'. You won't be offended, will you?"

"Certainly not," I said; "I shall be glad to hear whatever you have to say."

"Well then," said he, "I don't jist altogether like the way you throw away your chances. It ain't every colonist has a chance, I can tell you, for you are all out of sight and out of mind, and looked down upon from every suckin' subaltern in a marchin' regiment, that hante got but two idees, one for eatin' and drinkin', and t'other for dressin' and smokin', up to a Parliament man, that sais, 'Nova Scotia—what's that? is it a town in Canady or in Botany Bay?' Yes, it ain't often a colonist gits a chance, I can tell you, and especially such a smart one as you have. Now jist see what you do. When the Whigs was in office, you jist turned to and said you didn't like them nor their principles—that they warn't fit to govern this great nation, and so on. That was by the way of curryin' favor, I guess. Well, when the Conservatives come in, sais you, they are neither chalk nor cheese, I don't like their *changing their name;* they are leetle better nor the Whigs, but not half so good as the Tories. Capital way of makin' friends this, of them that's able and willin' to sarve you, ain't it? Well then, if some out-and-out old Tory boys like yourself were to come in, I'll bet you a goose and trimmin's that you'd take the same crotchical course agin. 'Oh!' you'd say, 'I like their

principles, but I don't approve of their measures; I respect the party, but not those men in power.' I guess you always will find fault to the eend of the chapter. Why the plague don't you hook on to some party leader or another, and give 'em a touch of soft sawder? if you don't, take my word for it, you will never be nothin' but a despisable colonist as long as you live. Now use your chances, and don't throw 'em away for nothin'. Rylin' men in power is no way to gain good will, I can tell you."

"My good friend," I said, "you mistake my objects. I assure you I want nothing of those in power. I am an old man: I want neither office in the colony, nor promotion out of it. Whatever aspiring hopes I may once have entertained in my earlier and happier days, they have now ceased to delude me. I have nothing to ask. I neither desire them to redress a grievance, (for I know of none in the colonies so bad as what we occasion ourselves) nor to confer a favor. I have but a few years to live, and probably they will be long enough for me to survive the popularity of my works. I am more than rewarded for the labor I have spent on my books, by the gratification I derive from the knowledge of the good they have effected. But pray don't misunderstand me. If I had any objects in view, I would never condescend to flatter men in power to obtain it. I know not a more contemptible creature than a party hack."

"You are right, Sir," said Colonel Slick; "flatterin' men in power is no way to git on; take 'em by the horns and throw 'em. Dress yourself as an Indgin, and go to the cutter, and throw the tea in the harbor, as we did; then fortify the hill at night, as we did; wait till you see the whites of the eyes of the British, and give 'em cold lead for breakfast, as we did. That's your sort, old boy," said he, patting me on the back with heavy blows of the palm of his hand; "that's you, my old coon,—wait till you see the whites of their eyes."

"Squire," said Mr. Hopewell, "there is one man whose approbation I am most desirous you should have, because if you obtain his, the approbation of the public is sure to follow."

"Whose is that, Sir?"

"Your own—respect yourself, and others will respect you. The only man in the world whose esteem is worth having, is one's self. This is the use of conscience—educate it well—take care that it is so instructed that its judgment is not warped by prejudice, blinded by superstition, nor flattered by self-conceit. Appeal to it, then, in all cases, and you will find its decision infallible.

"I like the course and the tone you have adopted in your works, and now that you have explained your motives, I like them also. Respect yourself—I recommend moderation to you though, Squire, ultra views are always bad. *In medio tutissimus ibis* is a maxim

founded on great good sense, for the errors of intemperate parties are so nearly alike, that, in proverbial philosophy, extremes are said to meet. Nor is it advisable so to express yourself as to make enemies needlessly. It is not imperative always to declare the truth, because it is not always imperative to speak. The rule is this—Never say what you think, unless it be absolutely necessary to do so, if you are to give pain; but on no account ever say what you do not think, either to avoid inflicting pain, to give pleasure, or to effect any object whatever. Truth is sacred. This is a sad parting, Squire; if it shall please God to spare my life, I shall still hope to see you on your return to Nova Scotia; if not, accept my thanks and my blessing. But this country, Squire, I shall certainly never see again. It is a great and glorious country,—I love it,—I love its climate, its constitution, and its church. I admire its noble Queen, its venerable peers, its manly and generous people; I love——"

"Well, I don't know," said the Colonel, "it is a great country in one sense, but then it ain't in another. It might be great so far as riches go, but then in size it ain't bigger than New York State arter all. It's nothin' a'most on the map. In fact, I doubt it's bein' so rich as some folks brag on. Tell you what, 'wilful waste makes woeful want.' There's a great many lazy, idle, extravagant women here, that's a fact. The Park is chock full of 'em all the time, ridin' and gallavantin' about, tricked out in silks and satins, a-doin' of nothin'. Every day in the week can't be Thanksgivin' day, nor Independence day nother. 'All play and no work will soon fetch a noble to ninepence, and make bread-timber short,' I know. Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin' or makes the pies and apple sarce and doughnuts? Who does the spinnin', and cardin', and bleachin', or mends their husband's shirts or darns their stockin's? Tell you what, old Eve fell into mischief when she had nothin' to do; and I guess some o' them flauntin' birds, if they was follered, and well watched, would be found a-scratchin' up other folks' gardens sometimes. If I had one on 'em I'd cut her wings and keep her inside her own palin,' I know. Every hen ought to be kept within hearin' of her own rooster, for fear of the foxes, that's a fact. Then look at the sarvants in gold lace, and broadcloth as fine as their master's; why they never do nothin', but help make a show. They don't work, and they couldn't if they would, it would sp'ile their clothes so. What on airth would be the valy of a thousand such critturs on a farm?—Lord! I'd like to stick a pitchfork in one o' them rascal's hands, and set him to load an ox-cart—what a proper lookin' fool he'd be, wouldn't he? It can't last—it don't stand to reason and common sense. And then, arter all, they ain't got no

Indgin corn here, they can't raise it, nor punkin pies, nor quinces, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'.

"Then as to their farmin'—Lord! only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one plough, with one great lummakin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots have more iron on 'em than the horses' hoofs have, all crawlin' as if they was a-goin' to a funeral. What sort of a way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was.

"At Bunker Hill, if they had only jist gone round the line of level to the right, instead of chargin' up that steep pitch, they'd a-killed every devil of us, as slick as a whistle. We know'd that at the time; and Dr. Warren, that commanded us, sais, 'Boys,' sais he, 'don't throw up entrenchments there, 'cause that's where they ought to come; but jist take the last place in the world they ought to attack, and there you'll be sure to find 'em, for that's English all over.' Faith! he was right; they came jist to the identical spot we wanted 'em to come to, and they got a taste of our breed that day, that didn't sharpen their appetite much, I guess. Cold lead is a supper that ain't easy digested, that's a fact.

"Well, at New Orleans, by all accounts, they did jist the same identical thing. They couldn't do anything right, if they was to try. Give me old Slickville yet, I hante seed its ditto here nowhere.

"And then as for Constitution, what sort of one is that, where O'Connell snaps his finger in their face, and tells 'em he don't care a cent for 'em. It's all bunkum, Minister, nothin' but bunkum, Squire," said he, turning to me; "I won't say I ain't sorry to part with you, 'cause I am. For a colonist, I must say you're a very decent man, but I kinder guess it would have been most as well for Sam if he and you had never met. I don't mean no offence, but he has been idle now a considerable long time, and spent a shocking sight o' money. I only hope you hante sot him agin work, and made him above his business, that's all. It's great cry and little wool, bein' an Attachy, as they call it. It ain't a very profitable business, that's a fact, nor no other trade that costs more nor it comes to. Here's your good health, Sir; here's hopin' you may one day dress yourself as an Indgin as I did, go in the night to——"

"Bed," said Mr. Hopewell, rising, and squeezing me kindly by the hand, and with some difficulty giving utterance to his usual valediction, "Farewell, my son." Mr. Slick accompanied me to the door of my room, and as we parted, said: "Squire, put this little cigar case into your pocket. It is made out of the black birch log you and I sot down upon when we baited our hosses arter we fust

sot eyes on each other, on the Cumberland road in Nova Scotia. When you smoke, use that case please: it will remind you of the fust time you saw 'Sam Slick the Clockmaker,' and the last day you ever spent with the Attaché.'"

CHAPTER LXVI.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

GENTLE reader, having taken my leave of Mr. Slick, it is now fit I should take my leave of you. But, first, let me entreat you to join with me in the wish that the Attaché may arrive safely at home, and live to enjoy the reputation he has acquired. It would be ungracious, indeed, in me, not to express the greatest gratitude to him for the many favors he has conferred upon me, and for the numerous benefits I have incidentally derived from his acquaintance. When he offered his services to accompany me to England, to make me well known to the public, and to give me numerous introductions to persons of distinction, that, as a colonist, I could not otherwise obtain, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the complacent self-sufficiency of his benevolence; but I am bound to say that he has more than fulfilled his promise. In all cases but two he has exceeded his own anticipations of advancing me. He has not procured for me the situation of Governor-General of Canada, which, as an ambitious man, it was natural he should desire, whilst as a friend it was equally natural that he should overlook my entire unfitness for the office; nor has he procured for me a peerage, which, as an American, it is surprising he should prize so highly, or as a man of good, sound judgment, and common sense, not perceive to be more likely to cover an humble man, like me, with ridicule than anything else. For both these disappointments, however, he has one common solution—English monopoly, English arrogance, and English pride on the one hand, and provincial dependence and colonial helotism on the other.

For myself, I am at a loss to know which to feel most grateful for, that which he has done, or that which he has left undone. To have attained all his objects, where success would have neutralized the effect of all, would, indeed, have been unfortunate; but to succeed in all that was desirable, and to fail only where failure was to be preferred, was the height of good fortune. I am happy to say that, on the whole, he is no less gratified himself, and that he thinks, at least, I have been of equal service to him. "It tante every one,

Squire," he would often say, "that's as lucky as Johnson and me. He had his Boswell, and I have had my Squire; and if you two hante immortalized both us fellers for ever and a day, it's a pity, that's all. Fact is, I have made you known, and you have made me known, and it's some comfort, too, ain't it, not to be obliged to keep a dog and do your own barkin'. It tante pleasant to be your own trumpeter always, as Kissinkirk, the Prince's bugler found, is it?"

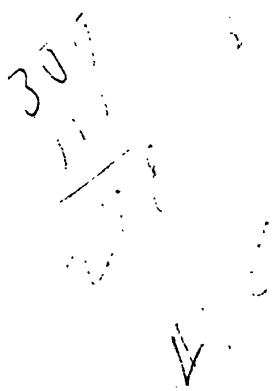
It must not be supposed that I have recorded, like Boswell, all Mr. Slick's conversations. I have selected only such parts as suited my object. Neither the "Clockmaker" nor the "Attaché" were ever designed as books of travels, but to portray character—to give practical lessons in morals and politics—to expose hypocrisy—to uphold the connexion between the parent country and the colonies, to develope the resources of the province, and to enforce the just claims of my countrymen—to discountenance agitation—to strengthen the union between Church and State—and to foster and excite a love for our own form of government, and a preference of it over all others. So many objects necessarily required several continuations of the work, and although seven volumes warn me not to trepass too long on the patience of the public, yet many excluded topics make me feel, with regret, that I have been either too diffuse, or too presumptuous. Prolixity was unavoidable from another cause. In order to attain my objects, I found it expedient so to intermingle humor with the several topics, so as to render subjects attractive that in themselves are generally considered as too deep and dry for general reading. All these matters, however, high and difficult as they are to discuss properly, are exhausted and hackneyed enough. But little that is new can now be said upon them. The only attraction they are susceptible of is the novelty of a new dress. That I have succeeded in rendering them popular by clothing them in the natural language, and illustrating them by the humor of a shrewd and droll man like Mr. Slick, their unprecedented circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, leaves me no room to doubt, while I am daily receiving the most gratifying testimony of the beneficial effects they have produced, and are still producing in the colonies, for whose use they were principally designed. Much as I value the popularity of these works, I value their utility much higher, and of the many benefits that have accrued to myself as the author, and they have been most numerous, none have been so grateful as that of knowing that "they have done good." Under these circumstances, I cannot but feel, in parting with Mr. Slick, that I am separating from a most serviceable friend, and as the public have so often expressed their approbation of him, both as a Clockmaker and an Attaché, I am not without hopes, gentle reader, that this regret is mutual. He has often pressed upon me, and at parting renewed in a most urgent manner, his request that I would not yet lay aside

my pen. He was pleased to say it was both a popular and a useful one, and that, as the greater part of my life had been spent in a colony, it could not be better employed than in recording "*Provincial Recollections*, or *Sketches of Colonial Life*."

In his opinion, the harvest is most abundant, and needs only a reaper accustomed to the work, to garner up its riches. I think so, too, but am not so confident of my ability to execute the task as he is, and still less certain of having the health or the leisure requisite for it.

I indulge the hope, however, at some future day, of at least making the attempt, and if other avocations permit me to complete it, I shall then, gentle reader, have the pleasure of again inviting your attention to my native land, by presenting you with "Sketches of Colonial Life."

THE END.



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